APRIL 29, 1944 10c

Liberty

Book: ALSO THE HILLS
New Best Seller
By Frances Parkinson Keyes

LOW CASUALTIES—
AIM OF OUR STRATEGY

GIFT OF THE GAY NINETIES

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86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

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HASTEN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

KINSEY *Blended Whiskey*

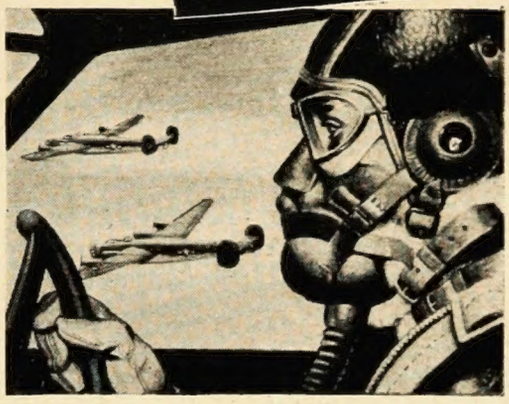
ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR . . . NOW AS IN 1892

MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

What do you know about the wartime gasoline situation? Test yourself! Are these statements

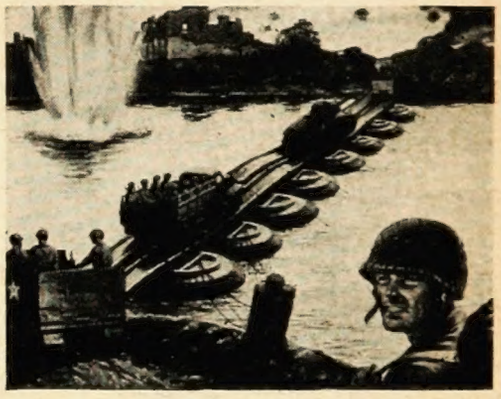
TRUE OR FALSE ?

This quiz is tougher than most. Don't expect to get more than one or two answers correct. Correct answers are at the bottom of this page.



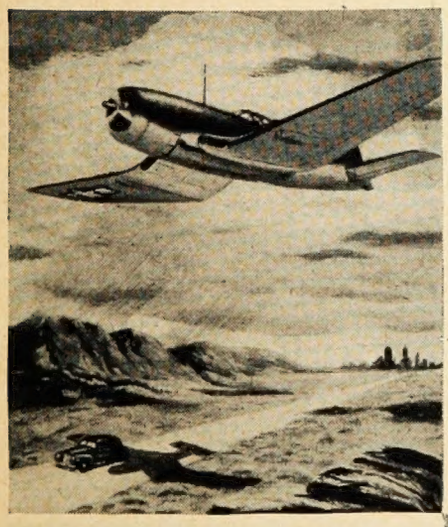
1. The Army Air Forces use an average of a million gallons of high octane gasoline daily.

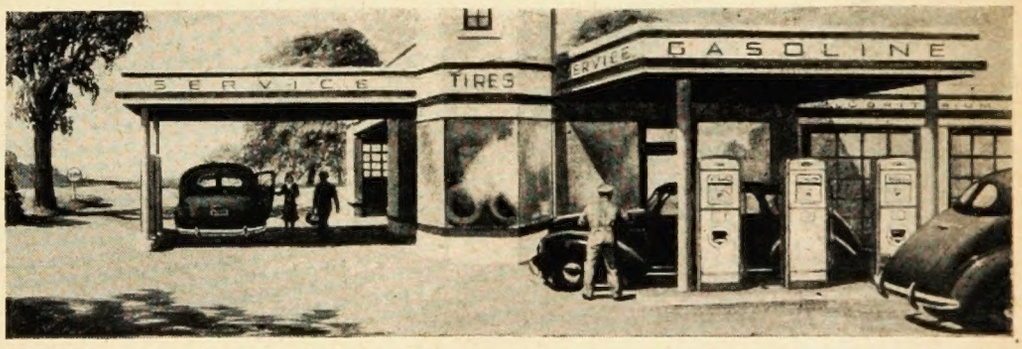
☐ *True* ☐ *False*



2. The gasoline requirements of this war are already ten times greater than in World War I.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*



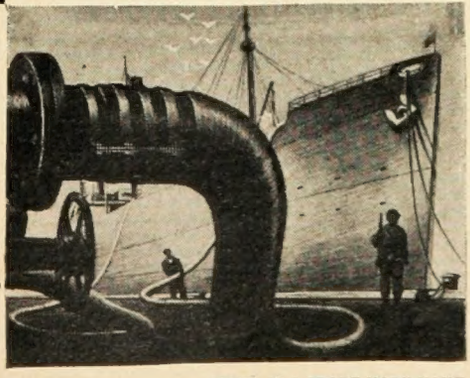


5. The chief reason why government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline is to save rubber.

True ☐
False ☐

3. You could drive from Chicago to Los Angeles on the amount of gasoline it takes to keep a Navy fighter in the air one hour.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*



4. Practically all fighting-grade gasoline used by the Army and Navy is Ethyl.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*

ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

ANSWERS:

1. *False.* According to recently released figures, the Army Air Forces used nearly *three million* gallons of high octane gasoline a day during the first two years of the war.
2. *False.* Gasoline needs in the present war are eighty times that of the last war.
3. *True.*
4. *True.* Ethyl fluid is used to improve the antiknock quality of practically all fighting gasoline.
5. *False.* The most important reason government agencies have had to place limits on the quality and quantity of civilian gasoline is to help oil companies meet *military needs.* The petroleum industry is doing a great job, but our Army and Navy require such vast quantities of high-quality gasoline that limits had to be placed on civilian gasoline.

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makes pipe function superbly

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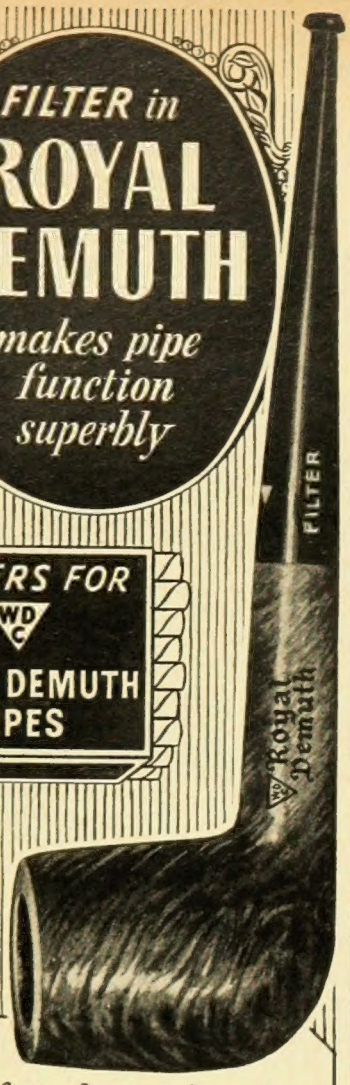

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Liberty, April 29, 1944, Vol. 21, No. 18. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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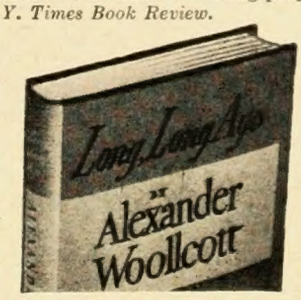

LONG, LONG AGO
By Alexander Woollcott

The long-awaited, newly published volume of stories and anecdotes by the author of "While Rome Burns." With all the wit and sentiment and gossipy style which won him his huge following. "He was one of the best story tellers of them all." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

4.

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING
By Marguerite Steen

A breathtaking story of ambition, daring, and undying love, of sunny Spain and primitive Africa. "To readers who enjoy a book whose story carries them into a world of romance and adventure, a treat. This tale of 18th century life holds love, passion, intrigue." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 925 pages.

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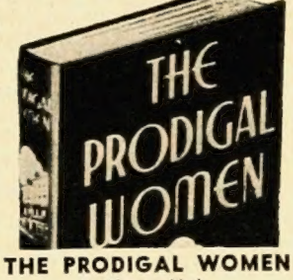

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN
By Nancy Hale

The outspoken novel that bares the souls of three women in love—beautiful ambitious Leda . . . happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy . . . and blonde, popular Maizie. "Few present-day books are so packed with turbulent drama, with keen character analysis, and with the war between the sexes." *Boston Post.*

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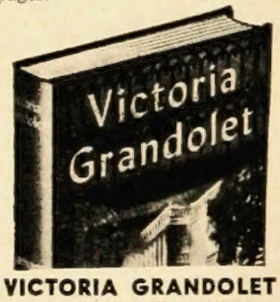

VICTORIA GRANDOLET
By Henry Bellamann

A tense, gripping new novel by the author of "Kings Row", in which a willful young bride dares to challenge the mystery of a grand mansion laden with tradition—where the shadow of a tragic secret hangs over the family. "A splendid piece of work." *N. Y. Times.*

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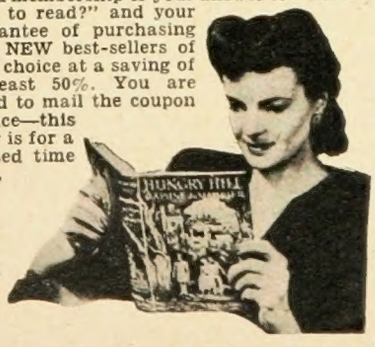

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

REQUEST

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Hey, how's about an article on and some pics of the brilliant and beautiful pin-up and actress, Susan Peters?—*Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis.*

A VOTE FOR McCORMICK

DETROIT, MICH.—It might be advisable, when any one attempts to write about Colonel McCormick, that, instead of taking the hearsay of those who think they know all about him, that party should first ask some real newspapermen. There are a few unprejudiced men around Chicago who will tell the truth.

The story by John Dos Passos in March 25 Liberty reads as if he didn't get very far along that line. It has been common practice for years that to get the proper information you have to go to the right sources.

Since John Dos Passos (and who is HE?) didn't get the good information—or was not pleased about his reception—he has a story that sounds defeated and a bit on the smear order.—*Sam Brady.*

HE'S BACK!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Will Roosevelt run again? Who cares? I've got to run and see the cinema—Susan Peters is the star, you know.—*Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis.*

REPROVING WORDS

C/O FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The story Sea Duty (January 15 Liberty) was pretty good. However, the illustration by Frank Godwin accompanying it was the biggest farce and poorest excuse for an illustration I've ever seen. Undoubtedly it has caused a laugh among sailors afloat and ashore—especially among us who have been in action.

Will you please tell me what the captain, commander, lieutenant commander, and pharmacist's mate are doing in dress blues during a battle? Being at sea for several days, engaged in a battle, and on a destroyer, I hardly think that the officers and members of the crew would be dressed as though they were going ashore.

I suggest that in the future, when Liberty publishes a story concerning the United States Navy or any of our Allies, the illustration be a little more accurate. I don't give a damn what you do with the Axis.—*M. C. Woods, Y1/c, U. S. N.*

SPEAKS HIS PIECE

SANDWICH, MASS.—To those readers of Liberty who, like myself, have been living under the delusion that the reactionary standpatters had passed out with Hoover in 1932, I will say that they have only to read Vox Pop and the syndicated articles of Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, and others to realize we have all been kidding ourselves and that they are still with us.

These obstructionists are the direct descendants of the old Revolutionary Tories, the same economic jerks who sat back and allowed Washington's Army to starve at Valley Forge in the cold winter of 1777. They always run true to form. They yearn for the good old bread-line, bank-failure, and chicken-in-every-pot days of the early 1930s. Now they want F. D. R. removed from the Presidency just when he is on the verge of winning the war. If the development of the country had been left to these "I'm-ag'in-its" we would still consist of thirteen colonies and we would all be traveling horseback over sandy roads.

We are being led better than we ever

were in our history, and I am sure that the American people have too much hard common sense to change administrations at a time when we are fighting for our lives. And where is there a man in the country able to take over with any chance of success? The President asks Congress for enough money to carry on a very expensive war, and is offered just about enough to keep our boys in chewing gum.—*I. L. Caron.*

PERSISTENT GUY!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—For a gal with class—I ask you, friend, *who tops Peters?*—*Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis.*

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPARTMENT

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I have been a regular reader of Liberty for twelve years and many times have wondered what the star on the L in Liberty stands for. —*David Gidlow.*

When a star appears on the L in Liberty, it means that copy appeared on a newsstand —not as a regular subscription issue.—VOX POP EDITOR.

NEVER-SAY-DIE McGINNIS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—One day Susan Peters will win the Academy Award. "Scoop" your competitors—carry an article about Peters—NOW!—*Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis.*

The "5:15" has a new passenger

There goes Bob Rodgers and his "5:15", leaving Gate 4 packed to the windshield with man and womanpower enough to turn out 750,000 90-mm. anti-aircraft shells a month. *Who's the new passenger?*

The new passenger is Bob's *"unseen"* friend. He represents State Farm Mutual.

He serves as Bob's doctor-lawyer-bankbook all in one. *He had a message for Bob Rodgers. He has a message for you!*

Whether you drive in a car pool, pick up friends, permit others to drive, use your car daily or weekly, auto insurance is vital to your wartime security. 9,500,000 drivers were involved in accidents in one war year, most of which happened, as usual, at speeds under 35! *One* accident could be financially disastrous.

Besides providing wartime "share-the-ride" coverages and "gas-ration-card" rates, State Farm Mutual now offers you even broader protection under its famous *More-Insurance-for-your-Money Plan* —plus simplified policies which show you just how you are covered.

It is our sincere belief that our *new* Full Service auto policy gives you and your family the *broadest protection for the money ever offered!*

You *and your wife* are insured against (1) legal liability that might be imposed as the result of driving your own insured, *or any other private passenger auto*, and (2) damage to, or loss of, your car. With full coverage you get: (a) medical payments up to $500 a person for yourself, family, guests, and pedestrians, *even if you are not responsible for the accident;* (b) twice the usual $5,000-$10,000 coverage; (c) 80% collision, bail bond, and emergency road service coverages; (d) car rental if your auto is stolen.

The risk you take is great—the cost of protection is small. State Farm Mutual is the *world's largest auto insurance company*, with 7000 agents at your service. Remember that all auto insurance is NOT alike, and that State Farm policies are non-assessable. Your State Farm Mutual agent can show you how these new policies apply to you, help you with life and fire insurance, too. *Get rid of worry—see him TODAY!*

NOW.. PERSONAL LIABILITY COVERED AT ONE LOW COST!

As part of State Farm's Full Service policy, or any one of its 3 other new auto policies, you can now get very broad Comprehensive Personal and Residence liability protection at extremely low rates. See your State Farm agent *today!*

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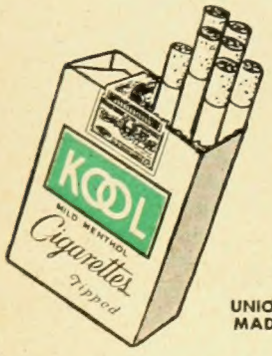
LET'S *ALL* BACK THE ATTACK—BUY *ANOTHER* WAR BOND!

Indian chief had heap big cold

('cause he didn't keep his wig wa'm)

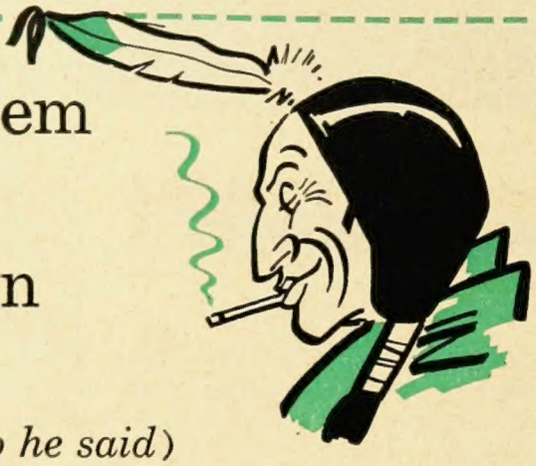


UNION MADE

So he puffed a pack of KOOLS

(His throat felt peaceful)

He liked 'em without reservation then



(So he said)

"Why don't I tote'm all the time?"

Switch from "Hots to" KOOLS *-for good!*

NEXT WEEK

THE GREAT ANSWER

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

Liberty's Book Condensation

Some of the best stories of the war—the most stirring and the most touching—are not reports of action, but of men who got into tough spots and came through.

They are the men—and women too—who had faith as well as courage, who reached out for help beyond themselves and found—the Great Answer.

Here are some of their stories—in a book that brings inspiration and some of the most exciting reading of the year.

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

By Lt. Max Miller, U. S. N. R.

One of America's top writers (author of I Cover the Waterfront) tells a simple but completely revealing story of life aboard an aircraft carrier. Live with her! Fight with her! And get to know the gallant men aboard her!

SOUTH AMERICA—LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

By Sylvia F. Porter

Latin America is the good neighbor with golden postwar opportunities. Already mammoth projects are under way. But read this before you pack your bag.

SIX AIRMEN LOOK AT THEIR FUTURE

By Carl B. Wall

"What the hell happens to *us* after the war?" Eavesdrop on a conversation among American flyers in England and find out what kind of world they'd like to live in.

AMERICAN WATCHES FOR RUSSIA'S FIGHTERS

By Helen Weigel Brown

Thousands of old watches donated by Americans are saving Russian lives and timing Nazi destruction. What you can do if you have a timepiece to spare.

ARE WAR WORKERS AS BAD AS THAT?

By Peter Redfield

There are always two sides to every argument. Here's the down-to-earth account of a war worker who is fed up with armchair critics. This is *his* side of the story.

PROFESSOR PYRO

By Edwin Lanham

A New Serial

Beginning an exciting adventure story of the oil-boom days in the Midwest, and of Eb Peters who found a town with a future and a pretty girl with a mind of her own. A rousing yarn of a lusty era.

FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!
"SHOW BUSINESS"
Here it is from A to Z ...Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertainment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!
Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Joan DAVIS
Nancy KELLY Constance MOORE
with Don Douglas • Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls
Screen play by Joseph Quillen & Dorothy Bennett
SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You," "Whoopee," "I Don't Want to Get Well," "Dinah," "I Want a Girl," "Alabamy Bound," "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii" and that new hit! "You May Not Remember"
Another of the great
RKO RADIO PICTURES

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IODENT

TO ERASE Smoke Smudge

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

WEATHER FORECASTER

This "Swiss" weather house, made in the U.S.A. PREDICTS the WEATHER IN ADVANCE. Guaranteed to work. When the witch comes out watch for bad weather, girl and boy indicate nice weather. Acts with amazing accuracy, has thermometer on front. Weather House is 7 in. high and 6 in. wide. Shipped complete ready to use.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman $1.69 plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction or your money back. (We pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to

WEATHER MAN, Dept. LB 29 E. Madison, Chicago 2

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND, AND HELP THE COMING INVASION!

"IT'S THE SHAPE"

In a harp, it's the strings, in an Aeropoint needle it's the curved shape, that assures the pleasing, tonal qualities. No ice pick like action to wear out records, either.

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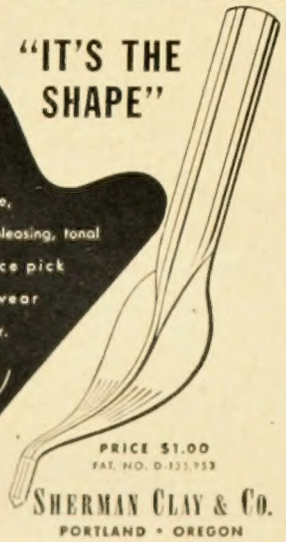

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

ALSO HARD TO BUY: Into a small hardware store in Manhattan (Third Avenue) came a seeker after nail clippers. Said the proprietor condescendingly, "*Nobody* has *those* any more. You can use scissors or a file to trim your nails." The would-be customer bared his bicuspids and replied, "Yes, you're right. And some people *bite* theirs. But mine are toenails, and I'm no acrobat."

FASHIONS THAT MAKE SENSE: A large New York department store has sponsored a new "semi-custom-made corset." Partly completed girdles

are fitted to the customer *lying down*, "because this is the natural, relaxed position. A corset can then be fitted so that when standing there is no strain or pressure." The basting threads which hold the two side-back seams are ripped, then restitched to the customer's own measure. The stitching is done while the customer is putting her clothes back on, thus giving her a rapid-fire individually molded girdle that fits her personal figure rather than an average, standard-size female. The idea is patented by Dora Miles, who plans to improve feminine figures from coast to coast, once she gets the system functioning in a nation-wide hook-up of stores. Women with real figure problems, resulting from obesity or operations, will profit by connecting with one of these new molded jobs. . . . It is high time some fashion store or designer put on a fashion show starring the thin, the fat, the excessively tall, and short—instead of the aggressively beautiful model babe, whom none of us can hope to resemble.

CAREER GIRLS: Anne Hagiopan, sixteen years old, has won a $2,400 Westinghouse Science Grand Scholarship, through her brilliance in physics and geometry. She is the youngest girl finalist ever selected to win one of these college scholarships. She plans to attend Radcliffe, and eventually become a research physicist. Her father, of Armenian descent, was born in Egypt, and is an industrial designer with offices in New York. Her mother was born in Switzerland. Miss Hagiopan is a senior at Brearley School in New York City. . . . Mrs. Anastasia Tuttle from Mitchell, South Dakota, is a seventy-two-year-old widow who refused to vegetate. Although she was turned down by several private manufacturers in her hunt for a niche in which to make herself useful to the war effort, she found a job as clerk in the Pentagon Building, where she functions as a member of the Office of the Provost Marshal General. Five feet one, she weighs 135 pounds, and passed her physical exam with flying colors. She has no children. Her background embraces other jobs which she took on before it became fashionable or even "respectable" for women to work. Years ago she mastered stenography, and became a court reporter. Later she kept her husband's books, and wrote a newspaper column.

TRICK TWINS: On a Thursday not long ago, a seven-pound-fifteen-ounce baby boy was born to Mrs. Edward McCaffrey of East Orange, New Jersey. The following Sunday Mrs. McCaffrey was delivered of an eight-pound-seven-ounce boy by obstetricians at the Montclair Community Hospital. Number Two apparently decided to grow a little bigger and stronger before venturing into this troubled old world.

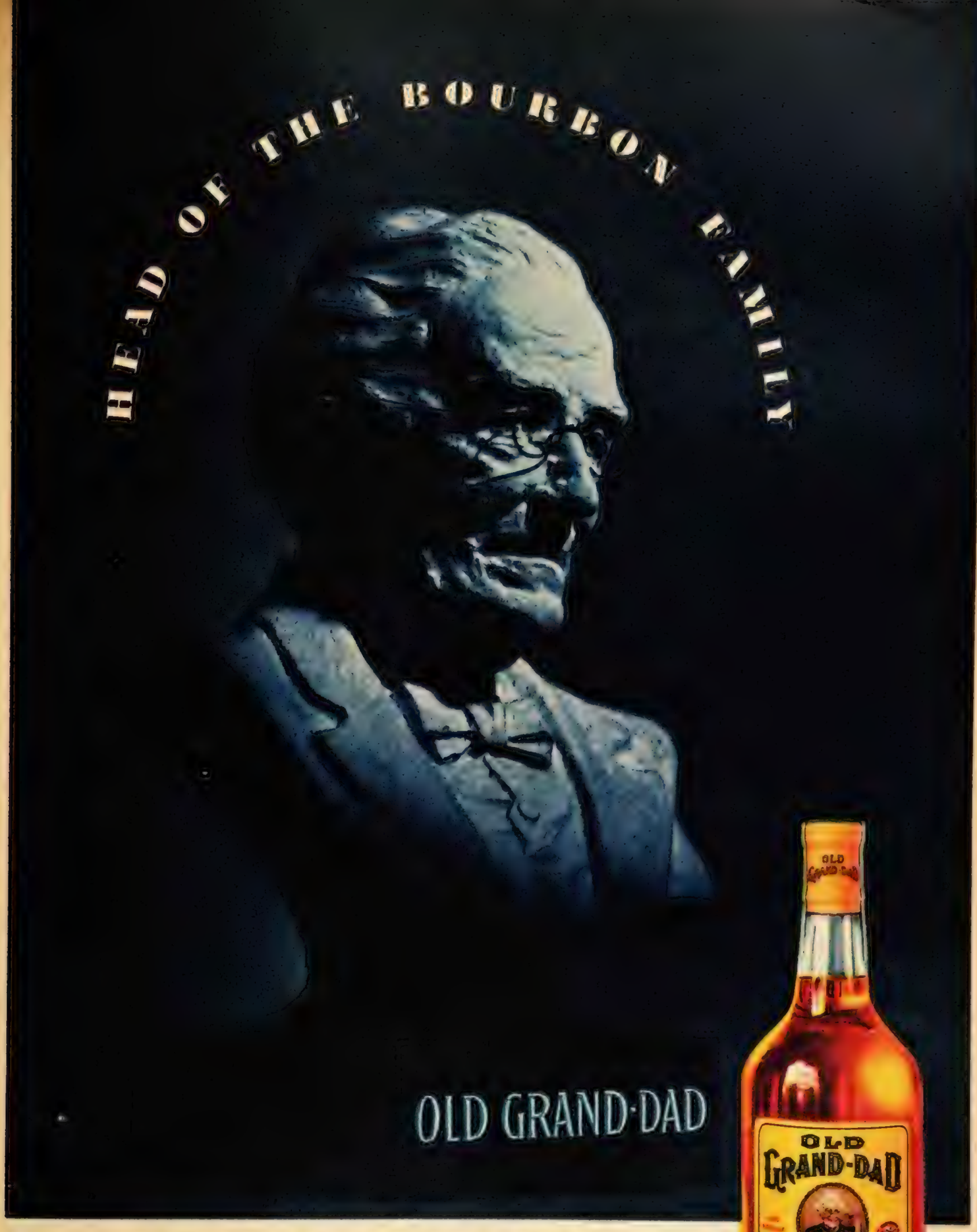
HAIL AND FAREWELL

It's time to store the old raccoon,
For balmy weather's coming soon.
I haven't smelled it in the air,
But even so, I know it's there.
For daffodils say winter's shot—
They're down to fifty cents a pot.

MOTHER IS EATING FOR FIVE: An engineer in the transport service reports that a cat came aboard when his ship touched on Scotland. The crew,

given to raiding the icebox at hollow moments, were confronted one midnight by a sign lettered on the back of the menu by the cook, obviously a cat lover who hoped to safeguard a plate of left-over codfish by appealing to New World chivalry. The sign read, "PLEASE DO NOT EAT THE CAT FOOD. SHE HAS 5 BABIES."

YANKS AT PLAY: A lieutenant in the Air Forces writes that he is now living in an Italian villa from which retreating Germans thoughtfully removed the plumbing, pipes, and stove. An especially gifted sergeant has whipped up some pipe out of eighty-millimeter shells, and a stove from a wrecked tank. Eager not to be wasteful, the boys have also found a use for that mug Mussolini, whose portrait hung on the wall. The frame made splendid firewood, and the canvas oil painting, face down, proved just the thing to cover a mud puddle in the middle of the courtyard.



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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The new P-47s—Thunderbolts—flying in V formation over the jigsaw-puzzle pattern of English landscape into the European theater of operations.

British Plane Line-Up

Although British aircraft production is not on a scale comparable with that of the United States (since 1939 she has produced 90,000 planes, or about what our 1943 production amounted to), she can be proud of producing three outstanding airplanes which have done excellent jobs in the war. In fact one of them won the Battle of Britain for her.

The light, maneuverable, and fleet Spitfire must remain as one of the greatest airplanes of all time. Even in 1944 the Spit is way up in front. Contrary to the usual trend, it hasn't been loaded down with surplus weight or gadgets—it's just as light as ever. And now the British have given it greatly increased power with a new Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engine called the Griffon.

Next in line is the now famous Lancaster four-engined bomber made by A. V. Roe & Co., used on the heavy night attacks over Germany. Pilots like it. It was built expressly for night bombing and its record is excellent. Black, monstrous, and fast, the Lancs can take great credit for destroying Germany's means of making war.

Then there is the all-wooden De Havilland Mosquito, the first news of which appeared on this page well over a year ago. Twin-engined, extremely light for this type of craft, and generally conceded to be the fastest twin-engined plane in the world, the Mosquito is used for aerial reconnaissance and photographing, bombing of special targets, and many other purposes.

Another feather in Britain's cap is its development of jet propulsion. Although the United States is moving ahead on this promising type of plane, credit must go to Britain for getting it started.

Well Hidden Indeed!

You've heard about underground factories. Here's an impression of a first-hand visit to one of them in England. It was so secret that the Ministry of Aircraft Production official who was directing the tour had difficulty in getting the telephone number. It was so well camouflaged and hidden that there was a thirty-minute delay in finding it.

An aircraft parts manufacturer, bombed out in London in the early blitz days, found an abandoned chalk mine in rural England and decided to take it over for manufacturing precision plane parts. He constructed a square concrete tunnel within the mine, air-conditioned it throughout, and installed machines along each of the many rambling aisles. Production was resumed almost immediately.

From the air or even by driving along the road, the factory is masterfully hidden from view. Even a well placed bomb could scarcely disturb the twenty-four-hour production going on seventy feet below the surface. About 350 workers are busily engaged turning out war materials. Tea is served at regular intervals, a medical department has been opened, and the operation is so efficient that the management is considering remaining in its rural retreat after the war.

This is only one of England's underground factories; but, by and large, industry has had to go ahead without any such protection. Aerial defenses are so effective that bombing no longer presents the hazard it once did.

The Luftwaffe's Nemesis

All during 1943 it wasn't possible, for security reasons, for news correspondents to give an accurate picture of our Army Air Forces strength in England. Early this year an official A. A. F. report disclosed that we never had an adequate fleet of heavy bombers based in England for the reason that these bombers were needed elsewhere.

It is a pleasure to report that the Eighth Air Force is a far happier outfit now than it was last year. Merely by reading press reports you can glean the simple fact that there are sufficient U. S. "heavies" in England to carry on attack after attack over almost any part of Germany. Consistency of offensive is the essence of real air power. Unless the air offensive can be kept up over a period of time with a minimum of interruption, the defenses are able to recuperate.

The Eighth Air Force believes it has the means with which to knock out the Luftwaffe, not only the airplanes themselves but the factories which make them. Judging from the magnitude of the air force organization, with its airports, servicing facilities, and manpower, one cannot help but share the airmen's enthusiasm and optimism.

And Still They Come

The old arguments about day versus night bombing of Germany aren't heard so much any more, but day bombing by our American Fortresses and Liberators is turning out to be more effective than even its advocates had hoped for. There have been indications recently that the Germans dread our day bombers more than the night area attacks of the Britons. One reason is that the Forts are able to plaster a specific smaller area with such deadliness there is almost nothing left in the target zone.

Visiting England close to the combat zone gives one a definite feeling that our Army Air Forces has taken over the brunt of the task in knocking out the Luftwaffe. No one would discredit the magnificent work of the Lancaster and Halifax bomber crews in their constant heavy night assaults, but as long as the Luftwaffe exists we will not have won the air war—and winning the air war must precede the winning of the land war. It is our own Forts and Liberators and our fighting planes that have gone over Germany during the day and knocked out a high percentage of the Luftwaffe. This double-barreled, hard-hitting, and dangerous task—knocking out German aerial defenses and hitting ground targets as well—is air warfare at its best.

The Farmer Out of the Dell

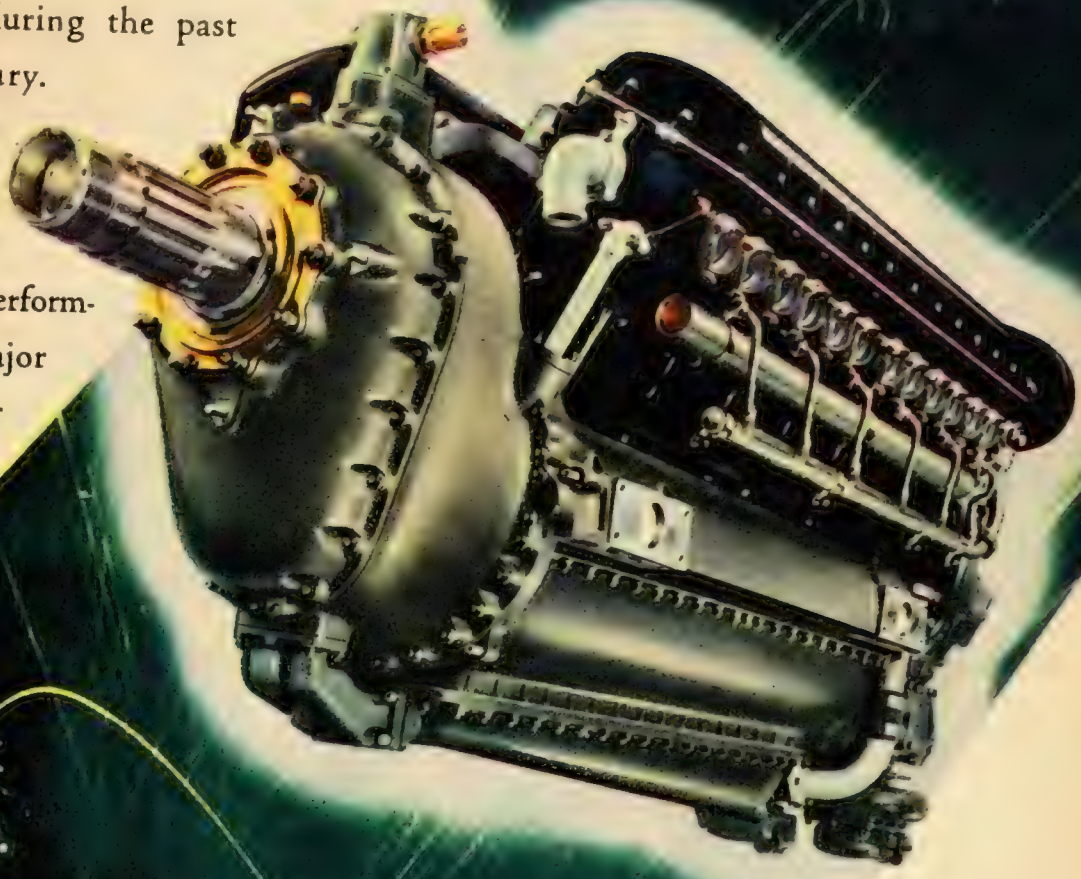
Keith Kahle, the aviation editor of the Daily Oklahoman in Oklahoma City, has passed on to us a hint of how farmers will use light airplanes after the war. It seems that J. P. Rosson, county agent of Rogers County in the Sooner State, is using a "puddle jumper" to survey flood damage, agricultural engineering work, and to estimate crops. He uses his airplane as much as he uses his automobile.

A farmer can see more in two minutes by airplane than he can in two days on the ground, Mr. Rosson says. He will find literally scores of practical uses for flying.

"I would like some day to make it possible for chambers of commerce or some civic organizations to furnish any farmer a ride to view his farm from above," he said. "One can very easily use a plane for locating lost animals."

PRECISION PAYS OFF IN PERFORMANCE

More than 50,000 Allison liquid-cooled aircraft engines have gone to the United Nations fighting forces. ★ Into each of these engines have gone the precision and skill amassed by Allison and General Motors during the past quarter of a century. ★ Therein lies the secret of the power of Allison engines and their reliable performance in every major engagement of our Army Air Forces.



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How long for a wartime Long Distance call?

A Long Distance call may be long in miles, but we hope you will try to keep it short in minutes. War needs the wires.

When you are calling on crowded circuits, the Long Distance operator may say—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

That's a good suggestion. It helps more calls get through during rush periods.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Storming objectives over the bodies of our own men is not the way of American strategy. We use machines to save lives—and get there quicker

BY
GEORGE H. COPELAND

General Marshall and Secretary of War Stimson make plans to keep casualties low.

WE WANT THEM BACK ALIVE

Statement by
Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair,
Commanding Army Ground Forces

Landmarks of 1917:
April—We declared war.
June—Our troops first landed in France.
November—Our first battle deaths.

The war ended a year later. It is clear that war training in those days was a matter of months. No other course was possible under the grave situation at that time.

Today training of new divisions is averaging twenty-three months at home, with additional training overseas. The training of individual replacements who join veteran units overseas is seventeen weeks at home, with more overseas. Never before has training been so extensive and thorough.

Our soldiers have the best and most modern weapons—built according to the experience of this war—while our enemies' weapons are largely prewar.

The care of our wounded is superb. Both equipment and technique are up to the minute.

The initiative now is ours on all fronts. We attack with superior forces. Such conditions make for a minimum of losses.

Mothers, wives, and sweethearts can be sure that their menfolk are going to fight for this, our most desperate struggle, with a real chance of returning—a greater chance than in any previous war.

THERE will be no needless loss of life in the American Army in World War II if the orders and plans of our High Command are carried out. No postwar poet will sing a new Charge of the Light Brigade, paying tribute to some sentimentally heroic but foolishly sacrificial exploit, for no "noble six hundred" will charge, unprotected, for the guns. Such tactics are entirely foreign to the ideas of our military men, from General George C. Marshall, chief of staff, up to the commander in chief and down to the lowliest dogface.

Adolf Hitler personally, because of blind rage or "intuition," sacrificed at Stalingrad some 300,000 men—175,000 dead and 137,850 prisoners—by ordering them to keep fighting after his generals had advised him that disaster would certainly follow. The Japanese have battled fanatically to the last man on their jungle isles in the Pacific, persuaded by their commanders that it is good to die for the emperor, that death is the natural and happy end for a soldier.

That is not the theory under which General Marshall and our armed forces operate. In fact, we have a completely contrary view: that soldiers should live, and that avoiding losses to personnel is a most important rule of combat. Here, for example, is an incident which might, under alien theories and practice of warfare, have become another costly Light Brigade maneuver.

"Two small, hard-fighting infantry teams by-passed a strongly held German position at Gangi Heights in Sicily," relates Colonel Albert S. J. Stovall, "and pocketed about 200 Nazi soldiers in a wooded valley. The spectacular thing would have been to cut off the retreat of this group, assault the position with doughboys on foot, and wipe them out. In my opinion we would have suffered at least 300 casualties in such an operation."

Instead, armor and firepower did the dangerous work. After the necessary delay for preparation, tanks went in with their guns plastering the entire area. The Germans quickly got out of there, and, Colonel Stovall continues, "we captured the strategic position at the cost of exactly two men, while the Germans lost twelve."

This small operation can be multiplied by hundreds, even thousands, on the many fronts, and in the overall picture we find a potent reason why our losses are considerably lower than those of our enemies, even when (*Continued on page 53*)

SOME ONE TO BELONG TO

Nancy wanted to be more than a cousin to Larry, but having given him a family, she dared not take it away. A hilarious mix-up of family trees that required some rearranging

BY ELEANORE KELLY SELLARS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

JAMES G. JASON paused in his dictating and stood looking out at the gold-and-crimson hills that stretched toward the impressive bulk of Mount Mansfield. He was not, however, seeing the hills, for in his mind's eye he was watching a pioneer woman standing in the doorway of a cabin in the colony of Rhode Island. The woman in the doorway walked out into the clearing and started to scatter corn to the chickens. James G. Jason continued his dictating, describing the woman in sharp, clean-cut, but homely phrases.

After a while Mr. Jason crossed the room and stood behind his secretary, reading the words she had typed. "I think we'll leave it at that for today," he said.

Nancy Tyler rolled the page out of the typewriter and added it to the little pile on the desk. Then she tidied her desk, set the day's work in a folder and laid it on Mr. Jason's desk. The author returned to the window, and when everything was in order, Nancy stood looking helplessly at his back. At last she said, "Mr. Jason."

With the vague expression of one whose mind is elsewhere, Mr. Jason turned from the window and looked at the girl standing by his desk. "Yes?"

"Do you remember the letter you received from a paratrooper named Larry Guysin?" Seeing no flicker of memory in her employer's eyes, Nancy hurried on: "You had a minor character named Guysin in your last book. A young lieutenant in the paratroops, Larry Guysin, wrote to you, saying that it was the only time he'd ever seen the name and he thought you might be able to help him locate some relatives. Do you remember now?"

"Vaguely. What about it?"

"Well," stammered Nancy, "he wrote such a sweet and pathetic and poignant letter and you dictated a brisk businesslike reply. When I was typing your letter, I reread his. It nearly broke my heart. I threw your letter away and wrote one of my own."

"Over my signature?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, no! I signed my own name."

Her employer came back to his desk and seated himself. "Start at the beginning," he instructed. "What was in his letter, what was in mine and, most important, what was in yours?"

James Jason had always known that his secretary was a pretty girl, not pretty enough to distract a busy man from his work, but sweet and attractive. She had soft brown hair and soft brown eyes and her skin was warm with a hint of rose under the tan. He noticed now, as she sat there in her dark green woolen dress with its neat white collar at her throat and crisp white cuffs at the wrists, that there was a glow, an ineffable radiance about her which made her, momentarily, beautiful. It was the intangible something which Mr. Jason occasionally found himself trying to describe to his readers when one of his heroines had fallen in love.

"Lieutenant Guysin," Nancy explained, "wrote that he was an orphan and had, as far as he knew, no relatives. The first time he'd ever seen his name, except as his own name, was in your book. His letter was very appealing. He wrote," she crinkled her nose and closed her eyes, recalling exactly what he had written: "'I have just returned from taking part in the recent attack on Sicily. Although I cannot explain it, for the first time in my life I am interested in finding some one that I belong to. It seems that some place in the world I must have a relative.'" Nancy opened her eyes and looked at her employer accusingly. "You wrote a plain, ordinary business letter in reply."

"Did I really? What did I say?"

"You said the name Guysin was a purely imaginary name which you had picked out of the air. You said you thought it was a very interesting coincidence and you were sorry that you could be of no help in locating some one to whom he might be related."

"What did you want me to do? Invent a family for him?"

Nancy looked confused. "That's what I did," she admitted. "That's why I had to come to you. I don't know what to do next."

"You had better tell me what you have done to date," suggested Mr. Jason. His eyes had lost their faraway look and his mind had deserted colonial Rhode Island for present-day Vermont.

Nancy settled her cuffs and pushed herself a little more firmly against the back of the chair. "I kept visualizing that boy waiting for the mail," she said, "hoping to learn he had a relative—one who would care what happened to him the next time he had to go into action. I couldn't endure the thought of the disappointment he'd feel when your letter came. So I wrote him that you had referred his letter to me because my middle name was Guysin and I had suggested your using it for one of your characters. I told him to tell me all he knew about his father, because my mother had had a brother who was separated from the family. I said I thought that brother might be his father."

Lieutenant Guysin had known so little of his parents that it had been a simple matter for Nancy to substitute her fictitious uncle for the lieutenant's father. For some time they had corresponded, and when Lieutenant Guysin had been transferred to Camp Mackall, he had sent her a snapshot of himself.

"Do you know what he looks like?" she demanded. "Like the son of the settler in your new book! When you were working on his description, don't you remember that I suggested a tall man who was broad but still lean? A man with thick black hair, close-cropped, and heavy black brows? Larry's face is oblong in outline with a broad square forehead and a good square jaw. You know the type I mean, Mr. Jason, a big man with strong features—plenty of nose and plenty of chin and—and—"

"Plenty of man," suggested Mr. Jason dryly.

"Well, yes," agreed Nancy uncertainly. "What I mean is that he's really handsomer than his picture. Not handsome so much as—as—"

"Magnificent?" Mr. Jason was beginning to enjoy himself. "But tell me, Nancy, how do you know this Lieutenand Guysin is so much more wonderful than his picture?"

Nancy's expression as she answered was a nice blend of elation and despair. "He's here on furlough. And he has insisted on coming here to meet you this afternoon. I had to tell you about the whole thing so you wouldn't betray me unknowingly."

"I SEE. Then all I have to do is to be pleasant and say wasn't it a happy coincidence that I used your mother's name in my book?"

"That's all *you* have to do. But what am *I* to do?" Nancy spread out two small hands in a gesture of appeal. "You see, Larry has fallen in love with Vermont. He wants to come here after the war and buy a house and settle down. He says Vermont has something—an air, an atmosphere—something that makes him feel that coming here would be like coming home."

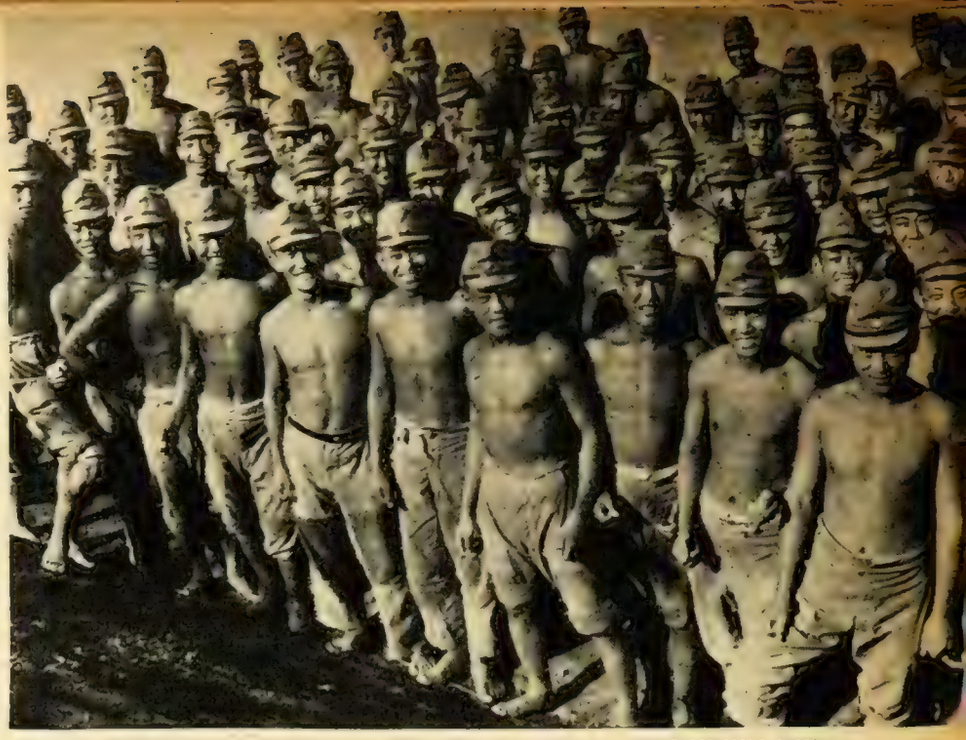
"Maybe it isn't anything as intangible as atmosphere," suggested Mr. Jason. "Maybe he has fallen in love with you."

Nancy looked, if possible, even more disconsolate. "Don't you understand, Mr. Jason?" Her voice carried a half sob. "He thinks I'm his cousin, and I don't dare tell him I'm not! You can't imagine how important it is to him, having a blood relative. He makes me repeat all the little things I can remember hearing mother tell of her childhood. Mother did have two brothers and I tell him the things they did when they were young and I attribute them all to his father. He says I've made his father live for him." She leaned toward

(*Continued on page 51*)

The curling-on-the-hearthrug had been used before, with devastating results.

"Asia for the Asiatics," say these signs in Japanese-conquered territory throughout the Orient.



Crafty Jap overlords do not forget to make use of manpower reservoirs in occupied areas. These Koreans were conscripted for service in the Army.

HOW WE CAN WIN BUT

Will the Oriental peoples welcome us when we drive the Japs out? Don't be too sure! The Japs are sowing distrust while our counter-propaganda is failing

BY COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO

IN 1935, while I was passing through Japan on one of my frequent trips to the United States, Tsunero Takaishi, powerful Japanese publisher, said to me, "Only a union of the nations of the Far East can halt the exploitation of the Orientals by certain white nations. Japan realizes this and has been preparing for many years to assert the rights of the yellow and brown races in the Orient. When we are sure of our strength, when we are prepared to fight for a hundred years, then we will attack!"

I don't recall what reply I made to Takaishi. Certainly I voiced the dissent of the Filipino, who has seen his country prosper under the benevolent rule of the United States and who has learned to respect the ideals and practices of American democracy. Besides, Takaishi's remarks were not particularly unusual; the same patter was being mouthed by all Japanese throughout the Orient in the decade before Pearl Harbor.

Seven years later, in the tragic tunnel on Corregidor in Manila Bay, I was grimly reminded of Takaishi's words when we picked up Japanese broadcasts from captured Manila, Saigon, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and Shanghai, and heard the beginning—or rather, the opening of a new phase—of a clever and farseeing campaign to align the yellow and brown races of the Orient against the white people in general and the "Anglo-American imperialists" in particular.

Today, two more years later, the United States and Britain are in the anomalous position of being certain of eventually destroying Japanese power throughout the Orient, but of then finding themselves unable to root out of the countries now in Jap hands the seeds of hate against the white people planted there by the Japs. Thus Japan will surely lose the war, but it might prove that the Western nations have lost the Orient!

To understand this paradox, it is hardly necessary to do more than examine the nature of Japanese propaganda in the Orient and the adroitness with which it is executed. The basic idea of this propaganda is simply "The Orient for Orientals," not fundamentally different in its appeal from the "America for Americans" slogan that has carried more than one backwoods politician into office in the United States. But the Japs work their theme in hundreds of different ways and with a craftiness and subtlety for which the politicians haven't the skill, facilities, or need.

As my conversation with publisher Takaishi suggests, the "Orient for Orientals" campaign of the Japs did not begin on December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor was simply the signal to the waiting Japanese propagandists to pull all the stops and move in behind the Japanese military as countries were conquered and all counter-propaganda squelched at bayonet point.

I first became familiar with the Rising Sun's low-pressure pre-Pearl Harbor propaganda while editor and publisher of several Philippines newspapers and managing director of two Manila radio stations. On Corregidor I was in charge of The Voice of Freedom, America's last propaganda outlet in the Philippines, where we monitored all Japanese broadcasts. When I escaped from Corregidor and rejoined General MacArthur in Australia, I either heard or read transcripts of the Japanese broadcasts being monitored by the American military.

The disturbingly significant thing about both the pre- and the post-Pearl Harbor propaganda is its racial appeal. The soil in which these seeds of hate are being sown is the one billion Orientals, and particularly the 144,000,000 in lands occupied by the Japanese. The Japs began tilling this soil long before Pearl Harbor. But the sins of white imperialism unwittingly fertilized it years before Japan began to dream of bossing the Orient.

Before the war I traveled widely through the Orient and talked to the people as one Oriental to another. There was a difference between us, however, because I came from the Philippines, the only Oriental country under white rule where the native population was happy, unexploited, learning and applying democracy, and looking forward with certainty to full independence.

Everywhere I went in the Orient the natives asked me if it was really true that the Filipinos governed themselves under white rule, were paid fair wages

Jap propaganda harps on idea of eradication of foreign influence in Orient. Peiping billboard shows Nippon slicing Churchill, Roosevelt, and Chiang.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Burma's puppet ruler, Ba Maung, with pith-helmeted General Terauchi, country's conqueror.

STILL LOSE IN THE ORIENT

and owned the products they raised on their own land, went to schools built by Americans, had the right to vote, attended the same social functions as white people and generally mingled with them on a socially equal basis, and if white people were actually punished for crimes against the natives.

When I told them all these things were true of the Philippines, their ominous wonder easily suggested the bitterness, near-hopelessness, and smoldering fire behind their impassive faces.

White imperialism to these Orientals means a simple pattern of tyranny. In barest outline it means white people coming uninvited into their lands, by force of arms if necessary, looting the land of its natural resources, living lives of opulence, dissipation, and laziness, underpaying and overtaxing the natives, drawing an insulting "color line"—political, social, and economic—between the natives and their white bosses, and exhibiting a contemptuous attitude toward native customs, traditions, and habits of mind, an attitude best exemplified by trying to ram Western culture and civilization into the rigidly proud Orientals.

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, Nippon's busy little men continually reminded these Orientals of their slavery under white masters, suggested the hopelessness of their lot until the whites were destroyed or removed from the Orient, argued this could be accomplished only by a union of all Orientals under the leadership of Japan, harped everlastingly and effectively upon America's Oriental exclusion law and continually boasted of Japan's military might.

Thus, when the war came to the Orient these native populations—with the single exception of the Filipinos—either openly co-operated with the Jap conquerors or refused to hinder them. Granted, the natives of the invaded countries never liked or trusted the Japs; but they hated the whites more. As the lesser of two evils, they chose a yellow imperialism rather than a white imperialism.

Incidentally, we should rid our minds of any idea that Japanese propaganda consists mainly of absurd claims of military and naval victories over American forces. Their adding-machine reports of American warships sunk defy logical explanation. But the other kinds of Japanese propaganda can't be laughed away.

When Singapore fell, Jap radio stations for days afterward broadcast in many languages and native dialects elaborate details of the abject surrender of the British commander in chief and of the great pains taken to assure the greatest possible humiliation for the British. They showed the Orientals how to treat the white people, saying, "Treat them like they treated you!"

The more positive side of Japanese propaganda is illustrated by the fanfare which accompanied the granting of "independence" to the Burmese and Filipinos. The establishment of the Philippines Republic last October 14 was ushered in with solemn ceremonies, including the lowering of the flag of the Rising Sun "with appropriate respect and veneration" and the hoisting of the Philippines flag (as altered by the Japanese military) by "Veterans of the Philippines Revolution." A Declaration of Independence was read, followed by one minute of silent meditation and prayer "in honor of the heroes and martyrs of Philippines freedom and for the success of the new Republic."

Of course, all this was well rehearsed and enacted under the persuasion of Japanese guns. I know the Filipinos too well to believe that any more than an inconsequential fraction were taken in by this mockery. Nevertheless, the Japanese broadcasts of these ceremonies are bound to have a marked effect upon Orientals who do not know the Filipinos. Inevitably millions of them listened and said, "See, Japan has done in two years for the Filipinos what America did not do in forty years."

The Japanese have a decided advantage in their instinctive understanding of and sympathy with Oriental psychology, something Western nations seemed either incapable of understanding or unwilling fully to appreciate. Japs know the importance of "face" to the Oriental, recognize the subtleties of Oriental courtesy, and they encourage and turn to their own ends the Oriental's emphasis on spiritual contentment, family ties, racial pride, adherence to tradition, sacredness of feelings, dignity of spirit.

JAPANESE propaganda cites the achievements of Oriental scientists, poets, philosophers, scholars, and reminds readers and listeners of Japanese victories over white forces, even harking back to Japan's victory over Russia years ago. Woven through these outpourings are repeated plugs for the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, the sweet-sounding name of Nippon's new empire. Every now and then a reminder is dropped that the pre-Pearl Harbor Atlantic Charter avoided any provisions for the relief or freedom of Orientals under white domination.

Unfortunately, what the Japanese are *doing* in the lands they occupy is more important than what they are *saying*. Obviously, they are developing every possible resource of these lands; that's why they conquered them. But they are doing it in such a manner, and supported by such smooth propaganda, that most of the natives actually think they themselves—and not the Japs—are doing the developing.

This is accomplished through the es-

(Continued on page 57)

Ronaldo ran in, scared and bug-eyed. "That devil Yearra—I heard him talking, senor! He is going to steal the money!"

THE HELPLESS ONE

Bolivia in the throes of revolution was no place for a girl who was little, shy, and fluttery; but she had a way with money and men that got results

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

WHEN Ronaldo ran into the shack with the news that there might be a revolution and that Bolivia would be a dangerous place for Americans, big John Holger turned to his assistant.

"Pete," he said, "you get Winnie across the border pronto. She can catch the morning train out of Oruro, but get her down there this afternoon. And when you've seen her off, come back. I'll need you."

Pete Morgan pushed nervous fingers through tangled red hair. It was natural, he supposed, for John Holger to be worried about his daughter. Even in times of peace a tin mine in the Andes, twelve thousand feet above sea level, was no place for a girl like Winnie Holger.

She was the helpless sort, and Pete didn't like girls who depended too much on the guidance of men. He wanted them to stand on their own feet. He might have loved Winnie if he hadn't been so irritated by her fluttery helplessness.

"Look, chief," he said. "Couldn't Ronaldo take her?"

"No. You. Ronaldo can go along to take care of the mules." Big John reached for his hat. "There's another thing. I've got eighteen thousand dollars in the Oruro bank. I'll give you a check. Get the money out. Winnie can take it across the border."

SO Pete had no choice. Within an hour he rode the rocky mule trail down the mountain, with Winnie beside him and Ronaldo a few mule lengths ahead. Winnie was very pretty with her golden hair and her excited blue eyes. Sometimes, when he glanced at her, Pete felt choked. Still, she had that helpless way about her—as if she were always holding her breath, waiting for his advice—and that angered him.

In midafternoon, when they rode into Oruro, he found that rumors of revolution had started a run on the Banco de la Nación Boliviano. He got into a long line. After a while, looking around while he waited, he saw people he recognized. There was one in particular—Emilio Ycarra, the huge bulbous owner of the hotel near the railroad station; the place to which Pete had sent Winnie and Ronaldo to wait for him. Ycarra waved a fat hand. Pete frowned. He didn't like the man. He didn't like his eyes. They were too bright and black.

When he got John Holger's money in a big wad of paper *bolivianos*, Pete hurried on to the hotel. The lobby was full of noisy soldiers. Pete went up to the room Winnie had got for him next to her own room. She came in to talk about the chances of getting on the morning train, but before Pete could say much Ronaldo ran in, scared and bug-eyed. He whispered in a hoarse voice:

"That devil Ycarra—I heard him talking to two others, señor! He is going to steal the money you have!"

Pete had a cold feeling in his stomach. Emilio Ycarra's reputation was bad. There were stories of men who had died in his hotel, or on trails leading out of town after they'd left his place; men who had been found stabbed and penniless.

Pete rubbed an uncertain hand over his jaw. He had no gun. He could fight, of course, but the chances were Ycarra would come with enough help to overwhelm him. The man could afford to split eighteen thousand dollars quite a few ways and still come out ahead.

"Worried, Pete?" Winnie asked.

"What do *you* think?"

"Well, we could leave the hotel," she said.

"He'd have us followed."

Winnie didn't seem at all troubled. She held out her hand. "Let me take the money," she said. "I'll put it where it's safe."

He shook his head as he looked around the room. There weren't any spots he could see to hide the bills. Ycarra would rip the place apart.

"Let me have it, Pete," Winnie insisted.

He turned back to her. She still held out her hand. At the beginning Pete was annoyed. What could *she* do with the money? Still, he asked, "Where will you put it?"

"Just leave it to me."

After a while, because he could think of nothing else to do with the bills, he gave them to Winnie with grudging curiosity. Maybe she had some secret notion—a woman's notion—she didn't want to talk about, because she didn't say a word. She just went back to her own room, and he decided she wanted to undress.

That night Pete didn't sleep well. He lay listening for Ycarra. But there were no sounds at all, except the laughter of soldiers who drank the hours away.

In the morning, when he got up, Pete looked worn. He knocked at Winnie's door and found her fresh and rested. There was a smile on her lips.

"Where's the money?" Pete whispered.

She said, "Come, I'll show you."

TO his bewilderment, she led him downstairs into the lobby. A few soldiers sat around, but she went past them straight to the desk. Behind it fat Emilio Ycarra looked sullen, full of stifled anger.

"May I have my money, please?" Winnie asked with a sweet, somewhat helpless smile as she held out her hand.

Ycarra went to his safe and came back with the wad of bills. He was in a bad mood.

Pete couldn't speak at all; not until he was rushing Winnie to the train. And then, holding her arm tight, he gasped:

"You mean to say you just *gave* the money to him?"

"Of course," Winnie said. "In front of a lot of soldiers. I asked him to count it, please, and keep it in his safe for me. A man can't steal what he already has, can he?"

Pete stared at her. All of a sudden he wanted to kiss her. He knew then that look of helplessness would never bother him again.

But before he could speak, Winnie turned to Ronaldo.

"You tell my father," she said, "what good care Pete took of me, will you? I don't know *what* I'd have done without him. A girl alone is so helpless!"

THE END

DESERT DERELICTS FLY AGAIN

BY S/SGT. JAMES WINCHESTER

Air Transport Command

Hopeless plane wrecks —and desert dangers —mean nothing to this salvage officer. What he does to "keep 'em flying" astounds even his superiors

DURING the early days of lend-lease, before Pearl Harbor, an American-made Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress was shunted to one side of the runway at Kano, Nigeria, in Central Africa, to await repairs for a cracked cylinder head. For some reason the repair crew never got around to working on the ship—a brand-new one—and, as week after week passed, it became a stripped-down skeleton of its former self. Crew chiefs and pilots on other aircraft being ferried to the British fighting fronts would help themselves to a needed part here and there.

One day a tall lean Lincolnesque pilot by the name of Captain (now Major) Charles Heffner, a former Cairo, Illinois, garageman on lend-lease as a pilot from the U. S. Army Air Forces to Pan American-Africa Air Ferries, Ltd., became interested in the plane. He stationed a couple of native guards on day and night duty to stop the pilfering, and then, working in his spare time between flights, he started a four-months job of repairing the craft. Spare parts in Africa for any type of aircraft then were scarcer than T-bone steaks in New York City now, and he had to engage in a little high-class "borrowing" of his own.

He had every wreck within a hundred-mile radius of Kano spotted, and spent many a weary dusty hour in a jeep rounding up usable parts from these derelicts of the desert.

Finally the repairs were finished—or so he thought. The night before the test flight one of the native guards rose up suddenly and jammed his bayonet through the tail surfaces. Another two days. Then a mechanic spotted some ants pouring out of a hill under the tail surfaces. He filled a tobacco can with 100-octane gasoline from the plane's supply, poured it on the ants, and applied a match. The blaze destroyed both elevators.

"Right then," Major Heffner relates, "is when the fable of Missouri mule skinners being the world's most accomplished cussers began to fade."

Next, the pilot assigned to fly the plane from Kano to India came down with malaria and Heffner had to fly it himself.

For this job of desert salvage Heffner received personal commendations from Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways, and from Major General Harold L. George, head of the then rapidly expanding U. S. Army Air Forces Air Transport Command. The citations commended him for starting and carrying out the repairs of the plane during his off-duty hours without any suggestion or direction from superior officers, and also for doing 80 per cent of the repair work himself.

Almost a year later Heffner saw this same reclaimed Fortress at an airport in Palestine. Painted on the fuselage under the cockpit window were twenty-six miniature bombs—the symbols of twenty-six bombing missions.

When the privately operated Pan American route for lend-lease was absorbed by the Air Transport Command, Heffner was recalled to active duty with the Army in September, 1942, and assigned as salvage officer for the Air Depot, Air Service Command, operating under the A. T. C. out of Accra, Gold Coast, Africa.

During the ten months he held this job, he personally salvaged more than 100 aircraft. Their total value in dollars and cents would range into the millions. Their value to the Allied cause is too great to be computed. When he returned to the States he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Heffner, now operations officer for A. T. C.'s Brownsville-Panama route, had a special salvage plane developed by himself and the Army Air Forces Experimental Division at Wright Field, Dayton. It was a Douglas C-47, but it had been converted into a flying machine shop. It was equipped with all kinds of spare parts and tools for manufacturing them—lathe, drill press, welding outfit, generators, portable air compressor, and special propeller and engine tools. Heffner also built a special two-cylinder tractor weighing 785 pounds, and a small trailer which he could transport in the plane. The tractor

Heffner's specially equipped salvage plane once trucked a wing to the scene of a wreck.

Getting the wing on was another matter. It took

and trailer could go where a heavier vehicle would bog down in the sand.

The plane, the Pelican, also carried food, water, and emergency equipment of all kinds, and it was Heffner's proud boast that he could take the Pelican into the desert with a crew of six men and be self-sufficient for at least thirty days.

Each salvage job was a high adventure in itself. Most of the time Heffner would repair the planes only to hold together until he could deliver them to the mechanics and repairmen at the subdepot in Accra. More than once the engineering officer would greet him with "Holy cow, Heffner, if you don't stop bringing us this junk we're going to chase both you and Seddich so far into the desert you'll never find your way home."

Seddich was Heffner's native houseboy at Accra, and a fabulous character in his own right around the officers' quarters there. He really made his mark the day he took advantage of Heffner's absence to lay everything in his quarters out for a sunning. Among the items stretched out for public consumption were some thirty or forty love letters Heffner had received from his wife. Some of the passages thus publicly aired are still being quoted in various African messes, but to this day Seddich can't understand what he did wrong.

As salvage officer for the A. T. C. at Accra, Major Heffner reclaimed a hundred aircraft.

HEFFNER'S most spectacular salvage operation began in early March, 1943. A Douglas C-47 of the Air Transport Command, carrying a load of wounded French soldiers from Tripoli, was forced down at night on the desert in French Equatorial Africa. A rescue plane from Fort Lamy discovered her a week later, and the wounded soldiers and crew members, none of whom had been hurt in the crash landing, were soon on their way to civilization. Then a call was put through to Heffner at Accra. A salvage operation looked pretty hopeless. The plane had been woefully cracked up. The right wing had struck a tree and was damaged beyond repair. The left wing had a hole the length of the leading edge and three ribs were irreparably smashed. The left elevator was torn in two, the left stabilizer was beyond repair, and thorns had torn all the fabric off the right elevator.

a lot of Yankee ingenuity and persistence.

Worst of all, the plane had crashed in the desert some six hours from the nearest water, forty miles from the nearest native habitation, and 300 miles from the nearest Air Transport Command base.

Heffner, however, decided to have a look. Accompanied by Lieutenant Martin, his co-pilot, and Sergeant Hughes, his right-hand man in salvage operations, he flew to the closest A. T. C. base, loaded a jeep aboard, and continued on to a native village forty miles from the wreck. Then it took them two and a half hours to cover those forty miles in the 115-degree heat. They had to stop every ten or fifteen minutes to let the jeep cool off.

The original rescue party had left three native soldiers to guard the crashed plane.

"They evidently heard us coming across the desert," Heffner recalls, "because when we arrived they had on their belts and bandoliers. As our jeep pulled to a stop they came to as snappy a present-arms as was ever given any three-star general. It was one of the most impressive things I have ever seen. There we were, two officers and an enlisted man of the United States Air Corps, unshaved, dirty and dusty from our ride, and these native soldiers were standing there giving us full military honors in the middle of the African desert."

After looking over the wreck Heffner decided to try to salvage the aircraft itself instead of just the engines and instruments. The first thing needed was a runway. A fairly presentable one could be constructed by removing about thirty trees and smoothing out a few rough spots, so Sergeant Hughes and the three native soldiers remained behind to build it. They had a five-gallon can of water, and most of the rations dropped by the original rescue party were still on hand, also some meat from a gazelle killed by the native soldiers. There was one ax from the wrecked plane and Heffner and Martin later dropped another from the salvage ship.

"We should have been bombardiers," Heffner says. "We attached the ax to the parachute from our emergency radio and threw it out the back door. It landed only thirty feet from where Hughes was standing."

TWO days later they flew to the scene of the wreck to attempt a landing, but Hughes had marked in the sand, in letters four feet high, "No Land, No Land." He then wrote, "Need ax and file." So Martin wired two axes and two files together and dropped them, an undershirt serving as parachute. Hughes then wrote, "Next Day."

The next day, Heffner, Martin, and six enlisted men took off before daylight from their A. T. C. base. Heffner describes the experience:

"At the scene of the wreck Lieutenant Martin said, 'That's an awfully small field, captain.' 'Sure is,' I said, 'but let's make a pass and try it.'

"So we lowered half flaps, slowing the plane to ninety miles an hour, and made one circle of the field for a look. It looked awfully short and narrow, but

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DAMES IS HERE!

BY LAURENCE SCHWAB

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

There were Japs on the island and the Marines were set for a bloody battle, when two shipwrecked USO girls drifted in and put on a show that went over big

"WHAT for do we want up, Harold?"

The big Marine private sat in the lagoon by the beach, lazily washing his only shirt.

"Don't ask me. Ask Baby Tank." Wiry Corporal Harold Root wiggled himself into the wet sand where the mid-Pacific sun could not have its way with his bronze body. "Those yellow-bellies sure chased us back down here fast. Ask me, I think old Baby Tank pressed his hand—sending us in to attack the minute the Navy shoved off after landing us."

Private Denny held his shirt in the air and wrung it out daintily. "You know, Harold, if Codfish had held his platoon's fire as per orders we might've got up there, at that."

"Him? He'll learn. Though it's not so hot an idea his doing it on our time." He followed the private's glance to the coral cliffs rising sheer from either side of the little beach. "What do you see there, Jersey?"

"Nothing," Jersey sighed. "I like it here. This sure is a garden spot. That's what they say in them ads. The 'garden spot of the world.' Then you get there and find you're in Oil City. But this is. Look at them palms; the rocks up there with the tinkly little waterfall. It's like a movie—only there's no Lamour."

"Ask me—if I had Grable, Lamour, and Lamarr parlayed on a week-end here, I'd rather be in Oil City on Sunday." He sat up. "You are a prime knucklehead, gyrene. We are in a spot. Likely our last one. And you sit on your tail in the water and moon about scenery."

"But, Harold, I like scenery." Jersey flattened a big paw above his eyes. "The ocean gets nice colors; it's blue and green—and there's even sort of a yellow spot way out— *Harold!* Look, guy, quick. There's something waving. Something white."

Harold was on his feet, looking hard. "Say," he whispered, "it is something. There it goes. Waving again. It's somebody on one of those yellow life rafts. Come on." His voice pumped hard with excitement. "Let's go get 'em." He splashed in.

"But, Harold, there's—things in there." Jersey looked fearfully at the waiting water.

"What do you want to do, live all your life?" yelled the corporal, running legs high into the sea.

"Why, sure I do. What a question."

But he was close behind, striking out toward where the yellow pancake loafed on the ripples. The white something had stopped waving. Whoever was out there was waiting.

Elly held tight to April as they huddled behind a boulder.

Voices carry over sleepy water. Captain James "Baby Tank" Darling, from his tent under the palm shade nearest the beach, stopped in the middle of bawling out his only lieutenant and pushed his shorts down below a round but hard stomach.

"Swimming," he snorted. "Hollering and splashing about like kids while we have to do all the thinking."

"You, sir," corrected Lieutenant Minot Smith from Boston, his precise little mustache seeming to clip the words off neatly.

"Huh?"

"You just said that from now on you'd do all the thinking."

"That's correct, Smith. One more thought like you couldn't stand to see your men fired on this morning without firing back and—" He tried for words, then slammed his fist down on the up-ended cartridge case. "This isn't for marbles, mister. You're not playing Yale."

"No, sir," said Lieutenant Smith evenly; and it was plain why the ranks called him Codfish. He was that cold.

"O. K., then." The captain hitched his thumbs into his belt and stood in the burning-ash shade, words fairly perspiring out of him. "We gotta get up there—and get across the island to back up the Navy when they attack the harbor over on the other side. They're due off here in the morning—and from down here we won't even see 'em sail by." He stamped around, feet wide. "It's rotten. We haven't got enough men or stuff to get up, but—" He hunched his magnificent shoulders as if he were going to push his way through the Japs by one manpower. "But—if we could get *them* to attack *us*—come down here to wipe us out—we'd handle them pretty."

"I shouldn't think they'd do that, captain. They're thinking too." Codfish said it as if to inform his captain he could not command the Japs to seal their minds.

"No. They're smart." The captain grinned. "Probably went to Harvard, Mr. Smith."

"I had a few of them in my class. They were smart."

"But we're smarter, eh? Let's get together on this and figure how to get them over a barrel. What do you say?"

A LIGHT came into Codfish's business-like eyes, but just then there came a yell from the beach—then more yells, and scuffing of G. I. feet across coral rock. It was as if a whole army of Marines had gone crazy on a cue.

"WOW! Dames is here!" they heard.

Running out to the beach, the astonished officers saw two drenched girls being helped up the sand by Jersey and Harold, while wondering marines jostled one another to get nearer the welcome apparitions.

"Attention!" shouted the lieutenant. The marines snapped to, and Baby Tank, in shorts and nothing else, but carrying his shirt, and the lieutenant in tropicals, strode down to meet them. The taller, her figure in bold relief beneath the soaked remains of a dress, stepped forward.

"Hi, lieutenant. Nice island you got here. Sure feels good to get the dogs on something that don't slip out from under you."

Codfish nodded, then turned to Baby Tank, "This is Captain Darling, Miss—?"

Baby Tank was letting himself out now. "A couple of small-timers, hoping for a nice plane ride!"

"I'm Elly Long. And this is my partner, April Joy. We're USO Overseas Unit Nine." She took in the captain's lack of uniform, his out-size shoulders, and cherubic face. "Sorry, captain. I thought you lived here. Came with the lease. From the costume, I mean. Sort of expected to see you start combing the beach any minute."

"Never mind me. How did you get here?"

"Gosh, I'm sorry. Talking away without saying anything. Guess I'm sort of nervous still." She swallowed hard. "Well, we were flying to our thirty-fourth show on this outlandish route. All at once two little planes came at us. They hit us all right. But it didn't seem like anything. We just floated down. Didn't we, April?"

"I don't know. I never opened my eyes till we hit the water. Those poor boys." Mist clouded her robin's-egg eyes.

"Yes, it was—awful." Elly braced her shoulders. "Well, the pilot just threw us out and pointed to this little yellow thing floating out there a few feet away. We never even saw the other fellow. The pilot yelled to us to swim for it. We did, pulling each other along, and by the time we could look around there was no plane—nothing. Just the other life raft bobbing there on the water. We tossed around all night and when the sun came up we saw those hills up there. We drifted and drifted—looked like we were going to go past—but we kept waving—and then your boys picked us up." She smiled at Jersey and Harold. "And—well—so here we are."

As she looked around, the marines cheered lustily, and then shut up at a quick glance from their captain.

"Aren't you hungry?" asked Lieutenant Smith.

"As a chorus girl. But a quart of java's what we need, isn't it, April?"

"Uh-uh," agreed the eggshell blonde, "and something to—" She looked down at her arm, which was holding a torn strip of flimsy over one breast.

"Oh, yes. April needs a second front. A cup of coffee and a shirt and the old act'll be in the pink again, eh, April?"

"Uh-uh." She brightened. "Oh, thanks." The captain had handed her his shirt.

"Come with me, ladies," Baby Tank ordered, and strode on ahead. Elly followed, spouting nervous nothings to keep from crying with relief.

"You come too," April hung on to Codfish's arm and glanced up at the luscious foliage beyond the beach. "Isn't this the sweets? I could get romantic here."

Elly turned in her steps. "Hey, Jersey," she yelled, "bring me that!"

Jersey came plowing up the beach carrying a boxlike object wrapped in a life jacket. She grasped it, thanked Jersey, and sank down on the captain's

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I'LL GO MY WAY

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DURING the two years that her husband was in Europe, fighting, Casey—Kathleen Corliss—had become important to the Bower Literary Agency in New York. She loved her job, but was wildly happy when Jerry returned, through with fighting because of his wounds.

The young people found readjustment difficult—Jerry Hayes because of disillusionment with the busy, carefree folk at home who acted as if the war had nothing to do with them; and Casey because Jerry seemed indifferent about finding a job, and only wanted her to go with him to live in Texas, his home state.

Other complications included Bennett Rider, playwright, in love with Casey; and Elaine Duryea, wealthy daughter of a colonel at Fort Dix. Elaine had long carried the torch for Jerry.

When Harry Bower, Casey's employer, broke his leg, she felt compelled to remain at the agency, in spite of Jerry's pleas. And when Kitty Price—a valued agency client—tried to commit suicide in Hollywood for love of Harry, he asked Casey to go out there and straighten things out.

While Casey was away, Jerry disappeared.

It was Ben Rider who told Casey—on her frantic return—that Elaine had employed a detective agency to find Jerry, and added, "You see, Casey, there's just one reason why a man leaves his wife—because he doesn't want to live with her any more."

PART FIVE

THE colonel was suddenly an old man. Casey found the change in him shocking. She had last seen him two years ago, on her final visit to Fort Dix, before Jerry had been transferred to Benning. He stood at the window of his quarters, his hands clasped lightly behind his back, his gray head stiffly upright above the flat straight shoulders. He had been having an interview with a chaplain who seemed distressed about something, and after greeting Casey, with no surprise at finding her here, he told the chaplain to go on.

"Mrs. Hayes is a very close friend of Mrs. Wilson," the colonel explained to the chaplain. "She'll want to know all about it."

"I was just telling the colonel about my visit to Mrs. Wilson," the chaplain said. "I just came from there and the whole thing is heartbreakingly tragic. I've had to talk to many young women like Stephanie Wilson, and I find the ones who are best able to bear the shock are the ones who have been wise enough to find some other interest in life, some outlet for their emotions and their energy. For two years Bill Wilson's wife hasn't done a thing but sit there waiting for Bill. Now that she knows he's never coming back—"

"Never coming back?" Casey echoed, shocked and unbelieving. "But I understood he was an exchange prisoner, that they were sending him home."

"He was, and they were. That's what makes the whole thing so much worse. You see, Mrs. Hayes, he'd been blinded, and he couldn't face coming home to his wife like that. On the boat, coming back, he—he just slipped overboard. Those waters are shark-infested, of course. There wasn't a chance of recovering the body, though they tried. Of course, the hardest thing for any of our boys to do, Mrs. Hayes, is to face the fact of coming home different than they were when they went away. You don't know how they dread that minute of coming face to face with the people they love back home. I see so much of it," the chaplain said. "I wish I could be there at every homecoming, every reunion. I wish I could issue a handbook about it." His voice was suddenly fierce. "The ones who love them the most are the ones who hurt them the most."

What was it Jerry had said to her long ago? "They give us little books that tell us how to conduct ourselves in Italy and Africa. I wish they'd give us a little book telling us how to conduct ourselves when we get home."

"Stevie will die," Casey said, aching for her. "She'll just sit there in that big old house and die. I never knew two people so much in love." Except Jerry and me, she thought. And then she corrected that. It wasn't true. She and Jerry had never had that oneness, that completeness about their love that Stevie and Bill had seemed to have, asking nothing of the world but to be

Convinced at last that her heart belongs only to Jerry, Casey goes in search of him, only to make a bitter discovery which seems to mean the end

together. Jerry and Casey had been independent. Fiercely so. Even in love, neither one surrendered completely to the other.

"I'm going back to see her again in a week or so," the chaplain said. His face was thin and grave. "The worst of it is, she's very bitter. She doesn't believe that her husband died for anything worth while. She sees the worst of the people at home here, instead of the best of them. When I left, she had locked herself in her room and said she'd never come out of it again."

The colonel turned around. His face was gray and tired, like his voice. "Maybe Mrs. Hayes will go to see her with you," the colonel suggested. "You might get in touch with her when you're ready to go there again. And thanks for what you've done, chaplain. I was very, very fond of Lieutenant Wilson."

He stood there like that, his expression unchanged, for a long time after the young chaplain had left. Casey thought, Supposing Jerry had been blinded? Would they have been able to face life together again? And yet she felt it might have been simpler to deal with some maiming, physical disability like that than to grope toward understanding the fine nuances of changes that had taken place in him. Jerry had been wounded, too, in body and in mind and in spirit. Only the physical wounds, apparently, had healed, or he would never have walked out of her life so unaccountably as he had done.

An orderly knocked and came in to ask whether the colonel wanted anything before his orderly went off duty, and the colonel said he thought he'd like a little ice. Alone again, the colonel's blue eyes—the deep blue of summer skies, as startling against his leathery skin as Elaine's were against the honey tones of hers—went clearly and candidly to Casey's face.

"I know why you've come, of course," he said. "We both know that my daughter has always fancied herself in love with your husband. Jerry has left you, and Elaine has taken it into her head to go after him. You want me to tell you where she is."

"Yes," Casey said. "You're the only one who can help me. My purpose is not to involve your daughter in any scandal, Colonel Duryea. I don't believe for a minute that—that there is or has been anything serious between your daughter and my husband. I understand that she hired detectives to find Jerry. I wanted to, but I found the cost to be prohibitive. I want to find him, Colonel Duryea. I've just got to find him!"

The ice had come now and the colonel poured some whisky into a glass and spooned some ice into it and squirted a little soda water over it.

"Why?" he asked, startlingly, when he had finished doing all that. "Why do you have to find him?"

SHE was taken aback by that and it was a minute before she was ready with her answer. The colonel's face was impassive. It told her nothing. There were no rugs on the floor and his feet made a great deal of noise walking over to stand beside the cold fireplace. He leaned against the ugly cream-colored mantel and sipped his drink carefully, waiting for her to speak.

She stood uncertainly in the middle of the room, not knowing quite what to say. The colonel could remember when Jerry's attractive clever young wife had never been at a loss for words. And the colonel had never liked her.

"Why," she said slowly, thinking out loud for him, "I want to find him because I love him, and because—because I have so much to say to him. It's just since he's gone away that I realize I—I put him off, like a child who wants a lot of your attention and you're busy, and so, instead of giving her attention, you rush out and buy things for her or find people to amuse her." The colonel's heavy brows shot together. He watched her intently. "Jerry was sort of like that. I should have taken time off, when he came home, to learn all about him, to find out what the war had done to him and how he was different. But in-

Casey was running. Jerry's feet pounded after her and then ceased. He knew it wasn't any use.

stead, I kept thinking that if he'd just get a job, or have a lot of amusing friends, or *do* something, he'd forget it all and be—"

"Normal?" the colonel suggested.

"I don't know," Casey admitted helplessly. "I don't know what Jerry, normal, *is!* We had so little time before he went away, and then he came back and I—I guess I became impatient. Or maybe it was more than that. Sometimes I'd think he was just lazy, that he didn't *want* to do anything, and it frightened me to think I was married to some one like that. He wanted me to go to Texas with him and *that* frightened me, because it was like going away with a stranger. So when I had a chance to hold onto my job, I did. Jerry's pretty proud. He must have gotten the idea that I didn't believe in him, or need him. So he just—left me."

"And if you found him again, what makes you think things would be any different, or any better?"

"If I find him," she said, "*when* I find him, I'll be able to tell him that nothing mattered after he left. That I don't care whether I'm cold or hungry, or whether I have money or whether I haven't. I'll be able to tell him that I'll live in a tent, if he'll just live there with me, because that's the way I happen to love him."

The colonel said, "It's very painful, isn't it, learning to think about something other than yourself?" She took that without flinching. She'd take anything, from any one, if only some one would tell her where Jerry was.

The scent of wistaria, vague and sweet, drifted through the open window, reminding her poignantly of evenings when she and Jerry had walked these narrow streets among the neat small squares that were the junior officers' quarters and the larger houses of majors and captains.

And now the colonel was saying:

"Perhaps in some final, absolute civilization, we'll recognize war as the normal, Mrs. Hayes, and peace as the abnormal. Men—all men—seem so brilliantly successful at the game of war that they return to appear failures at everything else by contrast. Perhaps the ones who never come back—"

"Colonel Duryea, where is Elaine?"

THE thin clear notes of the bugle sounding retreat off in the parade ground. The colonel's face intent, listening, as though he had not heard it before, or as though he did not think he would hear it again. The bugle's notes were high and sweet. The post was quiet, its square ugly buildings softened in the light of the setting sun that came warm and golden through the windows and touched the silver eagles on the colonel's shoulders.

"Mrs. Hayes, I believe your husband is in Kansas City. There is nothing between your husband and my daughter, as you said. My daughter is a child. A lovesick, romantic, emotional child. I assume, of course, that you will not hurt her or cause her any trouble."

The words were stiff and curt and abrupt. Casey found her throat suddenly dry and closed, aching with tears she wouldn't dare to shed. This old man was gallant beyond belief. This thing that he was doing seemed to him the right thing, and so he did it. The pain of it was clearly there—in his eyes and in the way his mouth moved, uttering each word clearly and carefully.

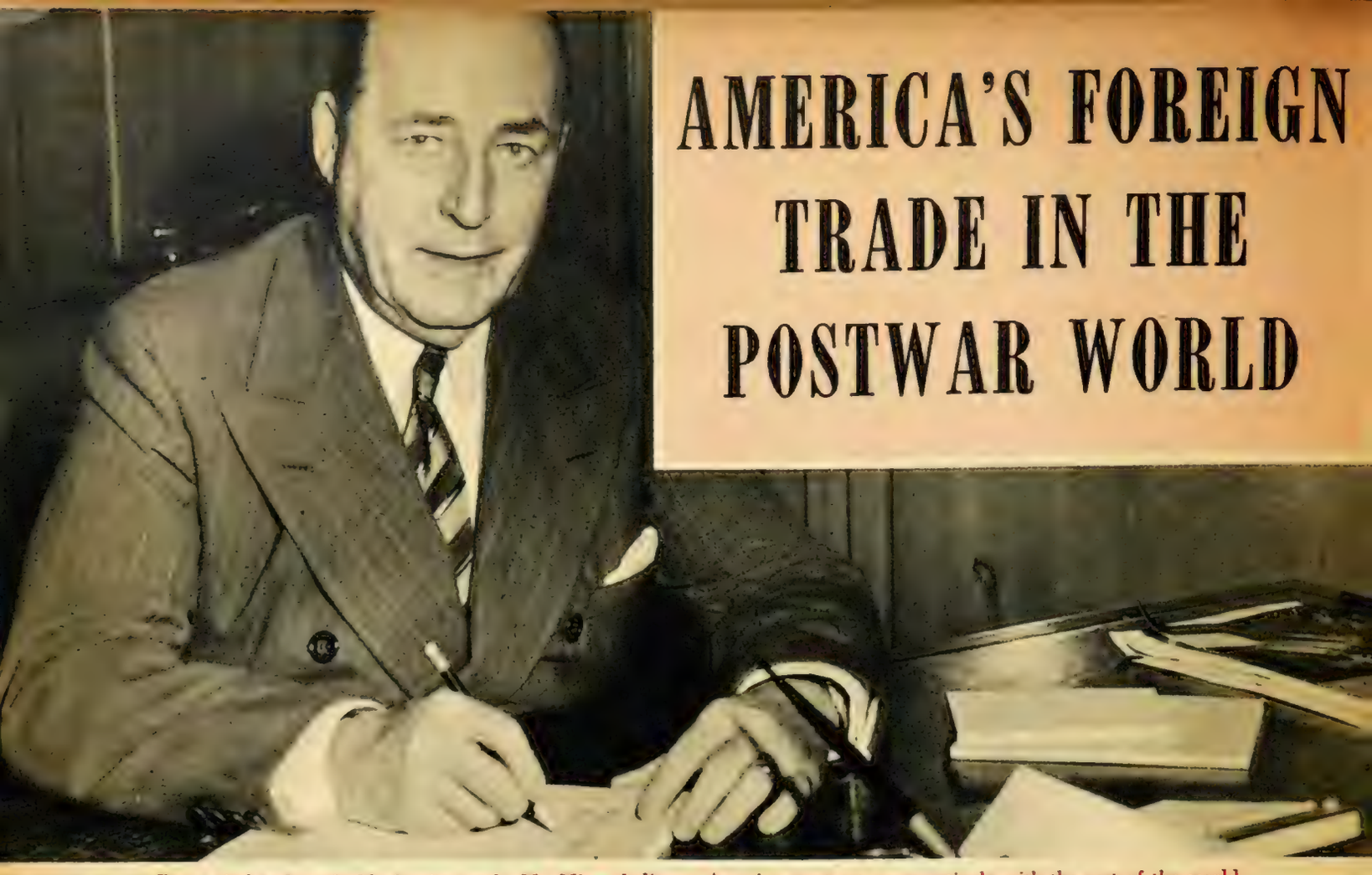
"Thank you," she said. "And of course I won't do anything to hurt Elaine—or you—in any way."

She waited a moment, but he didn't speak. His face remained like that, cold and stiff and impersonal, and he waited for her to go. He hadn't done this because he wanted to or because he liked her or even felt sorry for her, because obviously he did not. He had done it because he couldn't help himself. Casey had convinced him, somehow, that she had a right to know where Jerry was. His life had been dedicated to telling the truth and he couldn't change it now, even for Elaine, who was the only thing left in the world that he cared about.

He remained standing for a while after Casey had left, and then he went over and got his oiled cloths and took down his guns and sat down to clean them. Whenever he was confused he did this, the neat, cold feeling of the guns somehow helping to clear his mind

(*Continued on page 48*)

AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE IN THE POSTWAR WORLD



For a vital and profitable foreign trade, Mr. Minor believes, America must act co-operatively with the rest of the world.

BY C. H. MINOR President, International General Electric

To do business successfully abroad, some of our present ideas need revision. A top-flight foreign trader, who knows whereof he speaks, gives us some straight facts

MY first connection with foreign trade was as a small boy in a country town in upstate New York. In those days my brother and I raised chickens. Like other youngsters, we cared for the flock and peddled eggs and poultry. As we made a few dollars we bought bicycles to speed and ease deliveries. This was a pretty small business, but just the same it depended to a certain extent on foreign trade, both importing and exporting. Our chicken feed came in bags woven of Indian hemp; the tin of the buckets we used was a product of Malaya; the rubber of the bicycle tires came from Brazil; the shiny nickel of the handle bars was mined in the French Pacific island of New Caledonia. Our use of these things helped our own business and also enabled the countries that produced them to buy products of America.

Of course, my brother and I were not aware of the help foreign trade was to us, nor of our dependence on it. But today, with the rationing of sugar and tires and the shortages of chocolate, bananas, and pineapples, foreign commerce is evident to every one.

This dependence on international business goes back to the very origins of the United States. No page of our history is without the story of the dangers, the romance, the adventures, the benefits of trade with foreign lands. Clipper ships, spices from India, silk from China, rum from the West Indies, cotton for Manchester—each of these brings to mind a chapter from our past

Nor can we forget that the Navigation Act of 1660, the Staple Act of 1663, and others of the English trade acts designed to stifle and control the growing industry and agriculture of the colonies, led in part to the Revolution and our independence. As growing colonies we needed foreign markets and foreign products. Our hardheaded forefathers would let no artificial barriers stand in the way of prosperity and a rising standard of living. Such foreign trade is one of the vitamins that make our nation grow and prosper. Without it, domestic commerce would be stunted and deformed.

Fortunately, today we do not need to be smugglers—as did the colonists—to take part in foreign trade. By selfish or unwise policies, other nations may interfere, however, with our prosperity and full employment just as surely as England did in colonial days. We, in turn, can slow down the growth of other nations. But both our self-interest and our sentiments call for us to aid others and not hinder. If we are to develop fully our vital trade relations with the rest of the world, and if we are to help the growth of other nations, we must act co-operatively with others and they with us. Furthermore, we must act quickly after the war to remove impediments that have grown up here at home over the years and to eliminate many wartime practices which, if continued in peacetime, will prove disastrous.

The ways we can co-operate with the rest of the world, and many of the practices that must be changed, are already evident.

If American business is to succeed abroad, our government must reverse its wartime practices relating to control over American-owned businesses in foreign countries. Long before the war the Nazi government adopted a unique theory that its jurisdiction over German industry and commerce extended into foreign lands, in disregard of the local laws. Now, during the war emergency, our own government has adopted a similar policy. Today companies organized and incorporated under the laws of foreign nations, subject to their courts, their tax laws and regulations, are considered by our administration subject to the jurisdiction of some of our laws and government departments so long as a substantial proportion (but not necessarily half) of the shares of these companies is held by American citizens. In peacetime this policy will lead to absurd and dangerous situations. Today the United States tries to—and does—require such foreign companies to take actions contrary to the laws of the countries in which they operate.

Of course, to the extent that it helps win the war, no Ameri-

can opposes this policy. Neither is there strenuous opposition from the countries in which our capital is aiding economically: they are all too glad to receive our help. But to continue this after the war will arouse such antagonisms and put us under such handicaps, both here and abroad, that much of our foreign business will be stymied before it starts.

We must insist that in our business abroad we be given the same treatment as is given other nations, and that such treatment be fair and equitable. Uncle Sam is all too often known abroad as a generous old uncle who gives liberally but bargains badly. It is high time that, by following a sound international policy, we change this. We should combine generosity in dealing with insistence on being fully repaid for loans made to foreign countries. We should insist that our investments in foreign properties and plants be accorded the security that foreigners enjoy in this country. Our policy should make it clear that, when sovereign rights are exercised either here or abroad and private owners dispossessed of their property, prompt and adequate compensation must be paid.

We must, in short, stand up for our rights. Otherwise we shall retard our own progress, lose the world's respect, and again become subject to the discrimination that often prevailed before this war.

MANY dangers lurk in the field of international loans, and there is no easy way to resolve them. In the past, some of the world's great trading nations have used their financial power not only to influence trade but also for political purposes. In some cases this power has been used commercially to insure risks that are too big for any one business or group of businesses to assume. In other cases loans have been made to buy political friendship. In recent years our government has loaned money to other nations not for their governmental purposes but to foster the development of their private industries.

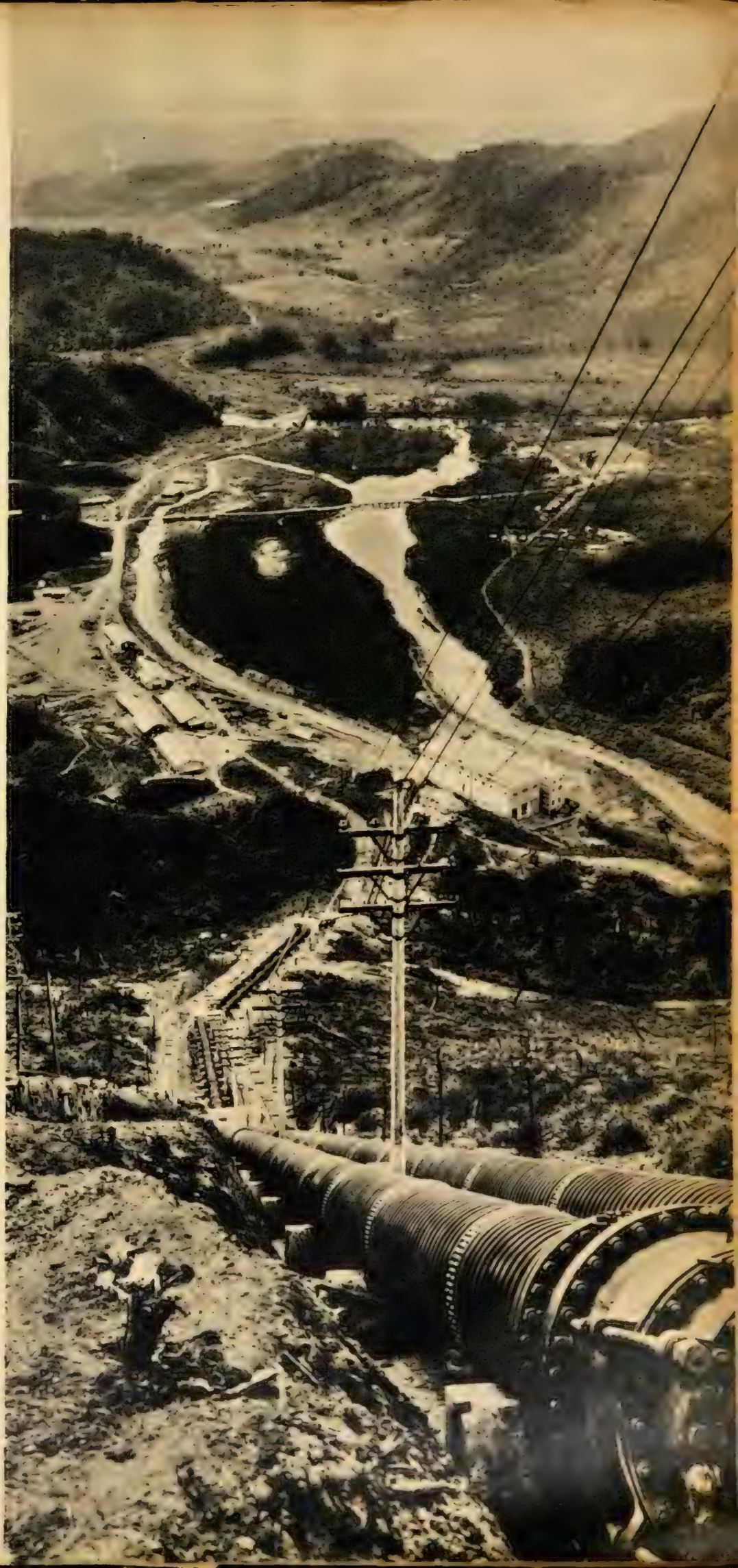
Intergovernment loans should be restricted to the purposes of government. At the end of the war many countries will require credit to stabilize their monetary structures and solve their budgetary problems. Government loans made to these countries on sound bases will be highly desirable and proper. But too often government loans are sought after private lenders find the risks involved in the character and competence of the borrowers too great. No American wants to see our government use the taxpayers' money in foreign countries except under reasonably business-like conditions and to promote our own and the world's welfare.

If American business is to play its part in international commerce, it must be permitted to trade according to the rules of the country where it invests, buys, or sells, regardless of the regulations that might govern similar transactions in our domestic commerce.

Years ago we decided that we did not want in this country any private monopolies in restraint of trade other than such inevitable and logical partial monopolies as the telephone system. That decision and the subsequent legislation were wise and right.

But while this is our sound American

(*Continued on page 66*)



U. S. equipment built this power plant in Sao Paolo, Brazil—a result of foreign trade.

SEVEN YEARS IN A SARONG

As the sarong girl, Dottie Lamour has to watch her step or she'll be without a stitch. Her struggles to keep up appearances are revealed here

BY FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

DOROTHY LAMOUR strode free-hipped through the factories preaching the gospel of 10 per cent. Behind her stalked a husky from the Treasury Department with important business of his own.

Wherever they went, the boys in overalls were beset by the same uncontrollable impulse: Here was the chance of a lifetime to touch Dorothy Lamour. She would pass a turret lathe in Salem, Oregon, or Salem, Massachusetts; the operator would reach out to touch her, and the grim-faced Jim Moran, representing the Treasury, would come down hard with his heel on the impulsive one's foot. Moran mashed hundreds of toes, Miss Lamour heard hundreds of muffled yelps behind her, but no toucher achieved his objective and she sold $200,000,000 worth of war bonds. No other individual has approached her record as a bond saleslady, not even Lana Turner, who threw in a kiss with every sale.

The Lamour of the narrow shoulders, the worrisome feet, and the fear of her fellow man, has graduated with honors from a seven-year course of the Hollywood finishing school. The girl from the secondhand clothing shop in Chicago, who entered the movies with few assets aside from the muscular control necessary to keep a sarong from skidding off its anchorages, can chat casually now with the President of the United States. She can start 10,000 shipyard workers, including the ones with the mangled toes, to cheering, simply by delivering a statistics-bristling speech. She also can disarm the girls in the war plants, who were prepared to hate her, by saying: "Listen, kids. Don't pay any attention to the mink coat and the orchid. They're stage dressing, is all, and I'm still Dottie Lamour, who used to earn eight dollars a week and like it."

No first-string critic ever has given a Lamour movie a good write-up, but the cash customers have ignored the reviewers, and Paramount Pictures, Inc., has been appreciative. It pays Dorothy $200,000 a year for making movies, mostly stressing the sarong, which has undergone a continuing improvement paralleling that of its wearer.

The sarong is fireproofed now in case of volcanoes exploding in technicolor, it is rip-proofed to contend with the claws of tigers, and it is so engineered that it never leaves Miss Lamour in the goose-pimply altogether before fifty goggle-eyed moviemakers. It wasn't always that way. Nor was life so kind to Dorothy.

She was born in the charity ward of Touro Infirmary, New Orleans, December 10, 1914, the daughter of Carmen and Ed Slater. Hardly had she been christened Mary Leta Dorothy Slater when her parents split up. Her mother became a waitress and eventually married one Clarence Lambour. That marriage didn't last, either, and getting enough to eat was a problem.

"I remember one Christmas when I was eleven," Dorothy says. "Mother gave me a new dress. She made it from the curtains in our flat. We had a Christmas tree. Mother chopped down a scrub pine in a vacant lot. We trimmed it with tinfoil from cigarette packages we found crumpled in the street. For dinner we had canned corn and ham loaf. I remember everything about that Christmas. I wish I couldn't. It was too tough on mother."

Comsuming starchy foods and longing for the vegetables and the meats her mother couldn't afford, Dorothy quit high school after one year and at fifteen was runner-up in a local beauty contest. Her well rounded figure, produced by the starch diet, made her look five years older. She joined a Fanchon and Marco vaudeville unit, but the 137-pound chorus girl in the back row who called herself Dorothy Lambour made no impression on the patrons. She lost her job in St. Louis, returned to New

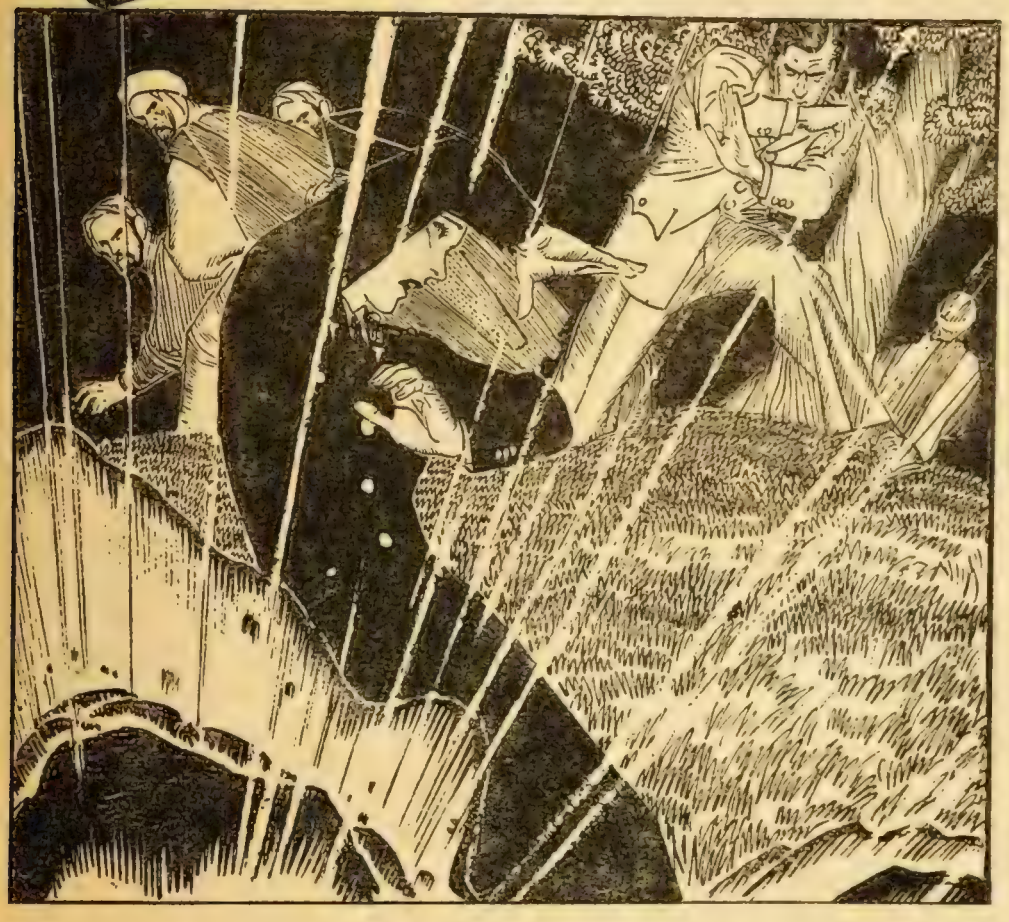
(*Continued on page 59*)

A Condensation of the Novel

ALSO THE HILLS

A Liberty Book Condensation — Reading Time One Evening

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES



War swiftly changed the lives of the Farmans of New Hampshire. To Jenness it brought retribution, to Jerome tragedy, to Judith adventure and a new love, to Mother and Father Farman tests of courage for which they found strength.

And to those whose lives were interwoven with theirs, to Alix St. Cyr and Dexter Abbott, it brought happiness after suffering.

This new bestseller tells a stirring and memorable story of typical Americans.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

"IT'S been a grand day, hasn't it, Dexter?"

"Grand, hell! It would be perfect, Judy, if you'd promise me just one thing."

"I might, at that. I'm in a pretty mellow mood."

"Then promise me that you won't put me off any more."

"I've tried to explain before, Dexter, and I never could make you understand. It wasn't that I haven't always wanted to marry you. But first I had to take that nursing course. I didn't *want to*, exactly, not nearly as much as I wanted to marry you. But there was something inside of me— Anyway, I'm going to stop trying to explain about myself and the way I feel. And I am going to marry you."

"When?"

"Why, in the spring, I suppose."

"I think Christmas would be a darn sight better."

"Well, I don't. Jenny'll be back from Washington then, and there's even a chance Jerome might get leave. The house will be in enough of an uproar without trying to have a wedding there."

"I should think you'd like to have one when your brother and sister could be home for it."

"Well, I would if that were all there was to think of. But Jenny can get away almost any time, I guess, for a wedding in the immediate family. And there's no use counting on Jerome. That's just a chance."

She looked away out over the beautiful silent countryside, the mountains and the hills covered with smooth snow which also lay lightly on the firs and pines and silver birches. Dexter, watching her, realized there would be no use in saying anything more about a Christmas wedding just then. He and Judith Farman had been friends and neighbors all their lives, and they had been sweethearts ever since they stopped being playmates. He recognized all her moods, and he had learned long before that all of them were not "mellow." He desired nothing less than to stir up a storm at the end of a day which, as he and Judith agreed, had been practically perfect. But

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he pushed his luck to the point of asking one more question: "You won't insist on going on with your nursing after we're married, will you, Judy?"

"I won't take any case out of the village. And if it's any satisfaction to you to hear me say it, well, I don't see how I'll have time to do much nursing. I think you'll keep me too busy coddling you."

She laughed, so joyously that it took most of the sting from her words. Most of it, but not quite all. Dexter winced a little, wishing she had not used the word "coddling." Although he was very strong, he had always been extremely sensitive about the lameness which had kept him out of sports, and which more recently had been the cause of his rejection by the draft board. He had broken his leg, when he was a little boy, jumping from a high beam in the Farmans' hay barn. He had been playing with Jerome and Jenness, and while he was standing uncertainly on the beam, Jenness had chanted, " 'Fraid cat, 'fraid cat!" and Dexter had jumped. His leg had not been set as promptly or as skillfully as it should

have been, and had remained a little shorter than the other.

Dexter was still thinking about this when Judith put her face against his, effectually banishing all somber thoughts. Her rosy cheeks were very cold, for they had been riding all afternoon in an old-fashioned open sleigh. But her mouth was still miraculously warm, and it grew warmer as his kisses gained intensity.

"That was quite a kiss!" Judy said, laughing. "Just as well we came out of it when we did. The next thing we knew we'd have been right in the yard, and mom would have had to step out in the snow and pry us apart."

"Your mother's never tried to separate us, Judy," Dexter said slowly. "I've always felt toward her like I would have toward my own mother, I guess, if she'd lived."

Gypsy was already turning into the yard. In another minute, despite the cold, the living-room door opened before the yellow sleigh was even at a standstill, and Serena Farman herself came out on the side porch.

"Well, I guess you've had an enjoyable ride," she said. "I'm glad of it. I want you should come in, Dexter, after you've put the horse up." Her tone was portentous.

"What's happened?" Judith asked quickly.

"Why, your father turned the radio on just after you and Dexter left," Serena Farman said. "I hadn't quite finished doing the dishes. Seems there's been some trouble over in Hawaii. Some kind of a surprise attack. The Japs. I'm afraid things look pretty bad. Jenness says war'll be declared tomorrow, after all, and—"

"Jenness?" repeated Dexter.

"Yes; Jenness telephoned from Washington. She'd been standing in a big crowd outside the Japanese Embassy and she was all excited. There were police patrols, and reporters kept dashing up, and lots of diplomats were strolling by. Smoke was pouring out of all the chimneys, and the crowds began to shout, 'They must be burning their records!' Jenness could hardly bear to tear herself away, but she finally went off with one of the reporters, named Peter MacDonald, and she telephoned right from the building where the newspaper is printed."

"It seems to me Peter MacDonald is always turning up where Jenness is," Judith remarked.

"Yes, and she's going to get to go to the House of Representatives tomorrow to hear the declaration of war because she's a congressman's secretary. She said she was never so thrilled in all her life, but she couldn't hardly believe yet that it was true. You know, Mr. Vaughn's made all those speeches to prove that the United States would never get drawn in, and she's typed them out and listened to the talk in his office, and all. She certainly thinks the sun rises and sets on his head."

"I guess he's an able man," Dexter said generously.

"Yes, Jenness has always said it made her blood boil to hear people talking as if the isolationists weren't sincere. She and Jerome quarreled so, the last time they were home together, I thought they'd raise the roof. Jerome must be pretty excited, too, right now. Likely he'll call up himself before the evening's over, if he gets the chance."

It wasn't until after supper that the phone finally rang.

"Yes," Serena said in her gentle voice. "Yes, this is N one five ring two three." This was the call for which she had been waiting all the afternoon, the call from her only son, Jerome, who was a lieutenant at Fort Bragg. "Hello —hello! Yes, hello, Jerome. Why, we're all right! Judy's just home from a case."

Serena was having difficulty in hearing Jerome. She kept repeating what he had said, so she would be sure she understood him.

"Yes, of course; over the radio," she said. "Yes, naturally, it will make a great difference to every one. You think we all ought to get as much happiness out of life as we can while we can? Why, yes. You're glad because you don't believe I'll mind? I won't mind what, Jerome? I don't believe I heard you right. You want to get married straight away, so that if you're sent overseas. . . Did you say *married*? But I didn't know you were keeping company or anything. . . . Only a week? You want to get married to a girl you haven't known but a *week*? Hold the line, Jerome."

"You let me talk to him," Daniel Farman said. His voice was firm as he spoke to his son. "Hello, Jerome! Glad to hear from you, but you've given your mother quite a surprise. How's that? Oh, I see. How's that again? . . . Yes, I'll explain to your mother. . . Jerome says this girl hasn't got any home to go to or any folks to consult," he announced, turning from the telephone. "She was brought up in a convent. Jerome met her in the jewelry store at Fayetteville where she works. She's from Louisiana. Her name is. . . What was it you said her name was, Jerome? . . . What's that? I guess you better spell it for me." He turned from the telephone again. "This girl of Jerome's named Alix St. Cyr," Daniel stated in his matter-of-fact way. "He says she's just as pretty as a picture. He says she's an angel straight from heaven. What do you want I should tell the boy, mother?"

Of course there had been only one thing to tell him. Mrs. Farman must have known what she would have to say in the end, even before she surrendered the telephone to her husband.

AFTER they were all settled back by the fire Daniel made a suggestion. "We ought to get off some kind of a little present to them, don't you think so, mother?"

"Ye-e-s. I wouldn't know what her tastes would be, though."

"There's that set of teaspoons my Great-aunt Alma left us," Daniel suggested. "I have a notion they'd suit Jerome's girl right down to the ground."

"But they suit me right down to the ground," Judith said feelingly. "I've always counted on having those spoons when I got married. I've been trying to tell you all the evening, but you've been so taken up with Jerome and this girl of his I haven't had a chance—Dexter and I are fixing to get married in the spring."

It was then the telephone rang again.

Judith sprang up to answer it, and the call was for her. Dr. Barnes was speaking from the village, and every one

in the room could hear what he was saying almost as clearly as they could hear Judith.

"Hello! . . . Oh, yes, Dr. Barnes. . . . Why, of course they can spare me, if you need me. . . . The Brent twins—*both* of them? And you're sure it's scarlet fever? . . . In about fifteen minutes? If he could make it half an hour it would be easier, but I'll hurry. I know it's urgent."

"Judith—you're not starting out on another case *tonight?*" The words were wrung from Dexter against his will.

"Dexter, you heard. Those children are terribly sick and the others in the family have all been exposed."

"But, Judith, if you take a contagious case now, you won't be home for Christmas! You and I can't even exchange letters! And there's so much for us to plan—"

"I'm sorry, Dexter, truly I am, but I mustn't stop to argue. You heard what the doctor said—fifteen minutes!"

THE return of Jenness from Washington to her native heath had always been the signal for an abnormal outbreak of local gaieties. Whatever her faults might be—and the village was ready to concede her plenty—she was neither standoffish nor secretive. She was ready to rattle on indefinitely, in response to hungry questioning, about what feminine Washington was wearing and serving and what masculine Washington was thinking and doing.

Her latest arrival was an exception, however. She soon noticed that the telephone failed to ring with its usual insistence, and that no one invited her to a dance at the Town Hall. "What's happened to all the old crowd, anyway?" she complained. "Aren't there going to be any dances this year?"

"I don't know as there are, Jenness," Serena told her. "Come to think of it, I haven't heard any one say. But I shouldn't think you'd mind a quiet spell while you're at home."

"Well, I don't mind it. But couldn't we at least have the regular New Year's party here? We could have some of the older crowd, in a pinch."

Serena responded cordially to this suggestion: "Why, yes, I think we could have a real nice party that way."

The preparations for the party were practically completed, and Jenness was upstairs changing her clothes, when some one pounded with the front-door knocker.

Her father hurried to open it. "Good evening, sir," said a tall, lean young man. "I'm Peter MacDonald, of the Washington Bulletin. Perhaps you've heard your daughter Jenness speak of me."

"Why, yes," Daniel said cordially, as Jenness came pelting down the stairs in a swirl of ice-blue elegance.

"*Peter!*" she gasped. "Where on earth did you come from? What are you doing here?"

"This isn't a social call," Peter MacDonald explained. "It's an assignment. I'm going to do a feature article on The Super Secretary for our Sunday supplement. Describe you in your ancestral home."

"Pete, you're the absolute limit. You can't fool me! Of course that feature-story line is the bunk and— Look, we're right on the point of having a party—"

"I'm sure Mr. MacDonald's more than welcome to our New Year's party," Daniel said. "Here, let me have your hat. And don't let Jenness give you a wrong impression. I hope, now you've found your way to Farman Hill, you'll stay with us awhile."

Since Jenness was, as usual, the center of attention, the party went off well enough, and Jenness was sleeping late the next morning when Peter sought out his host.

"I'll have to do some tall hustling to get my piece written. But, before I start in, I want to ask you how it happens that some people named Hellman, neighbors of yours, I believe, weren't present at your gathering last evening. They've got a very distinguished guest staying with them too, if I'm not mistaken—a cousin of theirs named Lentz. He's quite a pal of your daughter's—I had an idea he'd be the first person I'd run into when I came here. My office had the same idea, or I mightn't have come. There's nothing phony about the piece on the perfect secretary, but I thought I might get another too."

"What's that?" Daniel was surprised and puzzled.

The Farmans had not thought of inviting their prosperous neighbors to the party, because the Hellmans were newcomers in the vicinity, and Jenness had not mentioned Mr. Lentz at all. She had not revealed the fact that there was an outsider in the neighborhood who was also a friend of hers. This was especially strange since she had been so eager for company.

"The Hellmans have a very distinguished guest staying with them who was a friend of my daughter Jenny's?"

Peter explained: "Perhaps I should have called him notorious instead of distinguished. But he and Jenness are pals, and I suspect they've been meeting here—"

"Jenness hasn't been off the place except to walk by herself in the fields. And she hasn't ever said anything to me about being on friendly terms with a man named Lentz. But, even if she has, I don't see—"

"You don't remember reading anything about him in the papers—described as an undeclared foreign agent and the author of subversive literature which had apparently been distributed under the franking privilege of certain congressmen?"

Peter saw there was now something akin to appeal in Daniel's troubled eyes. "Oh, hell!" he said uncomfortably. "I didn't mean to spring anything on you like this. I was a bloody fool not to stay on the Hill, where I belong. I guess I better go back before I do any more damage."

"You haven't done any damage yet, as I know of," Daniel said. "I do want you should tell me the whole story, though, now you've told me a part of it."

"Well, the trouble started in a small way more than a month ago. A columnist carried a tidbit about the wad of greenbacks revealed by the beautiful secretary of a congressman—"

"Just a minute, Peter. When you say 'secretary' you mean Jenness, don't you?"

"Nothing has been proved—well, yes, sir, I do. There's a rumor going around Washington that Jenness bought up several hundred thousand reprints of isolationist speeches and sent them out under a frank. Of course she did it for Vaughn, and she believes everything that goes on in Vaughn's office is O. K. But—well, you can see for yourself where it might put Jenness."

"What do you think yourself, Peter?"

"I think it's all a damn mess. And of course it's worse now than before Pearl Harbor when the rumors began. Every one's edgy, every one's suspicious and excited. But I still think if Jenness will only tell the truth and shame the devil she'll come through all right. If only she doesn't lie—"

THE door leading from the front hall opened, and Jenness, wearing a jade-green dress, entered the room. Her bright hair, her sparkling eyes, her provocative figure were all component parts of her magic. She crossed the room with lithe grace and, perching on the arm of her father's chair, leaned over to stroke his thinning hair and kiss his seamed forehead.

"Jenness," her father said sternly. "Jenness, I want you should sit up and answer me some questions."

"Mercy, daddy, you sound just like a judge!"

"I want you should tell me the truth about Horace Vaughn and the men you've met in his office," her father said, still more sternly. "I want you should tell me what he's doing, in days like this, mixed up with a traitor like Max Lentz, and what you're doing mixed up with either one of them."

Jenness stopped stroking his hair. "I haven't any idea what you're talking about," she said. "I never heard of a man named Max Lentz—not in my whole life."

Peter had not taken his eyes off the girl from the moment she sauntered into the room. Now he stepped forward and abruptly grasped her arm.

"All right, prove it," he said tersely. "Come over to the Hellmans' house with me. If Lentz is surprised to see you, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. I'll know all right whether he's bluffing or not."

Before the unexpected sternness of her father and the vehemence of Peter, Jenness felt caught—as Dexter had been caught before he jumped from the high beam and she wondered wildly if she would be hurt too, or whether she could land safely, just this once more, as she had so many times before. Horace Vaughn had told her that there was nothing to be afraid of, and because she wanted

to believe him she had told herself that she did. But now she knew she had been frightened from the beginning. Her panic mounted while she looked at Peter.

"All right," he said, "let's get going."

Somehow, under Daniel's accusing eye and Peter's insistence, Jenness consented. It occurred to her that if she went with Peter she could handle him alone much easier than she could Peter and her father.

They left in Peter's car and were nearly there when another car went slowly by them and finally turned in at the Hellmans' driveway. Peter looked up, at first carelessly and then with increasing alertness. As the first passenger got out, he gave a smothered exclamation.

"What's the matter *now?*" Jenness said petulantly.

"The first man who got out of that car was Thirkell—the surest, fastest worker in the whole F. B. I."

"What's Thirkell doing here?"

"I should think a bright girl like you might guess. But if you don't know now, you will in a minute. The game's up, Jenness. The F. B. I. never makes an arrest until the evidence is all in."

"Do you mean that Thirkell's followed Lentz all the way from Washington to arrest him *here?*"

"I mean he'll already have arrested him before I can get there to see it. Now listen, Jenness. This changes everything—fast. It doesn't matter now if you prove to me you know Lentz or not. The F. B. I. will have to play around with that one. I can't do what I hoped I could here—set you right and get you out of this mess. You'd better go home. I'm going to skip back to Washington. You can drive me to the nearest airport. Then, if I were you, I'd go back and sit tight. Where's the nearest port?"

"I'm not sure. Concord—no, I guess it must be Montpelier. But, Peter—"

"Never mind. No use proving to me now whether you're mixed up with Lentz or not. Let's get going."

They drove in silence. Twice Jenness tried to talk to Peter, to find some excuse she could use to convince him, and herself, that she was in no danger. But each time Peter stopped her abruptly.

"Listen, Jenness," he finally snapped out irritably. "If I can, and if you need it, I'll help you. Though I may be sent away after this assignment. War correspondent. If I were you and I were worried, I'd tell my father—"

"What shall I tell him, Peter?"

"The truth," he said, "and now, if you don't mind, I want to get my mind on my story."

PETER reached Washington before midnight, and the following afternoon his scoop was spread in bold-faced type across the front page of the Bulletin. It was picked up by the local papers, and soon Farman Hill and the whole township were seething with excitement. There had been nothing in Peter's story linking the names of Jenness and Lentz. But the fact that Lentz, who had been indicted as an unregistered foreign agent, had been misusing the Congressional franking privilege and that Jenness was a congressman's secretary was enough to turn the eyes and ears of the countryside in her direction and set all tongues wagging. Jenness, who had chafed under the indifference of the village when she first went home, now shrank in alarm from its importunities.

Her behavior was so odd that Serena went over to the Abbott homestead to consult Dexter. "She won't talk to her father, or to me either, except to say that she knows Horace Vaughn will look out for her and that this is all a lot of nonsense anyway. But she's terribly frightened, we can see that. And tomorrow she's going back to Washington. I'm frightened myself, Dexter, to have her go."

"I suppose it's the best thing she can do. If she stayed here, people would say she was trying to hide. She's got into bad company. I'm afraid there's no doubt of that. Not only in Washington. Here too."

"*Here!* Why, she hasn't seen any one here, hardly."

"But once in a while she met some one while she was out walking. I saw her myself with a man I didn't recognize, one afternoon when I was coming home from the Junction. She was strolling along beside the brook in the Big Field."

Serena looked at Dexter with dumb misery in her mild eyes. "If she's been meeting some one on the sly—why, that would explain what Peter meant when he talked to Daniel about her seeing Lentz here."

"It *might.* Nothing's certain yet, Mrs. Farman. We don't *know* that she's done anything wrong herself."

"Yes; but, from what you've just told me, things look pretty bad, even worse than they did before. And Daniel thought anyhow that maybe he ought to start making plans to go to Washington. It wouldn't be so easy to get away, all of a sudden, unless we did plan beforehand, what with no help on the farm and—and all."

Serena could not bring herself to say "and no money," not even to Dexter. But he knew what she meant.

"I'm sure I can manage to look after the cattle if you and Mr. Farman find you do have to go."

"Well, Daniel and I were talking it over last night. We thought maybe you could move up to our house."

"Well, I could, of course. I could come down here every day just to give things the once-over. I can look after *myself* just as well in your house as I could in my own."

"Yes, that's what we thought. And we thought maybe if you were right there, and she saw how it was and all, Judith would marry you straight off as soon as she got out of quarantine. Things would look a lot different to us, Dexter, if you really were our son-in-law—if we had a right—"

"You've got every right. You know I've always felt as if you were my mother. Well, now you're going to be. Straight off, just as you said. Judith will see how it is."

IT was only a few days after her departure that the dreaded letter from Jenness was in the mail.

"Dear Dad and Mom [Serena read aloud]. I have been summoned to appear before the Grand Jury in connection with the Lentz case. I am being accused of fooling with some mysterious mailbags. It's all an awful headache.

"Of course I'll talk to Horace Vaughn and I'm sure he'll fix up everything for me. But if you really want to come to Washington, as you said you did before I left home, I suppose this is as good a time as any."

Serena handed the letter to her husband. "I want we should start as soon as we can—"

"There, mother. We'll see what Dexter has to say."

Dexter was very definite and direct in what he had to say. They should start for Washington at once, in his opinion. As far as Judith was concerned, he would try to persuade her to go right to the parsonage with him, when she left the Brents', and let Mr. Litchfield marry them Sunday afternoon. He'd see about a license and a ring the next day. And he had already stopped in at the bank while he was out that afternoon and got a check cashed. He'd thought they might need some ready money.

"I'd feel better, Dexter, if we did this in a businesslike way," Daniel said. "If you'd take a small mortgage—"

"All right, if it would make you feel better."

"Then I'll give you my note. I'll make it out now."

DEXTER felt extraordinarily lighthearted as he started off to get Judith.

He took the old yellow sleigh again, in which they had had such a good time that other Sunday. The sleigh bells tinkled merrily as he sped along, and the runners slid over the smooth snow with increasing velocity.

He drew up at the Brents' door with something of a flourish. It flew open instantly and Judith came out to meet him. He had never seen her looking lovelier.

"Judith—Judith—it's been so long—I couldn't have stood it if it had been any longer!"

Judith smiled. Dexter had never seen her smile when it was so sweet. He gathered the reins into one hand, and felt with the other for her hand under the fur robe.

"So mom and dad thought they had to go to Washington?" she asked conversationally.

"Yes. Of course you guessed they felt Jenness needed them right away, or they wouldn't have started off without seeing you. I've had a wire telling me they got to Washington all right and giving me their address. I'll show it to you when we get home. But I thought we'd go somewhere else first, if you don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind. It's a nice day for a ride, and I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you, too. I want you to come to the parsonage with me. I want you to marry me this afternoon."

"Oh, Dexter! I—I couldn't do that!"

"Yes, you could. We'll just swing around by the parsonage, Judith, and in fifteen minutes we'll be man and wife. It's as simple as that."

"I wish it were, Dexter. But it isn't."

"Why isn't it?"

"I love you, Dexter, with all my heart, but—"

"There aren't any buts. You're going to marry me this afternoon, if I have to hog-tie you and carry you into the parsonage over my shoulder like a bag of meal."

"Don't—don't joke, Dexter. You've got to listen. I'm going away."

"Going away! You must be crazy to think I'd let you go away at this stage."

"You can't help it, Dexter. I'm going. I'm going to be an Army nurse."

"Judith, I'll say the same thing you said to me. Don't joke. This isn't any time for joking."

"I'm not joking. I'm telling you the truth. While I was at the Brents' I got a questionnaire from the Red Cross. I filled it in and sent it back to Washington the day I got it. I said I'd go anywhere any time. I've had another paper, a personal one this time, telling me to report at the Army Base in Boston for a physical examination before I'm sent off somewhere else. I'm leaving in the morning."

THE Farmans were met in Washington by another of Jenness' many newspaper friends, who introduced himself as Joe Racina. Peter MacDonald was "somewhere in Europe," and Jenness herself had had to go to a party. "Besides," Joe went on to explain, "I'm from New Orleans, native habitat of the St. Cyr family. I grew up right on the other side of the tracks from your daughter-in-law Alix. Fact."

It was pleasant to get some firsthand information about Jerome's wife. Joe Racina certainly had the happy faculty of contributing to their comfort, not only physically but mentally and spiritually as well. When he finally deposited them at the wide plate-glass door which led into Jenness' apartment house they found themselves so loath to part from him that Serena managed to put their reluctance into words.

"You couldn't come with us to see Jenness, could you, Mr. Racina?" she asked. "Maybe if you did we could all talk about the lawyer you think she ought to have. I don't know if she'd listen to us."

"She won't listen to me, either," Joe Racina said briefly. "Not about anything."

His departure left them inexplicably bereft and they sat forlornly in the streamlined lobby of the Potomac Plaza waiting for Jenness. It was not until she was almost upon them that they recognized their own daughter in the striking girl wearing a slinky black dress with a large jeweled pin on her left shoulder and a black parasol hat tilted back from an exaggerated pompadour.

"I'm *so* sorry!" she said breathlessly. "But I just had to go to this particular party—there were all kinds of reasons why it was important. Well, anyway, I finally escaped, and I've brought the most marvelous person with me to make up for being late. This is Mr. Thomas Loper, mom. Dad, Mr. Thomas Loper. Mr. Loper's going to stay and have supper with us. He's practically the most important lawyer in the District of Columbia. And he's going to explain to you that there isn't a thing to worry about. I'm sorry now I bothered you about coming down."

A lank, swarthy, blue-chinned man came blandly forward. "Now, then, every one ought to have a glimpse of Washington in wartime," he said genially. "I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Farman are grateful to you for giving them such a plausible pretext, Jenness. But your daughter's right, Mrs. Farman—there isn't a thing to worry about."

Jenness had linked her arm through her father's and was already guiding him toward the elevator. Serena had been watching Jenness very closely, and the expression on her daughter's face had the same tinge of fear mingled with anger which had intermittently disfigured it during the Christmas holidays. It was all very well for Jenness to keep on saying there was nothing to worry about. Serena knew that the girl was terribly worried.

"Well, here we are!" Jenness was saying, taking a key out of her smart initialed handbag and turning it in the lock. The room they entered was furnished in the same modernistic manner as the lobby downstairs. It looked bare and stiff to Serena. However, she tried to put heartiness into the expression of admiration which she knew Jenness was awaiting.

"Why, this must be nice and light in the daytime with all those windows!" she said.

"Yes, and I've got a cute little balcony too, and a grand view." The "balcony" was hardly more than a wide ledge, but it was long enough to permit chairs to be placed opposite each other.

"It's lovely in the spring, but it's too cold now. Let's go and fix some drinks," Jenness said. "I want you to see the kitchenette, too."

Serena followed her willingly. "I've got a piece of news

for you. I'm expecting to hear, any minute, that Dexter and Judith were married today. I can't help wishing that as soon as this trouble's blown over you could marry and settle down, same as Judith's planning to do."

"Oh, mom, it's grand about Judith, but don't keep talking about settling down! I think it's a horrid phrase! It makes me think of a hen."

They found, on their return to the living room, that Mr. Loper was already comfortably settled with his cigar, talking to Daniel in a slightly supercilious way. "I've been explaining the situation to your father, Jenness," he said easily. "I'm sure he understands now, just as you do, that there's no reason for anxiety, none whatsoever, if you follow the course I've mapped out for you."

"No, I'm not sure that I have followed you," Daniel said painfully. "From what you've just told me, it sounds as if the story was to be she never heard of Max Lentz. But she's not only heard of him, she knows him. She met him time and time again on our place at Farman Hill. She went out walking with him there almost every day."

Mr. Loper laughed. "Fantastic!"

"She was seen," Daniel said stubbornly.

"Why, of course she wasn't, Mr. Farman."

Daniel was not used to disputing the truth. He persisted, this time addressing Jenness: "Didn't you, Jenness?"

"No," said Jenness coldly.

"Why, Jenness, however can you say that? However can you lie like that to your father?" Serena's voice was stricken.

"I'm afraid I must remind you that it is very dangerous to jump at conclusions, Mrs. Farman," Mr. Loper said smoothly. "I am beginning to fear your visit will not be a source of much comfort or help to your daughter, after all. She is nervously very much unstrung and she is completely exhausted."

"She's unstrung because she knows she's done wrong

and she's afraid of what's going to happen to her when everybody's found her out," Daniel said angrily.

"Mr. Farman, if you're going to take such a threatening attitude toward your daughter, it would be better if you should leave. It would be most disastrous if she became impregnated with false fears."

"I'm trying to make her understand that perjury's a criminal offense and that if she's caught lying on the witness stand she'll get a prison sentence."

He rose, glowering in his righteous wrath. "Come, mother," he said sternly. "There isn't any use our staying here now, not a particle." He turned from his wife to Jenness and spoke still more sternly. "We'll stand by until the hearing and whatever comes out of it are over. You're our daughter, whatever you've done. But I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd be ashamed because a child of mine was taking part in a war. You're in this one, Jenness, just as much as Jerome is. Only you and he aren't fighting on the same side."

WHEN they reached the street, Daniel was still angry and Serena wanted to go back and comfort Jenness. "We'll wait and help her when she is ready for whatever help we can be," Daniel said.

Serena had to admit that Jenness had shown little enough interest in their support, and finally she agreed that they might go to their hotel, provided they called Jenness the next day.

But the next day Jenness' apartment did not answer and they hesitated to call her at Vaughn's office. Instead they waited eagerly for mail. Two letters did come in the afternoon delivery, one postmarked Fort Bragg and the other from Judith. Serena, looking at the postmarks, decided to open the letter from Fort Bragg first.

"Dear Mother Farman [she read, with a gasp of pleased surprise]. Jerome thinks you and Father Farman would like to know that I believe I am going to have a baby. We are both very pleased about it. Jerome is sure it will be a boy. He says, up to now, the first Farman baby has always been a boy, and I should be very sorry to break the record, so I hope I shall not disappoint him—"

"Well!" Serena said, when she finished Alix's letter. "In September. I've always thought September was the best month to have a baby, unless it was May. It's neither too hot nor too cold then. It's sort of taken the edge off Judith's good news, getting this other first, hasn't it? Well let's see what *she* says.

"Dear Mom and Dad [she read—and her gasp of surprise this time was far from pleased]. I have volunteered as an Army nurse. You will think I am wrong to leave Dexter. It was hard for me to do it—honestly it was. I've always loved him and I know I'll never love another man. I still hope we can get married after the war's over. I tried to tell him so, but he wouldn't listen. He kept saying if I didn't marry him right then and there, I never would. He didn't act like himself at all. He acted half crazy. So there was nothing to do but stop arguing with him after a while.

"As soon as I know anything definite about my plans I'll let you know. I hope I get a hard post somewhere overseas. But probably it'll be just my luck not to, just because I want it so much.

"I think Jenness is a disgrace to the family. I wish you wouldn't bother with her any more. Do go home, where you'll be happier yourselves and where you can look after Dexter until I get back."

"Well," said Serena again. "Well!" But her tone was very different from the one in which she had spoken after reading the letter from Alix. "I'm going home. I'm going right away. You can stay and look after Jenness, if you're a mind to, but I guess I still know where I'm needed most, even if my daughter Judith doesn't."

IF Serena could only have remained with him, his stay in Washington would not have been such an ordeal, Daniel reflected. Not but that he had thought all along she had done right to go back to the country, and now that he had heard from her, he was more firmly than ever convinced of this. Dexter did not talk about Judith, Serena wrote—or about anything, as far as that went. Sometimes he did not say a single word straight through a meal; and when he did speak, it was only about the weather or the like of that.

Of course it was hard for Dexter, Judith going away and he staying at Farman Hill to carry on in Daniel's absence. But Dexter would snap out of it after a while. Meantime he was glad Serena was there to stand by.

And he would continue to stand by Jenness. Her case had been dragging, with increasing seriousness, through closed hearings and public hearings, and the only thing that was clear to him in the whole mess was that she was about to be indicted by the Grand Jury. Jenness had come to see him the day after Serena had returned, and they had seen each other often as the case went on.

Loper continued to handle the case, though, and Jenness would not discuss it with her father.

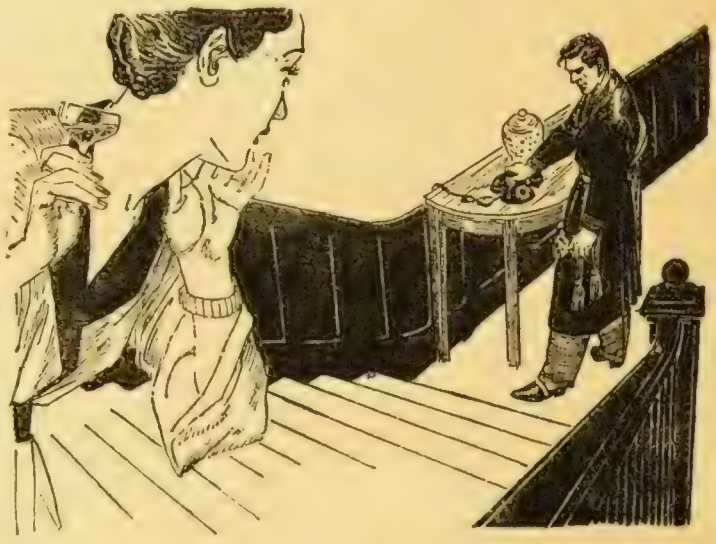
"Horace Vaughn has told me it will be all right," Jenness insisted.

"It will be all right when you tell them the truth," Daniel had told her then, as he had again and again.

But Jenness was impatient now and sure of Loper's ability.

"I'm tired of being treated like a liar, daddy. I keep hoping you came here to help me, not to make me feel badly or to upset me. Can't you stop nagging at me?"

Daniel had given up finally and simply hoped that he was wrong in his own mind—that Jenness was, in some



way, not involved, and that Vaughn could be depended upon to pull her through.

In the middle of it all Judith arrived in Washington, on her way to the Morris Field Air Base Hospital in North Carolina. Once again Joe Racina acted as family welcomer. He met her at the station and drove her to Daniel's hotel.

Since her father wasn't in when they arrived and Judith said that she was eager to see something of Washington, Joe offered to wait while she freshened up and then show her some of the sights.

Judith found Joe a fascinating escort. He knew all about the city, and when they went to lunch he pointed out many celebrities and gave her interesting little background sketches of them and told her the things most people like to know about the private lives of public figures. She enjoyed herself immensely, though she did think that Joe's manner, while friendly, was sometimes distant and curt. She hoped that he liked her, but she could not be sure and that somewhat distracted her from her pleasure.

At the end of the day, as they were driving back to the hotel, she tried to make him thaw out by talking about her enlistment and about Farman Hill, and then she told him a little of the story of Dexter and herself. Joe listened to her with only an occasional comment. Then Judith changed the subject to Jenness and Peter Mac-

Donald and Joe himself, asking him about his work. He answered her questions readily enough, even a little amusedly at times, and finally she asked him straightforwardly if he was always reserved like this or if there was something on his mind.

"Look here," he said. "I don't know whether you've grasped just what this mess your sister's in is all about, but if you haven't, I may as well tell you. She doesn't think so, but I have a hunch your sister's going to be indicted tomorrow morning."

"Indicted for what?"

"Well, everything points to perjury. After all, she has had plenty of chances to tell the truth—once at a court hearing and twice before the Grand Jury—and it seems obvious she hasn't done it. I'm afraid she's been a very useful tool to a lot of men who are part of a powerful propaganda machine. I think there's a nest of Nazi sympathizers right on the top of Capitol Hill, and that this nest is pretty well feathered. And Jenness likes fine feathers."

Judith pressed her lips together hard. Then suddenly she broke into vehement speech:

"It's a sin and a shame! There's never been a scandal in the Farman family before, not once in its whole history! And here, just at a time when Jerome and I are doing everything on earth we can to prove our patriotism, Jerome giving up his wonderful position and I—"

"Do you know, you sounded a lot like Jenness when you said that, Judith? You look a lot like her, too—I suppose every one tells you that you might almost pass for twins. I have an idea that when you look at Jenness standing up there to be arraigned you really ought to say to yourself, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Judith Farman.'"

"I think you're very insulting. There's not the slightest resemblance between Jenness and me except—except very superficially. And I haven't any idea of quoting the classics in court. Because I shan't be there. It wouldn't do anybody any good and—"

"And it's the only day you've got left for more sightseeing? Well, I guess you're right. I don't believe it would be any comfort to your father to have you with him."

"Mr. Racina, I'm not going to let you—"

He tossed his cigarette carelessly out of the car and, with a movement so swift that Judith could not even try to forestall it, pulled her toward him with one hand, bringing his dark face close to hers and looking at her intently. Then, with a slight laugh, he released her as abruptly as he had seized her.

"No," he said curtly; "I think not, after all. But only because it isn't worth the trouble, not because you wouldn't darn well like it if I did."

Judith was both puzzled and confused. She moved swiftly back to her own side of the car and refused to speak again until they reached the hotel, where she politely thanked Joe and went quickly inside. She was glad to find a note there from Daniel saying that he was staying that night at Jenness' apartment. She wanted a little more time alone. Her day with Joe had affected her more strongly than she realized and she wanted to think about him and his strange actions.

AFTER another day of sight-seeing, Judith returned to find her father waiting for her. Her conscience suddenly smote her at the sight of his white face.

"Why, hello, dad! I'm awfully glad to see you. Have you been waiting for me long?"

He stood looking at her mutely, unable to speak. For the first time in her life, she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Oh, dad, what's happened? Do tell me."

"I don't know how to, Judith, it's so bad."

"Has Jenness—"

"Yes; she's been charged with perjury."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means that she'll be brought to trial. If she's found guilty, she'll be sent to prison."

"Dad, don't take it like this! Please don't!"

"I don't know how you expect me to 'take it,' as you say. I've just come from another hearing, where I heard your sister described by the prosecuting attorney as the key person here in Washington for the distribution of propagandist literature masterminded by German agents and sent out under a Congressional frank. I've just come from the courthouse. Your sister's been photographed and fingerprinted like any common criminal. She has been admitted to bail. I was able to go bail for her, thanks to Dexter."

"How much bail did you have to put up for her?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Yes. I did have five thousand, and a little better than that. I borrowed it from Dexter—against Farman Hill. I guess I can keep going somehow through the trial. I've got to. I've got to stay with Jenness until she's put in prison. Then I'll go back home to Farman Hill and stay there and hide my shame. Leastwise, I will if Dexter lets me, and I guess he will. Of course Farman Hill belongs to him now, but he isn't one to bear a grudge long."

"Dad, do you have to keep talking about Dexter?"

"Yes, Judith, I guess I do. Dexter is the best friend I've got in the world. He's a friend of the whole family. And as long as you don't see your way clear to marrying him, I can't help but be sorry. I'd have been proud to have him for my son-in-law. But I didn't start out to reproach you. For one thing, I haven't the time. I've got to go back to your sister. Joe Racina's going to take me in his car. He's been real kind to me, Judith, all through this trouble. It's meant considerable to me to have a younger man like that I could turn to, especially when I know things aren't going to be the same between Dexter and me."

"I shouldn't think you'd mention a quiet refined man like Dexter and that crass vulgar reporter in the same breath. They're not to be compared."

"Joe's put himself out considerable for me," Daniel remarked, rising. "I'm sorry you don't like him, Judith. Well, I guess I must be going. I'm afraid I shan't see you again, if you're planning to leave tomorrow in good season."

"Don't let's say good-by like that, daddy. Would—would you like me to go with you to see Jenness?"

"Yes, Judith, I would if you'd like to go and Joe is willing. I was thinking I'd stay with Jenness tonight and Joe'd have to bring you back here."

JOE said it was all right by him. He was already in the car when Judith came down the steps with her father, and, nodding carelessly, he leaned back and unfastened the rear door.

The meeting between the two girls was strained and awkward, made passable only by the cheerful presence of Joe. After dinner he suggested a game of cards. He did not even commit the error of making the first move to leave, but waited for Judith to signal to him. Then he rose and bade both Daniel and Jenness a good night.

"Well, good-by, Jenness," Judith said awkwardly. "I do hope everything will turn out all right yet." She tried to kiss her sister, but she found that Jenness' cheek, which looked so soft and rosy, had a stony quality. "Good-by, dad. I'll write you as often as I can. And don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

"Yes, Judith," her father said briefly. "Yes, I know. Good-by, daughter."

She walked quietly across the walk with Joe to the place where his car was parked. He opened the door for her with a little more ceremony than when they had started, but he did not speak for a while. Then, with a slight smile, he turned to her.

"Well," he said, "now that the prelude's over, do we start the fugue?"

"I haven't any idea what you mean," she said shortly.

"I was trying to lead up to an indelicate subject delicately, which is always a mistake. My musical question was intended to clarify my course of conduct for the rest of the evening."

"I still haven't any idea of what you're talking about."

"You're not trying to tell me, are you, that when you suggested going in to see your sister this evening it never crossed your mind that you and I would ride home alone?"

"Of course it never crossed my mind. Not in the horrid way you're insinuating. I think you're the most insufferable man I ever met in my life!"

"Oh, no, you don't. As a matter of fact, you're quite intrigued with me. You're dying to find out what it would be like to have me make love to you. But I don't like the idea of making love to a girl just to satisfy her curiosity. I'd want her a little less cold-blooded about it. And, incidentally, a little less cold-blooded about her father and sister when they were in trouble."

To her own utter horror, Judith was crying.

"Look here," Joe said. "It won't get you anywhere at all to cry. Now listen. Of course it isn't any of my business, but since you've decided it's your vocation to be a nurse, why don't you go ahead and *be* a nurse? I mean a real one, like the Lord knows we need in a war. I've heard about Dexter, and it seems to me you've acted like an awful fool already; but I have a terrible feeling you're going to keep on acting worse and worse. I can just see you writing all the time to that poor fellow, telling him about the swell dates you're having and still reiterating that in the end you're coming back to him just as you left him. I really think that if you cut out all the nonsense you might be quite a girl."

THE trial was almost over. When the date for it had been set, Serena had insisted on returning to Washington. Now for six endless dreadful days they had sat in the courtroom and had suffered patiently and endlessly.

On the last day the prosecuting attorney reminded the jury that the indictment contained two counts, the first charging Jenness Farman with perjuring herself in her testimony regarding the disposition of certain mailbags, the second charging her with denying her acquaintance and her association with Max Lentz. The judge had instructed the jury, and, watching them file out, Daniel thought to himself, The testimony is ended, the arguments are over.

They were not out long, and when they returned, every one in the courtroom leaned forward instinctively. Then came a sense of great concentration, a deep silence.

"What say you as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, Jenness Farman, on the first count of the indictment?" the judge asked.

"Guilty."

There was a sharp general intake of breath.

"And what say you on the guilt or innocence of Jenness Farman on the second charge of the indictment?"

"Guilty."

Jenness' lawyer leaped to his feet. "If your Honor please, I understand that to make a motion to set aside the verdict, or for a new trial, it must be done formally and in writing. But pending that I ask that the bond of this defendant may be continued and that she may be released."

"The constant practice of this Court is to commit upon the verdict of the jury."

"If it please the Court, may I point out that the defendant is not the type usually brought before this tribunal? It would be impossible for her to go out of this courtroom today and, pending sentence, again commit the felony for which this jury has now convicted her. Her parents have come to Washington to be with her. I beseech your Honor that you permit the defendant's bail to be continued, so that she may have their comfort and support until such time as a new trial may be granted or the sentence actually imposed."

Again a deep hush fell on the courtroom. At last the judge spoke:

"Very well. The bail may be continued."

SINCE her trial began, Horace Vaughn had been away from Washington. Now that it was over, Jenness heard that he had returned; but he had not tried to get in touch with her, and when she had called him at his home she was told repeatedly that he was not in.

Now that she had more time, she was determined to see him. On the morning after her release on bail, she went to his offices and, since she still had her key, let herself into his private office.

"Why, good morning," he said, almost as if he had expected to find her awaiting him, rather than as if she had given him an unwelcome surprise. "How charming you look, Jenness! Did you want to see me about something?"

"It isn't unnatural that I should, is it? I've tried to reach you by telephone, and I've also written to you without any answer. It's very important that I should consult you. You heard about the trial, Horace."

"You might win an appeal."

"But, Horace, if sentence is imposed before a new trial is granted, I'll have to go straight to prison! I'll have to stay there until there *is* a new trial."

"Yes, I'm afraid you will."

"Is that all you have to say—that you're afraid I will?"

"What else do you expect me to say?"

"For months you kept telling me there was nothing to be afraid of. You didn't tell me that I might face a minimum term of two years in prison. You assured me there weren't any risks. You said that if I'd be guided by you everything would be all right. And I *was* guided by you. I did everything you told me to."

"Yes, you were very amenable, Jenness, and very trustworthy too. I engaged the best lawyer I could get for you."

"Paying a lawyer isn't what I thought you meant you'd do when you said you'd back me to the limit in everything. You said the charges against me were utterly fantastic and absurd."

"I still say so. But, unfortunately, the Attorney General didn't agree with me. Or the jury."

"The jury might have formed a different opinion or taken a different action if you'd gone on the witness stand in my defense."

"Mr. Loper didn't think it was advisable for me to appear on the witness stand."

Jenness was almost in tears. "You know I've been frightened and lonely and desperate. And still you've never come near me, still you've never sent me any word, though you told me over and over again that you'd stand by me a hundred per cent, whatever happened."

"I'm sorry if you've misinterpreted anything I've said to you."

His glance strayed from the papers on his desk to his wrist watch. "I am very sorry about the sentence, Jenness, and sorrier still that I can do nothing to avert it. I shall always remember our former association pleasantly and I regret that circumstances have combined to end it."

JENNESS got out of the elevator and walked down the hall to her own apartment blindly.

"Where's mom?" she asked her father.

"Why, she's gone to the market."

"I'm glad she's gone out. I want to talk to you."

"Well, you know I wanted all along you should do that, Jenness. I'm glad you're minded to do it now. You do know Max Lentz, don't you?"

"Yes, daddy; I've known him a long time. Horace Vaughn brought him into the private office and introduced him to me. Then he said, 'Jenness, this gentleman wants to send out some speeches to the persons on our mailing list.' "

"You did what your boss told you to. You thought you couldn't do anything else, so you didn't ask any questions as to whether it was right or wrong. That's the way it was, isn't it, Jenness?"

"Yes, daddy."

"He offered you money and you accepted it?"

"Well, he handed me a sealed envelope. I thought I was entitled to be paid extra for all that hard work. I was working hard enough anyway."

"Was that piece of work the only one you did in Washington for Max Lentz?"

"No; I sent out some other speeches," she said, sitting down on the sofa.

"If you could only have told me sooner, I'm sure we could have thought of something. Didn't you ever think before this that you'd better tell the truth, Jenness?"

"Yes; I've thought so lots of times. But I was frightened. I knew that if things went wrong I'd be blamed and Horace might get into trouble. I didn't want Horace to get into trouble."

Suddenly she hid her face on his shoulder. "I can't

stand it!" she said. "I can't stand knowing that no one can help me, that Horace never meant to help me. I can't stand the thought of going to prison. I can't do it, daddy—I can't, I can't! Couldn't we—escape somehow? Couldn't you take me where no one would find me? Couldn't you, daddy?"

She was sobbing hysterically by the time her mother came in, followed by Joe Racina.

Joe tried to back tactfully out, but Jenness ran to him. "Joe, please don't go. Please don't leave me. Don't let them put me in prison. They won't, as long as you stay with me. Daddy can't stop them, and Horace won't, but you could. Please, Joe, please!"

Suddenly she was clinging to him as she had clung to her father, and she was trembling from head to foot.

"I'm sorry, but I can't, Jenness," he said gently. "If I could have, I'd have done something to help you long before this. God knows I've tried."

"I don't believe it. I won't believe it! I still think there's

some way of escape. If you can't find one for me, I'll find one for myself. I *have* found one. I found it this morning and wrote a letter to Jerome. I thought it all out then. But I waited, hoping and hoping and hoping—"

She shook herself free. That was easy enough, for Joe had been holding her lightly. But how she eluded him afterward, none of them ever knew. Joe was not lame and slow, like Dexter. He was quick as a cat. But he was not quick enough to stop Jenness as she rushed past him. He caught at her gray dress and grasped it as she reached the balcony. The dress tore, leaving a fragment in his hand. But Jenness herself had jumped. He could see her hurtling through the air and then lying quiet on the pavement beneath him.

PART II

ALIX FARMAN, having put the finishing touches to the supper table, stood back to survey it with pride. Then she went into the bedroom to change her dress. On Saturday nights, when Jerome came back from the post, she always made a little festival of his home-coming.

Sitting before her mirror, she seemed to see his dark, mobile face. It almost never wholly lost its haunted look and lately this expression had become intensified. Alix knew that there were all sorts of reasons for this. His Army responsibilities had told on him. And the suicide of Jenness had been a source of profound sorrow as well as a horrible shock. He had shut himself away from Alix for the first time, and had sat moodily reading and re-reading the letter Jenness had written him the day she killed herself. When he finally showed this letter to his bride, she understood why it had held him so sorrowfully spellbound.

"Dear Jerry:

"You and I have quarreled so many times these last few years that I'd like to tell you I'm sorry. Because you were right and I was wrong.

"Besides, daddy told me, just after he came to Washington, that you and I were both in this war but that we weren't fighting on the same side. He was right, too. So now that I've stopped fighting and you're just beginning, I'd like to write you one or two things.

"One of the major activities in the propaganda ring Lentz belongs to has centered in acquiring properties that have strategic value from the military standpoint, and in "planting" families of Axis sympathizers in key positions, so that they'd be all set to act when the time came. Anyway, I believe the families of German extraction who have moved into our town are suspicious. The Hellmans, who are cousins of Max Lentz, are undoubtedly the ringleaders. Just what they're up to I don't know, but I do know they'll bear watching. I think Dexter suspects this already. You might tell him that I have told you so.

"Also, I'm afraid daddy may feel he has to sell Farman Hill. He has a horror of debt—you know that—and he's spent a lot of money for me already and means to spend a lot more. Don't let him sell it, Jerome. It wouldn't be fair to have it go to make up for what I've done. It's got to be kept for you. You've earned the right to it that I've forfeited, and I want you to have it for your children. Please find the way for daddy to keep it.

"Good-by. The best of everything to you."

"JENNESS."

The impact of this letter had inevitably been terrific. Ever since he began to brood over it, Jerome had been attuned to catastrophe. Alix knew that it behooved her not only to remain calm herself but to create tranquillity for them both. As she sat there thinking of all this, Jerome came in quietly, as always, and stood in the doorway. She drew her dressing gown around her, smiled at him in the mirror, and quietly began to rebraid her hair. Jerome came over to her.

"Don't do that," he said imperiously.

"Don't do what, *cher?*"

"Don't do anything to your hair. Leave it the way it is. You know how I love to see it loose."

"Dearest"—she reached for him and held his hand—"let me finish dressing. You go and make the cocktails and I'll be there in just a minute. I have such a nice supper for you. I want you to eat it before it spoils."

"I don't care if it does spoil. I am starving, but not for food. I don't want any supper, I want you."

She was still undismayed when he decided, hours later, that he was hungry, after all. She salvaged supper while he made the cocktails and lighted the candles on the little lace-covered table. The last few days at the post had been unusually exciting, he told her eagerly, tossing off his first drink and pouring himself another. He had been having a fine time learning to operate some of the new power equipment.

"Alix, you're not listening to me. Aren't you interested in my machines?"

"Yes, dearest; I am interested, I am listening. But I thought I heard a bell ringing. It couldn't be the telephone, could it? It's very late."

"Of course it couldn't be the telephone."

They had no telephone of their own. The apartment house was serviced by one which stood in the front hall downstairs. But as they opened their door they knew Alix had not been mistaken—that a bell was ringing insistently. Jerome, still holding his cocktail glass and his cigarette, started down the stairs. Alix closed the living-room door, but she could still hear the sound of his voice.

It was when she realized he had stopped talking but had not started up the stairs that she became conscious of impending calamity. She opened the door again and went out into the cold hall herself. She called to him softly:

"Dearest, is anything the matter?"

"It's come," he said hoarsely. "My number has been called. I'm leaving Tuesday morning. You see now why I needed you so. It was because I knew, somehow, that this was the last week-end we'd ever have together."

"LOOK here, you mustn't lift that. It's too heavy."

"It doesn't feel heavy to me, *cher*. I can manage it all right."

Alix had just finished packing a large metal-bound suitcase when Jerome spoke to her.

"That's just about the last, anyway," she said. "Why don't we both sit down for a few minutes and rest? I'm going to make you some coffee. It will refresh you."

"No; just come and sit down beside me. There are still so many things I want to say. It just came over me that I hadn't said anything to you about money."

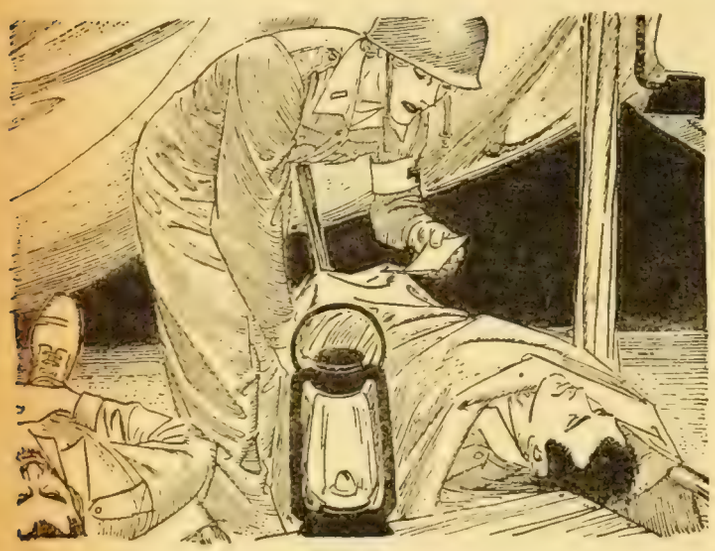
"It wasn't necessary that you should. I have plenty of money."

"What do you mean, plenty?"

"My mother left me a little."

"You never told me that before."

"But, *cher*, we have had so little time together, as you



say yourself, and so many things more important to talk about. Besides, you never asked me! You took it for granted that I was poor because you found me working in a jewelry store."

"But it can't be much—or is it?"

"I don't know exactly. It varies a little from year to year, but it is several thousand—the interest, that is."

"You have an income of several thousand a year?"

"Yes, and I can spend it as I choose, now I'm twenty-one."

"You've knocked my breath away, Alix. I had no idea you were—an heiress. If I'd had any such idea—"

"You wouldn't have courted me so unceremoniously? You wouldn't have married me in such a rush? *Eh bien*, that was exactly what I was afraid of."

She carried his hand to her lips, and then she turned a little so that she could look straight at him while she spoke to him seriously.

"You see now it was best, don't you, *cher*, that I didn't tell you about the money before? But I should have told you tonight even if you hadn't asked me. I didn't want you to worry while you were gone, or fear I might be a burden to your parents. And I can save ahead, too, for the baby's welfare and education—for everything you want him to have in the future."

"Can you do one thing more?"

"Of course."

"I—well, I can't help thinking what's going to happen to mom and dad as well as what's going to happen to you and the baby. It's on my mind a good deal. They've had a hard life, Alix. They've sacrificed everything for their children. And now Jenness has disgraced them and Judith has gone away and I've got to go to the other side of the world. So they haven't much left. Not even their own home. Farman Hill belongs to Dexter Abbott now. He won't claim it, but they'll always feel it's his, just the same. They'll never be able to pay back the money he loaned them."

"Shall I pay it back, then? Is that what you want me to do?"

"I'm not sure. You'll have to feel your way along after you get there. And then do whatever you think best, whatever you believe I'd do for them myself, if I could."

MARCH, Dexter had always thought, was the most dismal month of the year on Farman Hill.

He was standing in the yard, wrapped in bitter melancholy, when a car turned in at the rough driveway and came to a stop beside him. Dazedly he emerged from his meditation, with the realization that the car was unfamiliar to him. The girl who was driving lowered the window to speak to him.

"Is this Farman Hill?" she asked. The voice itself was soft, but an alien and very attractive accent gave it a piquant quality. As she spoke she turned to pat the head of a half-grown hound which was curled up on the seat beside her. "*Tais toi*, Lucky," she said soothingly. "There is nothing to cry about. My dog is generally very cheerful," she added, turning back to Dexter again. "You mustn't misjudge him because he whined just now."

"I didn't misjudge him," Dexter answered. "This *is* Farman Hill," he added. "Did you want to see some one here?"

"Why, I wanted to see all of you! Isn't this Dexter Abbott? And weren't you expecting me?"

"Yes, I'm Dexter Abbott. And of course you're very welcome. Mrs. Farman must have forgotten to tell me we were going to have company."

"But, Dexter, I am not company! Don't you know me from my picture? I am Jerome's wife."

"Jerome's—" *So that was it!* He had never seen this girl, but he had seen her picture, her picture as Jerome's bride! He could not understand why he had not instantly recognized Alix St. Cyr.

SHE was drinking the hot tea and eating thick slices of homemade bread and butter when Daniel came in from the barn. Between her own sips and mouthfuls, she was feeding Lucky, gently admonishing him not to get too close to the fire. She did not rise to greet her father-in-law, but she held out her hand to him and looked up at him with trustfulness in her smile.

"This is Alix, Father Farman," she said. "Dexter told you I was here, didn't he? This is my dog, Lucky," she added. "I hope you don't mind because I brought him with me."

"We haven't had a dog around the house since Jerome was a youngster," Daniel answered. "It'll remind us of Jerome to have another. Jerome's all right, isn't he?"

"Yes, Father Farman; he's all right."

"He didn't take it too hard, did he, leaving the way he had to?"

"No, not too hard. It was just going away from me that he minded."

"Yes. Yes. Well, you can't hardly blame him for that." Daniel looked at Alix more closely than before, and as he did so he felt a pang of pity for his son.

After supper Alix insisted on helping to clear away and do the dishes, but lapsed into silence when the family was grouped around the fire afterward. Finally she said apologetically that she had better go to bed and have a good night's sleep, so she could wake up fresh as a daisy in the morning.

When morning came, however, she was far from being as fresh as a daisy.

"You don't feel sick, do you, Alix?" Serena inquired anxiously.

"No—no. I'm just terribly tired. I'm so tired I don't feel as if I'd ever be rested again."

Her words ended in a sigh which apparently she regretted instantly. She reopened her eyes and tried to smile.

"Don't bother about me, please, Mother Farman. Just let me sleep. And don't worry."

Serena left her "to get her sleep out," and met Dexter at the foot of the stairs.

He called to Lucky with an inviting whistle, and she heard Alix speaking coaxingly. "Go along, Lucky, go with Dexter. He'll give you a good run. And I can go to sleep again."

Then she heard Dexter calling back, "So you're a sleepyhead today?"

"Yes, I am. I'm terribly grateful to you for thinking of Lucky."

"Right. And next week, when you're rested, I'll take

you to a sugaring-off—that is, if you'd like to see one."

"I'm sure I'd love to. But what is it?"

"That's what I'm going to show you. So long, Alix."

The man and the dog went out into the yard together. Dexter was still whistling to him when they disappeared together beyond the big barn. Not that this was peculiar, Serena said to herself, a man to whistle to a dog; it had nothing to do with a man's spirits. But Dexter was still whistling an hour later, when Lucky had gone back upstairs and he himself was down cellar getting wood. Serena paused to listen to the cheerful sound, and Daniel, coming in from the barn, heard it too. He looked at his wife with a slight smile.

"The wind's shifted," he said a little dryly. "I shouldn't be surprised but what we'd have a thaw."

THERE had not been a single day all summer that Dexter had not risen by four or when he had gone to bed earlier than ten. First he fed the horses and the young calves. Then he milked the cows. After breakfast he drove the cows to pasture, returning to the barn to clean it. Then followed the seasonal work: the hauling and scattering of fertilizer in the early spring; the plowing and harrowing; and the planting. By the time the last of the harrowing was done the corn, potatoes, and beans already required cultivating. Then came the long hot days of haying, the cutting of the green crops. There was nothing new about any of this for Dexter. The consciousness of the vast amount of work to be done on a farm, and the knowledge that he must generally reckon on doing it singlehanded because of the perennial shortage of farm labor, acted like a spur and a stimulant.

Since the coming of Alix he had achieved a greater realization of both the essentiality and the significance of farming, not only in its relation to the war effort but to the universe at large; and this realization upheld him. He had only one thought and one desire when evening came, and that was for rest and refreshment. He found these in the quiet companionship of Alix, and he did not want or seek any other.

Alix, too, turned out a surprising amount of work every day. The flower garden she had planted was a mass of bloom, and she had undertaken the making of cheese. Alix also kept all the running accounts, and did it with meticulous care. But one of her chief charms, at least in Dexter's eyes, was that, unlike a bustling New England housewife, she did all this without any appearance of haste or flurry. Her pregnancy only increased her dignity and beauty even during the last ungainly weeks.

She was delighted when she learned that Judith had planned her leave to be on hand for the confinement, but Dexter was not so pleased.

"It seems Mother Farman's expecting me to meet Judith Saturday night," he complained.

"Well, that is a reasonable expectation, isn't it? Why should you be upset about that?"

"It might be a reasonable expectation if we weren't harvesting oats just now, trying to finish before the weather breaks."

"And are the oats and the weather the only factors in your disinclination to meet Judith?"

"You must know that they're not. You must know I don't want to see her anyway."

"But you've got to see her. She's going to be here for a number of days. She's made a great effort to get leave so she could be home at a time when I needed her."

Judith's arrival was, in fact, nicely timed. She was hardly in the house before she began taking charge in her official capacity.

"It really would have been much better if you'd gone to a hospital, Alix," she said.

"Jerome wanted his son born at Farman Hill," was the quiet reply.

"Well, I want to check over your supplies. And I think I better telephone Dr. Barnes. Mother, perhaps you might go downstairs. I've got to ask Alix some pretty plain questions."

"She thought I couldn't stand hearing her ask some pretty plain questions!" Serena told Daniel indignantly, when she reached their room. "Just the same, it's nice Alix has a competent nurse, now things have started."

IT was very quiet, except for the song of a whippoorwill, and it was very dark. For a moment after she went outside, Judith could see nothing. But she knew Dexter was there. Apparently he had formed the habit of sitting on this door rock looking out into the darkness, for Judith had seen him there the night before too, when Alix had still been having pains intermittently. Now she sank down beside him.

"I couldn't come before," she said. "It hasn't been possible for me to leave her all this time. But she's resting quietly now. I feel as if I'd been through the wars. She wore me out completely—that little frail-looking girl! And that huge boy! *No one* has babies that size any more!"

"Apparently Alix does," Dexter said.

"It needn't have taken so long," Judith said defensively. "I said she ought to have a specialist and go to a hospital."

"Yes, that's what *you* said. You seem to overlook the fact that the specialists have all gone into the service. And Jerome said that he wanted the baby born here, like all the other Farmans. And it was what Jerome said that counted with Alix."

"You talk as if that were praiseworthy. I call what she did sheer foolhardiness."

"Yes, you would. You wouldn't understand it was Jerome's heart's desire that mattered to Alix, whatever she went through to give it to him. You don't know what it means to love a man like that, you selfish shirker!"

Judith sprang to her feet. If Dexter had suddenly struck her, she could not have been angrier or more amazed.

"Why, your sister Jenness had twice the guts you have!" Dexter raged on. "She didn't have the strength to fight through to a hard end, like Alix. But she did have the sand to take the rap for whoever was really responsible. I'll give her that much credit. And if you have any credit coming to you for anything, I don't know what it is!"

He stopped, momentarily speechless with anger. Judith seized upon the opening.

"Don't you dare talk to me like that! Do you suppose I don't know why you're acting the way you do? You're in love with Alix! While your best friend's off fighting for his country, you're waiting for a chance to step into his shoes. You've had to bide your time till the baby was born. But now you'll take Alix as soon as you can get her. You're hoping to hear Jerome's been killed. But if he isn't you'll try to take her anyway!"

There was no retort to this outrageous charge. Before Dexter could hurl one at her, almost before her own accusations were out of her mouth, Dr. Barnes called her impellingly. The summons was so imperative that she knew, as she turned and rushed up the stairs, that it meant disaster. Alix was not asleep, after all; she was having a hemorrhage. For the next few hours Judith fought not only this unforeseen catastrophe but her own panic. She was overwhelmed with the terror that this sudden calamity was due, directly or indirectly, to her. Either there had been some flaw in her manipulations or some oversight in her watchfulness. Or was it possible that Judith's own angry voice, raised far above its normal level, had been the enraged carrier of injury through the open windows?

There was no time and no way to answer the dreadful question. Both Judith and the doctor had their hands full. Alix had not previously had her blood typed; neither had any one else who might supply her in such an emergency. This was hurriedly done now. It was Dexter's blood that matched. Dexter stretched out on the big bed beside Alix, so close that her black braids mingled with his fair hair and his powerful shoulders touched her slim, sloping ones. Alix was intermittently submerged in waves of complete unconsciousness. But when the transfusion was over, her lips and fingers both moved slightly, and Dexter knew before Judith did that Alix was signaling to him.

"Thank you. But please don't leave me yet. I still need you."

The words were almost soundless, but their appeal was unmistakable.

He took one of the tiny white hands which lay so limply on the smooth sheet and enfolded it in a big brown one. It fluttered for a moment in his, then grew quiescent. Judith had the strange feeling that strength was still flowing from Dexter to Alix. Eventually Alix went to sleep, and this time her slumber was healing and profound. But it was not until morning that Judith and Dr. Barnes were fully reassured—and it was this same morning that the telegram came which was addressed to Alix, but which Judith was the first to receive:

SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES THAT I TENDER HIS DEEP SYMPATHY TO YOU IN THE LOSS OF YOUR HUSBAND CAPTAIN JEROME FARMAN. KILLED IN ACTION IN THE FAR EASTERN AREA.

ULIO, ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Judith's own orders to go overseas came next, and she had to leave before any of them had recovered from the shock of Jerome's death.

On the station platform, Dexter took her hand and said, a little stiffly but most sincerely, "I am very sorry that I spoke to you in anger and I realize I deserved an angry retort. Neither of us meant what we said, and the sooner we put it out of our minds, the better."

Judith couldn't answer, but the expression in her eyes was enough. They parted better friends than they had been in a long time.

ABOVE the matted stubble of the field in Africa four large tents were rising. Beyond these, a number of pup tents were already scattered about, and everywhere there were signs that the building was just beginning.

The first sound Judith and the other nurses heard was one of steady rhythmic pounding. It came from hammers hitting stakes as the latter were driven into the ground; and as fast as tents were fastened to these stakes the nurses went inside, helping the corpsmen to set up cots on the bare ground. Soon there were twenty-two beds in each tent, and the tent was no longer a mere canvas covering set out in a stubble field. It was a hospital, and a hospital which was filling fast. By evening the nurses were given detailed duty, and Judith was placed in the tent which was set aside for shell-shocked patients. Some of these men were deafened, some dazed. A few were crying, helplessly and hysterically. Only one man was completely unconscious. Judith unclipped the small folded piece of paper from his pocket and, walking quietly to the center of the tent, held it up to the light.

Peter MacDonald [she read]. Correspondent, Washington Bulletin, Washington, D. C. Protestant. Blood type O. By stretcher. Unconscious. Shell shock and shrapnel wounds.

For a moment she stood perfectly still, looking at the paper she held with an unbelieving gaze. Then she started slowly back to the cot she had left.

It was just as dawn was breaking that he opened his eyes. Something resembling a smile twisted his pale lips and he tried to stretch out his hand.

"Jenness," he whispered hoarsely. "Why, Jenness! What-are-you-doing-on-this-damn-battlefield?"

Judith took his groping fingers gently in hers. "There, there!" she said soothingly. "You're not on the battlefield any longer. You're in a nice safe hospital. And I'm not Jenness; I'm her sister."

During the convalescence they became firm friends and often went for evening walks to a near-by olive grove.

On Peter's last evening of convalescence they had come to their usual haunt. Judith sat down on the limestone rim of a well and looked down at the dark patterns which the moonlight was making with the olive branches on the pale ground. Peter stood and looked at Judith.

"There's a nice Bible story that began at a well," he said finally, breaking in on the companionable silence. "About a girl named Rebekah and a fellow named Isaac, as I recall it. We could start a story of our own at this well, Judith."

"Yes. I should think we could—a number of them. I've seen and heard so many myself in the short time I've been here. There's one I think you'll like, about a sergeant—"

"Judith, I didn't mean a story about a sergeant. The idea of starting a story about a sergeant on a night like this! It makes me shudder to consider such a sacrilege. I meant a story about us."

"What sort of a story?"

"A story like Isaac and Rebekah's. Isaac took Rebekah into his tent and 'she became his wife and he loved her.' Do you remember now?"

"Yes, I remember now."

She sat silent for so long that at last Peter leaned over and put his hand gently on hers. Still she did not look up, and he was appalled to feel a warm wet teardrop on his hand.

"Why, Judith!" he exclaimed. "What have I said? What have I done? I didn't mean to be crude or clumsy."

"No, no. It isn't that. The story's beautiful, Peter, beautiful and symbolic, but—but it should have been told to Jenness. You were in love with Jenness and you haven't got over loving her. The main reason you think you're in love with me is because you think I look like her. You've made up your mind that I'm enough like her so that you could forget all about her if you had me."

"Listen, darling," Peter said quietly. "It's true that you do make me think of Jenness. It's true that I was terribly in love with her and that the reason you—attracted me so much at first was because you reminded me of her. But Jenness has been dead nearly a year. Surely you don't want me to be bound by a tragic buried past."

"Peter, that's why I won't marry you. Because I would just bind you to that past. Besides, I'm in love with someone else. I'm in love with Joe Racina."

"You're stark raving crazy! *In love with Joe Racina!* Why, you told me once you hated him."

"No, I'm not. Yes, I am. No, I don't."

"You sound more like a lunatic every minute! Hell, you never saw Joe Racina but twice in your life!"

"It isn't the number of times you see a man that counts."

"Well, but I've heard you say that you took an immediate dislike to him."

"Yes, that's what I *said*. How could I say anything else? Can't you understand that it's terribly humiliating to a girl to fall in love with a man who thinks she's the scum of the earth?"

"If I could get my hands on Joe, I'd strangle him. He must have sized you up wrong from start to finish—"

"No, he didn't. Everything he said was true. And it wasn't all a jeremiad. He did say he thought if I'd cut out all the nonsense I was going in for, and settle down to being a real nurse, I might get to be quite a girl, after all. Since then I have tried. But I know it's too late." Her words ended in one single dreadful sob.

"There," he said soothingly. "You'll feel a lot better now that you've got that out of your system. I'll say you're quite a girl and then some. And as for being a real nurse—why, Judith, there isn't another in the whole unit who can touch you! Don't you believe for a moment Joe Racina thinks you're the scum of the earth. If he knew you—you cared like this, he'd be so proud he couldn't see straight. I'm glad you've told me. Come along, Judith. And don't think for a moment we're not going to be pals. Pals and maybe collaborators too. Because I want to hear that story about the sergeant, after all. You tell it to me while we're walking back to the hospital."

THEY went slowly out of the grove and down the road. In the distance the dark outline of the tents was clear against the brilliant sky. Less distantly, a few Arabs were loitering, their robes fluttering around them. When Judith and Peter came close to the Arabs, one of them held out his hand, offering some tangerines that clustered among green leaves on a short stem.

Peter accepted the offering somewhat abstractedly. His mind, at the moment, did not adjust itself readily to Arabs and tangerines. He saw Judith glance from the giver to the gift, and then he saw her look at the tangerines more closely before he heard her cry out and

felt her clutch for the tangerines herself. At least, he thought he had heard her cry out, he told Joe Racina, in writing about it afterward. But he was never quite sure.

He was only sure that she had snatched the cluster from his hand and run like the wind toward the grove, holding it until she was a long way off from the others before she threw it still farther away.

Of course it would be a so-called crack correspondent who would never have heard about these cute little fancy bombs. Of course it would be a mere nurse who would instantly recognize one for what it was, and reach for it and run with it.

No, he wasn't even singed, or any of the Arabs. But Judith—well, they were going to take Judith by plane to Walter Reed Hospital. She was conscious most of the time, which made it hard as hell. Not just because the suffering from the burns was so bad—she could take suffering, if any one ever could—but because she knew it would be a long, long time before she could go back to active duty again.

And something else. She also knew that no one would ever mistake her for Jenness again.

AFTER they reached Walter Reed Hospital, Judith kept looking over and over again at the large crystal vases filled with yellow roses which almost covered the white-enameled bureau.

"I thought nobody knew when we were getting in," she said at last to the hovering nurse.

"Nobody did. At least, nobody was supposed to know. But some one must have had a pretty good general idea."

"Were there any cards?"

"Yes, I've saved the cards, of course. They're all addressed in the same handwriting. Do you want me to give them to you now? Oh—I'm terribly sorry, Lieutenant Farman."

The nurse was stricken that she should have made a slip of the tongue like that. Of course she could not give the cards to her patient, because Lieutenant Farman could not take them, or open them, or hold them. Both her hands were bandaged, and both her arms, all the way to the shoulders; in fact the bandaging on her arms joined the bandaging on her head and neck.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said again. "Shall I read the cards to you now, Lieutenant Farman?"

"Yes, please."

The nurse laid six envelopes down on the bedside table and opened the seventh one.

"It says, 'To a real nurse who is quite a girl. Congratulations to the United States Army and love to her. Joe.'"

The nurse replaced the card in the envelope and put it carefully down beside the others. Then she opened the second one.

"It says, 'To a real nurse who is—' It says the same thing as the other one, Lieutenant Farman."

"That's all right. There wasn't anything else to say."

JOE RACINA'S wire, addressed to both Daniel and Serena and asking if he could make them a flying visit, caused a pleasurable stir on Farman Hill, and Joe's arrival was even more of an event.

"Judith got into Washington last Wednesday," he told them. "She stood the trip remarkably well. And she's been as quiet as a lamb right along. The result is that she's coming on now like a house afire."

"I've got a high opinion of your powers of observation, Joe, like I said before," Daniel remarked dryly. "But if any one else had told me Judith was acting like a lamb, sick or well, I'd have laughed in his face."

"Well, anyway," Joe continued, "what matters is that she's going to come out of this accident almost as good as new. She'll have to wear her hair down over the sides of her forehead and the tops of her ears, but I should think it would be becoming to her that way. And she won't be wearing low-necked dresses for a long while; but I think she'll look like a million dollars myself."

"I'm proud as Punch about what she did," said Serena, "but, Joe, will—will she be able to *do* anything?"

"Oh, sure!" Joe said, still cheerfully. "She'll be able to do lots of things in time. We don't know yet just how much use she'll have of her hands, but some. I think she'll be able to hold a book and do a little knitting after a while."

"But, Joe, that wasn't what I meant. I meant, would she be able to go back to her nursing." Serena was vainly trying to keep her voice under control.

"No, Mrs. Farman, she won't," he said. "I don't see that it would help to pretend that she might, so I'm not going to string you along. She's happy with the prospect of doing something else now."

"I can't believe it. You don't know Judith like we do, Joe. You haven't seen her but a few times."

"I'd like to hear the rest of what Joe started to tell us, wouldn't you, mother?" Alix inquired. "What is Judith planning to do next, Joe?"

"Well, we've got a plan worked out for her to help me. We've talked it over. We've got Peter to thank for it, really. You see, when the accident occurred, he'd just persuaded Judith to tell him about some of her impressions and experiences, with the idea of shaping them into stories himself. So he gave the tip to me. And day before yesterday I spoke to Judith about it. She fell right in with the idea. She's going to tell the stories to me and I'm going to write them down. We're going half and half on the proceeds."

"Well, that's generous of you, Joe, and thoughtful. You've shown a kind spirit, like you always do. But Judith won't be contented, month after month, just lying in a hospital bed."

"Oh, she won't be in the hospital much longer. I'm already getting my room into shape for her. You remember it, don't you? It runs both the length and breadth of the ell, so it's a great long room. It has a little gallery at the end of it, and windows on three sides, so there's sunshine there all day. It has a private bathroom and three big closets—I think one of those could be made into a kitchenette."

"Why, Joe, that's very kind," Serena said. "Just the same, it seems too bad that you should be turned out of your room when you like it so much. There aren't many men would be so unselfish—I fully realize that. It's kind of imposing on your good nature to let you do it, though."

"You must have misunderstood me, Mrs. Farman. I'm not that good-natured, not by a damn sight. After all, I

don't think I'll be much in Judith's way. It's a great big room, and I have to leave for the office every morning around six, and all together—"

Alix sat very still. Dexter was very quiet too, and the silence in the room had a tense quality of expectation. Joe got up and lumbered over to Serena, putting his arm around her.

"Oh, hell," he said, "I came here on purpose to tell you that Judith and I are married, and then I left that part out somewhere along the line. I married her the night she got back."

Joe's visit marked a great occasion and they had a gala dinner.

"It really *is* the best meal I ever ate. Fact," Joe said. "I think perhaps it's just as well I can't see the whole place tonight," he added. "I'd never be able to tear myself away, not even to return to my beautiful bride. Besides, I need an excuse to make a summer visit."

"Yes," Daniel said. "The weather is real nice then."

"Fine! Because I'd like to take Judith to see my mother as soon as she is better. And anyway Judith ought to see Louisiana in the spring when the water hyacinths are coming into bloom on the bayous and the levees are covered with clover."

"We have quantities of clover on Farman Hill," Serena said quickly. "The fields are a beautiful sight in clover time. Didn't you notice them, Alix?"

"No. Spring was very late last year, you remember. By the time the clover finally came out, I wasn't walking as far as the Mill Lot."

"That's so. I'd forgotten it was near July before it bloomed."

"In Louisiana it's in full bloom in April," Joe said. "So are the roses, and the sweet olive begins to smell good. I should think you might like to go to Louisiana yourself this spring, Alix."

"Yes, I should. I'd like to take Jerry to visit my aunts. And I don't believe there's a sight like the water hyacinths anywhere in the world. Last year, when May came and it was still cold and bleak here, I believe that I was more homesick for the hyacinths than I was for anything else."

Alix was homesick for hyacinths! She wanted to take her baby and go to her own people when the hyacinths were in bloom!

Suddenly Dexter knew that was what she was going to do.

The conversation turned to other things. Like Peter MacDonald, Joe was interested in the neighbors.

"Do you ever see anything of the Hellmans these days?" he asked Dexter.

"No, almost nothing. Of course we've never found out just what they meant to do here, if anything. I've always thought they might have a signal station, and I know that's what Jenness thought, too, from the farewell letter she wrote Jerome."

"There aren't any high hills, are there, on the Hellman property?"

"Well, of course this whole countryside's hilly—what I suppose you'd call hillocks. There are two of those on Hellman's place, with a scrubby little pasture between them."

"The scrubby little pasture isn't big enough for a landing field, is it?"

"Gosh, no! You couldn't make a landing in the pasture, not without killing all concerned."

Joe rose to leave for the train. "Good-by, Dexter. I'll be seeing you here this summer. Keep your eye on those quiet neighbors of yours. I've an idea they'll still stand watching."

THE door closed after him. Daniel was already in the car and Serena was seated beside him. Dexter bolted the door carefully and stood watching the car till it lurched out of sight through the snow. Then he turned back toward the house.

He went into the living room again, where Alix was standing by one of the cabinets which had come from Louisiana.

"Alix," he said. "Alix, don't go to Louisiana."

"Why not, Dexter?"

She asked the question gently, almost tenderly.

"Because I can't bear to have you go. Before you came we didn't know what we'd missed in not having you. Now we've felt the warmth of your wisdom and seen the bloom of your grace."

"That's a beautiful tribute, Dexter. I'm grateful for it. I hope I deserve it."

"Don't go, Alix. I don't think I could stand it if you left."

"You may be sure I wouldn't go if I didn't believe it was best."

"You're going back to Louisiana to marry that cousin you told us you liked before you met Jerome."

"No, Dexter, I'm not."

"Then you're going back to decide whether you'll marry him when he does ask you. Aren't you?" he challenged her.

"No, not primarily. I haven't begun to give serious thought to marriage, Dexter. I was in love with my husband. And he's been dead less than six months."

"But you can't live on with a memory all your life. You will think of it seriously sometime."

"Yes, Dexter, I believe I shall."

"It sounds to me as if you were thinking a good deal about marriage, after all."

"I'm thinking of the whole pattern. I've got to straighten out the pattern, Dexter, and I can't do it here. I've

lost my sense of perspective. I've got to regain it. I've got to go away so that I can."

"You're deserting us when we need you most!"

"No, I'm not. I'm leaving you for a little while, so I can be sure how to help you best in the end. If I am wise and—and gracious, as you were kind enough to say, won't that mean something to you in these next months?"

"No. Not enough. Not any longer. Not unless I can have your love too. I've got to have that to survive."

They were out at last, the words he had vowed never to utter. Alix stood still, looking at him very gravely.

"There is a time and a season for all things, Dexter," she said. "And this is not the time or the season for you to speak to me of love. I wish I might have left before you had. You are strong enough to survive by yourself. I am very sure of this. But we will speak of it again—at some other time and season."

WHEN spring came Alix was still away, and Dexter turned for companionship to quite a different source. There was a small boy, a German refugee, staying in the village, and Dexter suggested that he might enjoy some fishing.

It was soon evident that the plan for fishing was one of mutual benefit and mutual joy, as far as Dexter and Benny were concerned. And the evening when Benny finally had a "big one smash at the fly when it landed" and Dexter was there to see it happen was such a great occasion for them both that they made a ceremonial of cooking the fish afterward and it was very late when they were through. Dexter walked up to the turn of the road with Benny, half minded to go along to the village with him.

"Sure you can find your way all right, Benny? It's a pretty dark night and the fog's heavy."

"I don't mind the dark. And I think the mist's pretty. Good night, Dexter."

Dexter stood still at the turn of the road. For a few moments he could hear Benny whistling. There were houses all along the road. But his concern about Benny

continued to deepen. He did not relish the idea of having Benny seek shelter with the Hellmans or even ask help from them, though Germans were traditionally kind to children.

Suddenly Dexter could not stand it any longer. Cursing under his breath because his lameness made his progress so slow, even without the added handicap of the fog, he started in the direction of the Hellmans' house.

Presently he heard the noise of scampering feet. Then he felt the impact of a small body hurled against his. His arms shot out, and the next instant he had Benny locked against his heart.

"There," he heard himself saying. "There, Benny. There—son. Don't be frightened."

"I'm not frightened," Benny panted. "I came back because I heard something. It was people talking."

"People talking! What people?"

"Mr. Hellman and his friend."

Dexter felt his heart turn over. He waited, steadying himself before questioning Benny.

"And what were they saying, Benny?"

"Mr. Hellman said, *'Die Marke war heute am Brief.'*"

"You'll have to translate for me, Benny. I studied German in college, but that was a long time ago."

" 'The stamp was on the letter today.' " And then Mr. Wagner said, *'Also Mittwoch dann, wie gewöhnlich'*—'Wednesday, then, as usual!' "

"As usual! They were talking about something they'd been doing for a long time, then."

"Yes, Uncle Dexter, I'm sure they were. Because after that Mr. Wagner began to laugh and said, " 'If the stupid American cattle only would know what sort of a harvest we get in our lovely little pasture, then they really would be surprised.' Do you understand, Uncle Dexter?"

"Yes, I think I do. At least, I think I might if I could hear some more. That wasn't all, was it, Benny?"

"Oh, no; there was a lot more. Mr. Hellman told Mr. Wagner in a tough way to shut up. He said Mr. Wagner was getting so he was drinking too much beer. For all he knew, Mr. Hellman said, Mr. Wagner might get pally with the first government agent he met and let on what he was carrying."

"Did you think he was carrying something, Benny?"

"No, not tonight. But I think he was going to. Because he said, 'What about letting me take the next trip?' And Mr. Hellman said no, he was going to send Mr. Krauss on the next trip—that he was the only one who had any real sense of time. He said the others weren't any too early when the plane last landed."

"When *what* plane last landed?"

"I don't know. I thought it could be important, maybe."

"I think it might be, Benny. You didn't hear anything more, did you?"

"Yes, a little. Almost the last thing I heard was that they'd go to their hilltops on the dot of eleven fifteen. And Mr. Hellman said that he'd be in the pasture at eleven fifteen too. Mr. Becker asked him what he was going to give Mr. Ellis this time, but he didn't get any answer. Mr. Hellman just growled, and pretty soon they began saying good night to each other. I didn't dare listen after that."

They agreed that what Benny had heard was their secret, that they would not share it with any one else.

After he had taken Benny home, Dexter let himself into his own seldom-used house and picked up the telephone.

"Hello," he said. "I want to put through a long-distance call. Get me Mr. James Thirkell at the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington."

THE call which Dexter had put through to Washington on Saturday had been productive of prompt results. It was now late Wednesday evening, and Thirkell, his right-hand man Bates, and three able lieutenants were seated in Dexter's sparsely furnished living room. No one had noticed their unobtrusive arrival and the semi-abandoned house made an excellent hide-out.

"Just wait until you see the place the conversation at the Hellmans' seems to point to," Dexter said. "It's just a scrubby little hollow between two hillocks."

"Theoretically, it's possible for invading airplanes to make landings in scrubby little pastures like the one you've been describing," Thirkell replied. "However, this case hasn't anything to do with invading airplanes, unless I'm very much mistaken. It's a case of receiving packages containing information in regard to devices used by the Allied Army. We've located this Ellis chap that Benny heard them mention. He's a "consulting engineer" for a number of war plants around New England. He has access to information the Nazis would be glad enough to get. It's likely that he picks up such information at the plants and drops it off here—a secluded country spot where there's little chance of being spotted."

"But I still don't see how it's physically possible—"

"I think we'll find out tonight that Mr. Krauss and Mr. Becker and Mr. Wagner are all standing alertly on those three insignificant little hillocks which surround the pasture, and which serve as radio masts."

"But *how?*"

"Well, let's say that each of the three men in question has a little radio-sending apparatus like the Army walkie-talkie—something that can send a signal too weak to be heard far, but strong enough to give a plane an accurate three-point fix, so that it could land on instruments alone, regardless of a fog or anything else."

James Thirkell finished his sandwich in a meditative bite and drained his tall glass as if he were enjoying his drink to the last drop. Then he glanced at his wrist watch and lifted his hand.

Dexter nodded. "If you'll just follow me," he said, with authority, "I'm sure everything will go off without a hitch. We've got a long hard walk ahead of us, but of course I know every inch of this countryside as well as I know the back of my own hand. These are my hills."

Their timing had been uncannily accurate. The plane had scarcely shuddered into stillness when Hellman was beside it. Dexter could see, from the clump of bushes where he was hiding, the stocky figure and square head of the German. As the door of the plane opened a few inches, a package was instantly dropped into Hellman's hand. In the same second Thirkell, who had quietly crept up behind him, put his hand gently on Hellman's shoulder.

"Don't bother about that any more," he said, still very pleasantly. "I'll take charge of it now."

THE Farmans and all their neighbors were dumbfounded to discover that their quiet village was featured in the headlines streaming across every newspaper in the country:

F. B. I. TRAPS AGENT WHO GAVE NAZIS DATA ON U. S. ARMS

Landed Plane in Farman, N. H., Pasture

In addition to these breath-taking announcements, the local small-town dailies carried a top lead which was still more thrilling as far as the community was concerned:

DEXTER ABBOTT OF FARMAN HILL AND BENJAMIN COHEN OF ST. JOHNSBURY HELP GOVERNMENT TO EFFECT ARREST

For the next few days, the countryside seethed with excitement.

Benny became the hero of every small boy within a radius of fifty miles and Dexter was hailed as Farman's leading citizen. While this turmoil still boiled, the town taxi turned in at the side yard of Farman Hill, one afternoon the latter part of June, and Alix got out of it, holding Jerry in her arms.

Her mother-in-law rushed out to meet her, overwhelmed by delight and surprise. "Well, I declare, Alix, you've given me such a turn, I don't know what to say!"

"Won't you say you're glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you! I'm so glad I can't see straight! But why didn't you let us know, so's we could meet you?"

"Right in the middle of a beautiful June day, when father and Dexter are both busy in the fields? Now, mother! You know me better than that!"

Alix walked across the yard, exclaiming with admiration and delight. "You don't mean to tell me you've taken care of my garden for me too, do you, mother?"

"No; Dexter has done that. I honestly don't see how he had the time, especially since there's been all this commotion about Hellman and his gang. You've read about that in the papers, haven't you, Alix?"

"I couldn't very well help it. I've eaten up every word of it, and I've never been so excited in my life!"

"Dexter's got big crops and a lot of stock on his hands, and he had to neglect those for a few days while he was all taken up with the F. B. I. That couldn't be helped, and since then he's been trying to make up for lost time."

"Where's he working this afternoon, mother?"

"Why, he's up in the Mill Lot, cultivating. Alix, don't you believe the baby would let me put him down for his nap? I do want you should get out and see that clover with the afternoon light on it. It's like a great sea of color."

"We can try. He's a very friendly baby." Alix seemed eager to go straight to the Mill Lot.

"Did you see the clover on the levees that Joe talked about?" her mother-in-law detained her to ask.

"Yes, I saw it in April. That was beautiful, too."

"And the water hyacinths that we don't have here?"

"Yes, I saw those too."

"And weren't they as lovely as you expected, after all?"

"Yes. But after I'd seen them I was satisfied. I could leave them. I knew I could go and see them again some day. That satisfied me. I didn't feel I had to live beside them all the time. Maybe it's different with your Northern clover."

Her eyes said more than her words. Serena smiled, deeply contented, as she watched her out of sight. Alix struck straight for the old wood road.

She had almost reached the foundations of the Old Mill Road before she saw Dexter. The corn rustled a little in the same breeze that rippled the clover, so that he did not hear her light step, and he did not see her, either, until she was almost beside him. Then he sprang up and reached her in a single stride, stretching out his arms so spontaneously that they were around her before he realized that he had caught her to him.

"Alix!" he exclaimed. And again, "Alix!"

She stood with her face close to his breast, and all the time she was conscious of his heart's steady beating. Finally she looked up at him.

"I came home, Dexter," she said.

"To stay?" he asked quietly. "To stay for—"

"Yes, this time I've come to stay, Dexter, for what it is that good journeys proverbially end in."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ON several counts **Stephen Bonsal's Unfinished Business** deserves as wide a reading as its publishers can whoop up for it, and I am willing to do my share of the shouting.

Mr. Bonsal was adviser and interpreter for Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson during those fateful days when the nations of the world assembled in Paris to beat their triumphant swords into permanent plowshares. This is his diary, covering not only his conference days but also a trip to Austria-Hungary just after it had splintered and crumbled, another to Berlin where the new Reich-

Stephen Bonsal

republic was struggling to build a foundation, and his return to Washington where he saw the work of Paris and Versailles throttled to death in America.

As an intriguing inside picture of the men and events that were supposed to shape a new world it is fascinating stuff to read. And Mr. Bonsal makes it as vivid as if it were happening today. His profiles of the men who made history, of their compromises and political maneuvers, are ominous, interesting, prophetic.

And, aside from the fact that it is an eyewitness view of one of the biggest dramas ever played out in the world's history, it has other, and possibly greater, values to recommend it. It should be a required refresher course for all *ex-officio* or arm-chair planners of the peace to follow this war, and certainly every official archi-

Lillian Smith

tect of the postwar world will do well to read and think about it, even those who were in on the last peace deal.

Not because it will show them where we went wrong last time (though it will do that) but because it will help the average citizen to think about whether he really wants permanent peace in the world or only thinks he does.

It will bring into focus the picture of nations that wanted the benefits of a League to assure peace, but either could not or would not forgo the everlasting jockeying for a better position than their neighbors when the next war should start. The world was not ready then, either internationally or intranationally, to realize that minor advantages must be set aside if long-range advantages are to be secured.

In our country, as in others, groups of men could not stop the game of politics long enough to play for the greatest stakes mankind had, up to then, ever been offered. Nations could not stop the game of power politics long enough to risk a chance on their own salvation.

Because this book presents that picture so strikingly it is worth a dozen what-to-do-about-its and neat geometric plans. It will help all of us to think about peace. And of course peace will come only when enough of us citizens know what its price is and how to go about purchasing it.

Published by Doubleday, Doran, New York. Price, $3.

WHEN Southern authors approach the color or race problem the result is apt to be either overmorbid (Faulkner) or overdrawn (Robert Warren). A novel that cuts right into the problem of interracial relationships in a small Southern town, and handles it boldly, sensibly, and engrossingly, is **Strange Fruit**, by **Lillian Smith**. It is a dramatic story of a small-town Southern boy who loves a Negro girl and of the tragedy that builds around their affair and explodes in the conflicts that obliquely result from it. A challenging book and a remarkably good novel of action and characterization.

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price, $2.75.

More power to you!

Look up, son! At those white-starred planes, boring their swift lanes across the sky.

There's a story there for you. About your country. About the kind of place it has been. And is. And can be for you. It goes like this:

We had fighting planes back in 1918 too. Pretty good ones — for their time.

But they weren't as fast and couldn't travel as far because they had only about half as much power per pound of engine.

Even then, General Motors men were puzzling over such things as why engines "knocked" and why we didn't get all the power we should from gasoline.

After long trying, these GM men pried loose the secret of tetra-ethyl lead. Yes, the same "Ethyl" we see written on gas pumps today. And that unlocked a whole world of developments not only in better motor fuels, but in quieter, more powerful engines in which to use them.

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and make his thoughts more orderly. What that girl had said of Jerry Hayes was true of Elaine, too. Whenever she had wanted the colonel's time, he had put her off. At first it was because he and Marion were so much in love with each other that Elaine was almost an intrusion. And then, after Marion had died, he had locked himself away from everything and every one for a long time. By the time the terrible grief had subsided, Elaine was grown, her habits formed, and it was too late. She had all that money and she could do as she pleased.

"Isn't all your paternal interest coming just a little late?" she had said to him when he had forbidden her to go on this insane trip.

And he supposed that she was right, that most of what had happened to her was his fault. It was a little late. The colonel sighed. He was tired as he had never been. He was sorry to have done this thing to Elaine, because he loved her. She would hate him for it.

"My dear," he said aloud, alone. "My dear!"

The colonel was suddenly an old and lonely man.

JERRY had gone away to be alone and that's what he wanted now: to be alone and to be let alone. The little girl with the cheaply, obviously pretty face who sat beside him at the bar of the Presidio Hotel in Kansas City didn't quite believe him. She seemed to think that if she could convince him of her warmth and her desirability he would change his mind and consent to spend his evening with her. She was a chance acquaintance, a casual pick-up, as all the people had been to whom he had talked at all in these weeks since leaving Casey.

Not that he had ever left Casey, really. Her face had gone with him everywhere, spoiling all other faces for him. He wanted to write to her. Indeed, he had whole sheets of paper solidly covered with the things he wanted to say to her: the things he'd found out about her and about himself. He never wrote the letters, though, because when she knew where he was, she would come after him. She might even feel sorry for him. She might think that the war had done things to his mind after all. She'd never let him know that, of course. She'd insist upon going his way, whatever it was and wherever it might lead them. Underneath all that damn maddening efficiency of hers she was a swell girl, and he was a heel for treating her like this, and yet it had to be.

If he had stayed, he thought again now, as he had thought so many hundreds of times, if he had surrendered to her strength which the exigencies of war had developed in her and made dominant, why, then he would be lost. He knew it. She wouldn't even have appreciated the surrender, seeing it as weakness rather than weariness or indifference.

The hell of it was that, away, none of those problems had presented themselves to him at all. He'd just thought of getting home and having a nice long rest and then suddenly finding himself in the midst of earning a living again. And the most unsettling thing of all was that the folks back home were so different from what you'd thought they were going to be.

"Boy!" the kids fighting beside him in the trenches used to say. "If the folks back home could see me now!" And you thought of them all glowing with pride over you and anxious to have you back and anxious to know all about you and everything you did. And then you got there and they all seemed pretty busy and preoccupied. They were nice at first—they were swell—but they wanted you to be pretty quick about the business of conforming and settling down. "Well, say, that's fine, but now you're back and let's get on with the business of earning a living and having a good time, and won't it be wonderful when the war is over and we can have enough gasoline and some new tires and maybe a new refrigerator?"

It made him want to get the hell away from all of them and off by himself where he could think about it. He didn't like to think he'd given two years of his life and a few months of agony in a hospital so that somebody could have a new refrigerator.

HARDTACK

He supposed he ought to offer to buy the little girl beside him another drink. He was reluctant to do so, knowing the offer would be accepted with almost embarrassing alacrity, which it was.

"You'll regret it," he observed mildly, "when you're thirty."

"Thirty!" the child mocked him. "What does *any*thing matter when you're thirty?"

Elaine, he thought, the thought coming to him out of nowhere. Elaine on that last night, saying almost precisely the same thing. Elaine a smarter, more fashionable version of this young girl beside him. Maybe that was the trouble with all the very young people today. Maybe they just didn't have a chance, growing up with that cockeyed idea that today was the last day they'd have to live. There was Elaine that last night, falling asleep in his arms, young and lovely, his for the taking, telling him she was in love with him and making it damned hard to turn down. And yet he'd turned it down because he knew it would only spoil everything else for both of them. That was one of the reasons he'd gone so abruptly. He wouldn't have had the courage to turn it down the next time. He was so lost in unhappiness that he'd reach out for anything pretty soon.

Beneath the casual chatter of the cocktail lounge, beneath the obbligato of the tinkling indifferent music of the piano, that ache, that nostalgia for something lost—he didn't know yet quite what it was—came back to tug at him again so that he wanted to get up and leave. To go somewhere. And when he got there, he'd wonder why he'd bothered. It was always like that. Halfway across the country it had been like that.

"SAY," the girl said, "I wish you wouldn't be so quiet." She was drinking champagne cocktails and they seemed to please and delight her so that she was anxious, in turn, to please him. "You have such a nice voice," she said. "I like to hear you talk."

The girl was using Tabu. She was drenched in it. Casey had sprayed a little of it across her hair that night when she had departed, full of importance, for Hollywood. Gay, clever, independent Casey. "You go your way, I'll go my way—" What in hell made her think he wanted her to go her way, without him?

"All right, then," he said agreeably. "Let's talk about you. You shouldn't use so much perfume, for one thing. It's Tabu and I'm inordinately fond of it, but not that much of it."

His face was thin and handsome and politely interested. The girl seemed piqued. "My husband didn't think I used too much of it!" Jerry's eyebrow went up. "Oh, don't get scared. He's overseas. For my part, he can stay there. I was a sap to marry him, but everybody was getting married, all the girls I knew—"

"And then there's always the insurance," Jerry said, "and the allotment."

She looked at him suspiciously. "I hope you're not trying to make fun of me. He was a jerk, that's all. It's not my fault, is it, if I marry somebody and he turns out to be a jerk?"

Jerry wondered, briefly, who the guy might be and where he was and whether there was a picture in his wallet lying, as he had seen so many of them, on some strange field in some strange land. He got up abruptly. He put down the money for the drinks.

"Why don't you go home," he suggested gently, "and write him a letter? I'll bet you write wonderful letters. I've got a few to write myself."

He was striding down the narrow aisle among the tables, her voice following him: "Say, who do you think you are?"

Who, indeed, he thought, repeating the question to himself, and what was he doing here? This wasn't where he belonged. This wasn't where he wanted to be. All this confusion in his mind had to be sorted out and set down on paper. He couldn't go on forever running away. Write to Casey, he thought. Try to tell her about it.

He stopped at the desk for his key. The clerk looked at him a little sharply, a little strangely.

"Oh," he said, "Mr. Paine. Your wife is waiting for you. We gave her the key."

Elaine was cold and tired and frightened, and her fright mounted to panic when she finally heard his step—firm and hurrying—down the corridor. She knew that step and would know it anywhere, just as she knew the warm tones of his voice and the many expressions of his dark eyes and the funny little habit he had of beginning sentences with, "Well, say now—" That detective agency hadn't had any difficulty at all, really, in locating him and finding out the name he was using. They had even supplied her with a small record of all his doings since he'd left New York. The places he had worked; the hotels he had rested in. All kinds of people, apparently, knew him, and they all liked him and they remembered him. "Oh, yes. Tall, quiet, good-looking guy. Got a bad leg that you can hardly notice. War, I guess, though he doesn't say much about himself. He was in here the other day—"

And so he had been tracked down and found. It had cost a lot—an appalling lot, really—but it had been worth it, because what was money for anyway, except to use to make yourself and the people you liked happy? It broke her heart to think of Jerry living in a place like this. She could give him everything. Everything in the world he'd ever want. And that's what she wanted to do now. Just make him happy; never mind about herself.

And then the door swung open. The room was shadowed, and he stood there, his eyes straining into the semidarkness. She could sense the tenseness, the confused emotions of that second of time before he said:

"Casey?" tentatively; and she said:

"No, it isn't Casey. It's me."

THIS was the last hotel, and if he wasn't here, he wasn't anywhere. Casey didn't know, of course, what name he might be using. She had hunted through hotel registers, hoping that somehow a vaguely familiar name would pounce out at her and she would recognize it as belonging to Jerry. Harry and Ben had thought her insane for embarking on such a fool's errand and had told her so, Harry lending her the money to do it with.

Mag Landon had offered to come along with her. "I'd like to get out of New York for a while. I find myself minding the heat and the noise this year. I never minded them before. I used to love New York."

She spoke nervously and jerkily, utterly unlike her usual casual sardonic self. And under the thread of Casey's worries about herself ran a constant worry about Mag, who was

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her best friend and who had devoted herself so unselfishly to Casey during all the dark days when Jerry had been away. It wasn't like Mag to look so strained and white. It wasn't only that her lover was tiring of her. That would be bad enough. But it was worse. It was something that made Mag desperate and haunted, moving restlessly from chair to chair, not hearing people when they spoke to her, and then making a superhuman effort to appear casual and almost indifferent to Carl when he was around. Whatever it was, she didn't want Carl to know. Casey wished she could have brought her along, but this time she had to see Jerry alone. She'd made that mistake the last time—having themselves surrounded by mobs of people—people he didn't know or didn't like.

BEN had been pessimistic about the trip.

They had been sitting in Grand Central Station, waiting for the gates to swing open, and Ben had said quietly:

"I'm not going to talk to you as though I expected never to see you again, because I know I will see you again. In a few days, perhaps in a week, I think you'll be back, and I might even find myself feeling a little sorry for you, though I hope not. You can't love or respect or want people you feel sorry for. Whether your husband has gone off in search of his soul or in search of another woman, you ought to let him alone."

"I can't very well sit on the side lines like that, Ben. If Elaine's found him, she's found him. She's made it possible for me to find him. I'm not going out there with any vindictiveness or anything like that. I promised Colonel Duryea I wouldn't let Elaine be hurt and I mean to keep that promise."

"Women are always promising themselves things like that, Casey, because underneath they're vain enough to think their men wouldn't really prefer some other woman to themselves. You'll forget all that if you find out—well, if you find out anything. Casey," he had said on a new note, a more anxious note, "why don't you give it all up? For two years you never saw him. He's not a husband. He's a good-looking young man with whom you legally spent a few week-ends. If you were sensible, you'd let it go at that. For both your sakes."

She had felt her lashes quiver. She had felt the tears and pressed them back. Why didn't people stop trying to tell her that Jerry wasn't any good? Didn't they know yet that good or bad, she wanted him? Maybe he'd never be successful. Maybe he'd never make a lot of money. What difference did it make? She wouldn't mind. If only he wanted her and loved her!

"Ben darling, I'm sorry. There's nothing you can do about it."

"Do you realize," he had said directly, "that if you hadn't met Jerry Hayes, you'd have married me?"

She had looked at him. Strong, successful, attractive face. A man women loved—too many of them—and men liked and respected. A man, you would have said, who had everything. What didn't he have that Jerry had? Some warmth, some recklessness that made Jerry forever young, forever vulnerable to hurt, that made him run away, pretending he didn't give a damn because he cared so much that others were succeeding where he was failing.

"Yes, darling," she had said to Ben, "I do know that. I would have fallen in love with you and I would have married you."

They were a small island of silence amid the noise and hurry of all the departures crowding in around them. His hand had been folded tightly over her white-gloved one. After a while Ben had said:

"I admire your loyalty and your decency and your integrity and all those things you have that I haven't got and never did have and don't even want. I admire them so much, my dear, that I hope you'll find what you're going out to look for. The fact that I don't think you will find it doesn't matter. If you don't, be sure to come back, won't you? Don't be too proud, or anything like that."

"You're the nicest wolf!" she said unsteadily. And he had said, "If you start to cry, you'll miss your train—"

And now her search was almost at an end. She walked reluctantly up to the desk in this cheap commercial hotel. Men stared at her.

"I'm looking for a friend," Casey explained to the clerk behind the desk. "She's married and I don't recall her married name, but I'd recognize it if I saw it. May I look through the registry of guests for the last few days?"

That was the story she'd decided upon, since one couldn't very well canvass hotels in search of a husband who'd changed his name in order not to be found. The clerk decided she was all right and spun the book around.

Her eye—practiced now—ran down the names. There was one that leaped out at her—but no, that was Mrs. Jerome Paine of New York. And farther back, her husband, Mr. Jerome Paine of New York. So that wasn't it.

"Find it?" The clerk was ready to be conversational. She was a pretty girl, dressed better than most who came in here, and she was traveling alone.

"No. No, I'm afraid she isn't here." A sliver of mirror at the clerk's back showed her face to be tired and white. She oughtn't to brush her hair up quite so severely any more. It was beginning to make her look old. "I wonder if you'd have a room for me for the night. I was so sure I'd find my friend that I didn't bother to make reservations."

"Why, sure," the man said agreeably. "I'm sure we can help out a pretty young girl traveling alone."

His dropped eyelid was sly and stupid and obvious, and Casey thought, I oughtn't to stay here. It's an awful place. She opened her lips to change her mind about staying, but the man's hand had hit the bell on his desk and an ancient porter was coming for her bag. She scrawled her name hurriedly beneath the name of Mrs. Jerome Paine, writing, "Miss Kathleen Corliss," because it was habit with her now.

She turned to follow the porter. She ran the gamut of staring, reflective male gazes, walking toward the elevator which was just descending. The gate swung back, creaking and clanking, and it was queer how the thing happened to her. She always thought, afterward—when she got so that she could think about it at all—that it was one of those flashes of intuition or clairvoyance that sometimes tells you something awful is about to happen. It was some nameless something that kept her rooted to one spot on the faded flowered carpeting of the hotel lobby. And then Jerry was there in the elevator, exposed to view suddenly, like an actor caught off guard when the curtain goes up too soon. There he was, among men and women and soldiers who were strangers to her. One arm was linked through the arm of Elaine Duryea. His dark head was bent, talking to her, so that Elaine saw Casey before Jerry did.

And then the porter said, "Oh, Mr. Paine—shall we bring Mrs. Paine's bags up now?"

CASEY'S eyes were wide. She could feel them wide and staring. She could not have moved had her life depended upon it. Elaine's face, suddenly afraid, as though she thought Casey might shoot her.

Jerry's voice, floating across some great distance to reach her ringing, strangely deafened ears!

"Casey! For God's sake—where did *you* come from?"

"The stork brought me." Was that *her* voice? That cold, quiet, controlled voice remembering to be amusing in the midst of chaos? She felt a tide of hysteria rising inside of her and pushed it back. "Well," she said, "I had to see it with my own eyes to believe it, Jerry."

"Casey, listen—" he spoke low, quietly, trying to prevent the appearance of a scene. Elaine said nothing. People moved past them, throwing them no more than a cursory glance. "Let's get out of this lobby and off somewhere where we can talk—"

But Casey was reclaiming her bag from the porter. "I'm afraid I haven't time for that now, Jerry. I can just make a train back East if I hurry. So why don't you write me whatever it was you thought you could tell me? You were always pretty good at letter-writing, Jerry. You wrote some awfully convincing ones. They kept me faithful to you for two long years—"

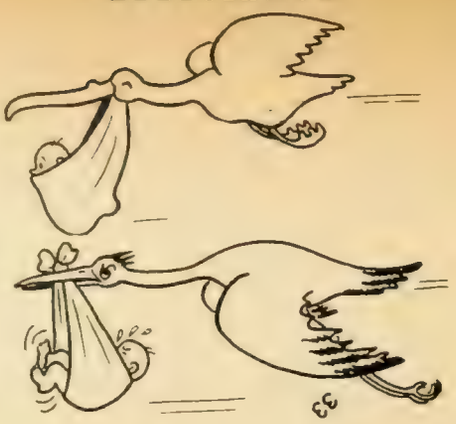
"Casey—*Casey!*"

"But this time you'd better use that clever legal mind of yours and make the letter in the form of a brief. A nice neat legal brief, Jerry, and I guess you know the grounds as well as I do."

She wasn't walking away from him. She was running, almost knocking down an elderly woman. And Jerry's feet pounded along behind Casey for a few steps and then ceased. She didn't look back. He knew, then, that it wasn't any use.

Next week's concluding installment tells how Jerry and Elaine discovered their mistake and how they rectified it.

EFFICIENCY



Oh, the pelican, how well he can
Hold the job the stork possesses.
For a baby in a cabin job
Would have less strains and stresses!

—*ERIC ERICSON.*

SOME ONE TO BELONG TO

Continued from Page 17

him eagerly, her eyes pleading for understanding. "I've given him a family. I can't take it away from him."

"I understand, Nancy. Of course you can't take it away." James Jason tamped some fresh tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, his expression reflective. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you can play this cousin game until the war is over. When he doesn't have to face any more fighting, you might risk telling him the truth."

Nancy's face flushed softly. "I'm afraid to wait," she admitted in a low voice. "As you know, I have no family and I live at the Peters' home. Naturally, he sees a lot of Janet."

"That, of course," admitted Mr. Jason, after a long draw on his pipe, "alters the whole picture. Suppose you give me a very brief sketch of what has been going on. I know Janet, and I can fill in the details."

Nancy had been surprised, she confided to Mr. Jason, when Janet made no effort to go with her to meet Larry's train. Ever since Larry's picture had arrived, Janet had had a certain gleam in her eye which meant that Nancy was about to be relieved of her man. It had happened before, but until now it had never mattered.

It had started to rain when Nancy and Larry were almost home from the station and they had made a dash for it, arriving breathless and laughing, all the diffidence that lay between them miraculously dissolved. Larry took a quick appreciative look at the fine old colonial house as they ran up the front walk and said, "This is the kind of house I've always dreamed my folks came from." Nancy unlocked the door and after a brief happy preliminary of shaking the water from their clothes and depositing Larry's bag at the foot of the stairs, they had entered the living room. When Larry paused in the doorway with an involuntary exclamation of pleasure, Nancy could not be sure whether it was for the charm of the room itself, with its crackling fire and its cheerful clutter of things accumulated by many generations, or for the picture that Janet made curled on the hearthrug.

THAT curling-on-the-hearthrug routine had been used before and with such devastating results that Nancy's first flash of anger was quickly followed by panic. She could only stand there helplessly and watch Janet raise her eyes from her book and gaze at Larry with a kind of startled, and very flattering, wonder. She was wearing a flame-colored house coat which caught the firelight and made a pool of radiance about her. Janet's hair was black and smooth and the fire cast a glow over it, warming it as it warmed her clear white skin and outlining the chiseled perfection of her features. She waited just long enough to give Larry an indelible imprint of the vivid tableau and then, in one graceful, flowing motion, she was on her feet.

"Glamour having reared its sleek black head, what happened next?" inquired Mr. Jason.

Nancy admitted that in her despair she had stammered over the introduction. Janet put her hand into Larry's and said indulgently, "No wonder Nancy's excited. Who wouldn't be, if a cousin like you materialized out of nowhere?"

As his eyes took in the shining hair, the lovely features, the smooth line of the throat, and then swept quickly over the tight bodice and long billowing skirt, Larry said appreciatively, "This is so nice to come home to." Standing beside them in her damp suit, Nancy had felt alone and offensively tweedy.

"I had no idea it was so late," said Janet, still looking at Larry, "or I would have been dressed." She patted Nancy's arm affectionately and almost glanced at her. "Darling, you look so bedraggled. Hadn't you better run upstairs and get those nasty wet clothes off? You catch cold so easily." She smiled at Larry, sharing her good-humored tolerance with him.

Larry ran an experimental hand across Nancy's shoulders. "You're not very wet," he said. "We'll dry you out right here by the fire." He took off her jacket and hung it over the back of a Windsor chair. Then he pulled up an armchair, and when Nancy was seated, he dropped down before her and pulled off her shoes, laying them, soles upward, on the hearth. "There," he said, rising and smiling down at her, "you'll be dry as tinder in no time at all and Janet can go and dress without having to worry."

"In the first inning," remarked Mr. Jason, "you seem to have made one hit and no errors."

From there on out, however, Nancy was completely unable to read the score. There was no doubt of Larry's devotion to her, but he was invariably charming to Janet also. Mr. and Mrs. Peters had insisted that Larry be their guest, and there was no plausible reason for refusing. "If Janet only worked," Nancy wailed, "it wouldn't be so bad. But she has him from nine to three every day while I'm here. When I want to take him some place that's interesting, Janet has already taken him. When I meet some friends and introduce him, Janet has already introduced him. He said he wanted to come back here after the war, so Janet's father took him to Rotary. He said he liked spareribs and sauerkraut, so Janet's mother cooked spareribs and sauerkraut. Don't you see?" Nancy concluded desperately. "I'm only his cousin and an orphan at that."

"Mr. and Mrs. Peters both believe that Larry is your cousin?"

"Oh, yes," said Nancy hopelessly. "Every one thinks he's my cousin, except Janet, and she knows the truth. That's one secret she'll never tell!"

IT was the cottage, Nancy explained, which had clinched Larry's decision to return to Vermont after the war. "Your cottage," she told the author, "the one you own on Turnbull Lane."

Nancy had first seen that cottage during her freshman year at the university and since then it had been the center of her daydreams. She had told Larry yesterday afternoon that she would take him to see her precious cottage, but when he came for her at Mr. Jason's, Janet was with him.

"I hear we're going to look at that love of a place on Turnbull Lane," Janet had said, so the three of them had gone.

Larry stood leaning against the picket fence, his eyes taking in every detail—the steeply slanting roof, the little half-windows across the front, the trellis by the stoop, the upstairs window which slanted crazily to avoid the roof of the

ell. He looked at the garden with its crooked path and its lilac bushes and its old well, and then he looked out over the hills. He said just four words. He said, "I want that house."

"Mr. Jason owns it," Nancy told him. "It's rented to an artist now, but as soon as the war is over he's going to build his own house and then Mr. Jason is going to sell this one."

"I've been wanting to meet your Mr. Jason," said Larry. "After all, we owe him a lot. He's actually the one who introduced us."

Janet said, "You don't need to talk to him about the house. Daddy will get all the dope on it for you."

"She told him," said Nancy, "about the paneling in the living room, the way you go down two steps into the dining room, and the big open fireplace in the kitchen. Finally she was talking about how it should be furnished, and that, of course, led to the subject of how many fine antiques her family will give her when she gets married."

"Rather obvious, wasn't it?" inquired Mr. Jason.

"You never can tell what appears obvious to a man," replied Nancy resignedly. "Before we left the cottage yesterday, Janet had managed it so that I was once again an orphan with no background and the cottage practically belonged to her."

THERE was a discreet knock at the door and in answer to Mr. Jason's "Come in" a maid entered.

"A young gentleman to see you, sir. He says he's a friend of Miss Tyler's."

"You can show him in." The author turned to Nancy as the door closed. "Do you, by any chance, want me to tell him that you're not cousins?"

Nancy looked at him in horror. "Oh, no!" she cried. "I couldn't take that away from him."

"Even at the risk of losing him?"

Nancy had just time to shake her head, her lips clenched between her teeth, her eyes bright with the threat of tears, when the door opened and Lieutenant Larry Guysin entered the room. As Mr. Jason rose and held out his hand to greet his visitor, he conceded to himself that Nancy's description had not been too glowing. Larry Guysin was indeed a big, good-looking, beautifully co-ordinated young man. But the word that came to the writer's mind and stuck there was "likable."

"Nancy has been telling me about you," said Mr. Jason cordially. He looked across at Nancy. "If you want to get those letters ready for my signature, while the lieutenant and I are talking, you can do them now."

When Nancy had gone into her own little study, ostensibly to type some letters which didn't exist, Mr. Jason gestured toward a chair and then lost no time in coming down to cases. "I hear you found a cousin through one of my books," he said. "Amazing coincidence, wasn't it?"

"Amazing," Lieutenant Guysin agreed. He stretched out long legs and rested his black head against the back of the wing chair. "I had to talk to you," he said, "because I'm in something of a jam. You see, sir, Nancy wrote me that her mother's name was Guysin. She did it in answer to a letter I wrote you. You probably read that letter. I'd just gotten back to Algiers from Sicily and I read your book in the hospital. Nothing serious," he said quickly, in reply to Mr. Jason's gesture of inquiry. "I was a little knocked about and there won't be any more active duty for me, but I'm not washed out. They'll be able to use me for training. But to get back to Nancy. I can see now that my letter sounded pretty lonesome. I was, sort of. You know, things back home get awfully important when you're stepping off into space above enemy territory. I guess I let that get into my letter." Lieutenant Guysin took a cigarette from his pocket, tapped it on the desk and lighted it. "When I received Nancy's letter saying we were probably cousins, I was—well, sir, I can't tell you what it meant to me. I never guessed until I got up here and had a chance to really talk to her."

"Guessed what?"

Lieutenant Guysin smiled at him, a nice between-us-men smile. "You know she's not my cousin," he said. "She's done a swell job of ad-libbing about my father's boyhood, but she gets her dates mixed. She's had him sliding out of haylofts, breaking his ankle, two years before he was born." Larry's grin deepened. "She's awful cute when she's making all this up. And damned sweet, too." His face was suddenly serious. "I don't know what to do about it," he confessed. "I'm afraid it'll break her heart to find out that I know she's deceived me. She's so happy being my cousin. Being an orphan herself, it means an awful lot to her to have a cousin even by proxy. Sometimes I think she's kidded herself into actually believing I *am* her cousin."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Jason, and clamped his lips firmly about the stem of his pipe.

Lieutenant Guysin leaned forward, his face alight with eagerness. "You have a cottage," he said, "that I understand you're going to sell after the war. I'd like to buy that cottage now with whatever arrangements you consider would be fair to your tenants. I can pay you cash for it and I'd like to get the whole thing set before I leave town. You see, if anything should happen to me—not that anything will, but just in case—I want Nancy to have the cottage."

"Nancy?"

"Yes, of course Nancy. Who else?"

"Well, I wouldn't know," said Mr. Jason. "Rumors get around in small towns. I have been hearing that a young paratroop officer has been courting Janet Peters."

Larry shrugged. "She's Nancy's closest friend and the daughter of my hosts. What could I do?"

"I wanted to be sure," said Mr. Jason pleasantly, "that if you did come back, you weren't planning to furnish that cottage with Janet's antiques."

"Oh," said Lieutenant Guysin, "there are plenty of antiques in Vermont that don't belong to Janet. But first I have to figure out a way to wean Nancy out of this cousin mood. You know," he was serious again, "when a girl's got her mind set on being a fellow's cousin, he can't suddenly begin talking matrimony."

MR. JASON stood up abruptly. "How much longer do you have here?"

"Ten days," replied Larry in surprise.

Mr. Jason waved an imperative hand toward the door through which Nancy had disappeared. "Go get her," he said.

By the time the lieutenant and Nancy had arrived at Mr. Jason's desk that gentleman had extracted a large flat book from the lowest shelf of the bookcase and was opening it on his desk. "I'm going to show you two children something," he said, "and after I've done it, I suppose I'll have to make an apology to you. You can be as indignant as you want to be and I'm not going to blame you." He flipped a few pages and then stopped at one covered with the stylized design of a tree which, in place of fruit, bore little square boxes.

"This is the Jason family tree," Mr. Jason explained. "As for the name Guysin, I didn't get it from Nancy's mother and I didn't get it out of the air. One of my ancestors—this one here," he put his finger over one of the little boxes, "married a girl named Prudence Guysin. I don't know anything about the Guysin family. Maybe she had brothers and maybe the lieutenant here is descended from one of them. If so, he's a distant cousin of mine. When I received that letter from a stranger, I confess I slipped up a little on the humanitarian side. I didn't know anything about the Guysin family and I didn't feel like taking some one into my family sight unseen. You can call it heartlessness or snobbishness or anything you like. But that's the way it happened.

"If I'd met Lieutenant Guysin in person," he smiled across the desk at the startled young couple, "I'd have been

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FRYAR: A monk at the stove.

SBLENDID: Wonderful coffee.

YELLOQUENT: A cowardly orator.

OBITCHUARY: Mrs. Fido's death notice.

SOLEMN-ON: You'd be gloomy, too, if you had all those wives.

COMPLICAISSONS: Difficulties with those things that go rolling along.

THUMBLE: A thimble for your thumb.

GHOULASH: Food for a grave robber.

SOBSTETRICIAN: A doctor who cries at a childbirth.

PEWPIL: A skunk at skool.

"Change the oil, grease the transmission, and scrape the barnacles off the rear axle."

only too glad to claim a relationship. And I'm delighted to do it now." He came around the corner of the desk and put a hand on the arm of each, turning them toward the doorway. "You two have a lot of explaining to do," he said, "and I have a lot of work to do. Suppose you have dinner with me tomorrow night and we'll celebrate."

By the time they reached the hall, Larry had recovered his voice. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I do appreciate your doing this. It was natural for you not to have wanted to bother about a stranger and it's swell of you to come through now." He put an arm around Nancy. "You didn't say you wouldn't sell me the cottage," he reminded his host.

"Oh, I'll sell you the cottage. In fact, I'll sell it to you furnished. It's chockful of stuff that belonged in my family. For all I know, there may be a piece or two that Prudence Guysin brought with her dowry. Too bad it's occupied now," he added. "You could use it next week for your honeymoon."

Nancy gave a frightened little gasp and looked up at Larry beseechingly. "I—I—" she stammered.

Larry put a finger over her lips. "Forget it," he commanded. Then, because he needed both arms for the job he had to do, he took his finger away and covered her lips with his own.

"Geronimo!" exclaimed Mr. Jason as he closed the door.

Fifteen minutes later, James G. Jason was staring out over the gold-and-crimson hills that stretched toward Mount Mansfield. In his mind's eye he was watching a pioneer woman come out of a cabin on the shores of Rhode Island, but no matter how much he concentrated on her, he couldn't banish a faint tugging at his mind which kept bringing him back to Vermont in the autumn of 1943. "Oh, yes," he murmured suddenly, and went over to the flat volume on his desk. He took a very fine-pointed pen from the drawer and dipped it in India ink. Then he hunted the little square where he had once written "James Jason m. Prudence Guy." With great care he wrote "s-i-n" after the "Guy" and blotted it.

"There!" he said with satisfaction. "Sin has at last caught up with Prudence."

THE END

WE WANT THEM BACK ALIVE

Continued from Page 15

we are on the offensive. Colonel Stovall, who was a front-line observer for the Army Ground Forces in Sicily and Italy, explains:

"Consistently the American Army has traded matériel for sweat and sweat for blood. By that I mean that where shells or machines could do the job, they have; and where a great deal of sweat—that is, time and toil—could do the job, that method was chosen over one that would have been shorter and more spectacular—and bloodier.

"We have fired millions of rounds of artillery shells—more than the Germans ever dreamed could be used. There has been no waste, but where there was a chance that an artillery shell might kill a German, or save an American, that round has been fired."

The rule to keep casualties low governs the decisions of the men who direct this war, who order all moves, political as well as military, on the whole global front. And now at this stage of the conflict, when, to quote General Marshall, "the Allied avalanche is at last in motion, gathering headway with each succeeding month," it is important that the American people realize how closely this rule is followed.

Grand strategy—that is, selecting our major points of attack—has been planned with a view to keeping casualties down. Operations, the capture of enemy strongholds in those major theaters, have followed a definite pattern of "softening" the foe by firepower before our soldiers move in. In both these phases of warfare, thought has been given to whole armies, to divisions, and to smaller troop units. Yet the individual soldier, the G. I. dogface himself, has been given even more consideration. He gets the best training possible and he is provided with the most effective and modern weapons. If he is wounded, he receives the very finest medical care.

In early February, with huge areas of land in the Pacific and the Mediterranean theaters recaptured, we had lost a total of about 33,000 killed in two years of fighting. Yet in just one year, 1943, accidents killed 94,500 persons in the United States. American Marines, within three weeks after landing at Cape Gloucester in New Britain on December 26, 1943, killed 2,400 Japs while losing only 400 of their own men. Although this 6-1 proportion is unusual except in the air where we are vastly superior, nearly all of our major battles and many minor ones have cost the enemy far more than they cost our men.

In choosing the military areas to which we would send men or supplies, or both, political considerations have entered the picture, but have lost out where American lives were involved. The pressure for a second front in western Europe early in the war was tremendous. Yet, because of the casualties to be expected while our men were neither well trained nor too well armed, the plan was rejected.

It is an open secret in Washington that General Marshall has clung firmly to two battle principles. First, not to undertake a large offensive operation like the second front until we are so

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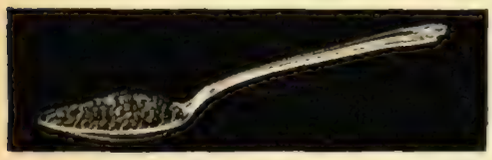

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well prepared that the risk of failure or very heavy losses is practically nonexistent. Second, not to spread our supplies of guns and equipment so thin over many fronts that we will not have enough to be really effective in any one area.

In planning our campaigns we could not risk frontal attacks without heavy casualties. So we hit at Japanese power thousands of miles south of Tokyo, and at Germany indirectly, across the Mediterranean. And, until our preparations for those assaults were completed, General Marshall had to dodge brickbats from all sides and advice from the four corners of the land, while Secretary of State Hull could make no adequate reply to critics of our diplomacy. American lives were involved; security demanded secrecy.

OUR first major point of attack, Guadalcanal, August 7, 1942, was a tough assignment. We suffered necessary losses, for it was vital that we get a toehold in the Solomons to start up the long sea road to Tokyo. Our second offensive, the North African invasion on November 8, 1942, had elements of risk, but our preparations were so tremendous and thorough—by General Marshall and his aides—that we won a comparatively easy victory. Tarawa was a costly experiment, like Dieppe, but we profited from our lesson and soon took the Marshall Islands by using terrific firepower and incurred few losses.

Right along, in World War II, political considerations have been ignored when the lives of American soldiers were at stake. "At the time of the American landing," said Robert Murphy, diplomat who worked with General Mark Clark in planning for the North African invasion, "Admiral Darlan had at his command 300,000 soldiers and sailors in Africa, while General de Gaulle had only a handful. That's why we worked with Admiral Darlan. The best proof of his help is found in the fact that, whereas our Army leaders expected the casualty list to run to 15,000, actually it was well under 2,000, including Army and Navy."

Secretary Hull, criticized because Allied supplies were going to both Mihailovitch and Tito in Yugoslavia, retorted emphatically that we help any one who kills Germans.

So much for grand strategy. As to actual operations in the field, the American theory of warfare is to blow the enemy's fortifications and defenses to bits before attacking. We have seen that happen right along.

An extreme instance of success was the capture of Pantelleria, Italian stronghold off Tunisia. The island was bombed and shelled into surrender; no assault was necessary.

Our attack on Germany from the air, and on the whole of Fortress Europe, has been the same sort of assault on a grand scale—ceaseless bombing of production units, communications, and defenses. This has been done to cut down our own casualty lists previous to the opening of the second front.

There have been six Allied amphibious operations in the Mediterranean area—Morocco, Algeria, Sicily, Calabria, Salerno, and Nettuno-Anzio. These followed the same general pattern of attack.

At Nettuno-Anzio, south of Rome, for example, there was first a week-long pounding by heavy bombers of marshaling grounds, of the main German communication arteries leading to the area, and of airdromes where antishipping aircraft were based. Then, as the boats roared in on the beaches of Anzio on January 22, more than 500 sorties were flown by fighter planes in immediate support. Our landing was made with little opposition.

This, according to General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Allied Mediterranean commander, "was due entirely to the action of the Air Force which, by attacking the enemy's airports in the Rome area, disrupted his means of reconnaissance and threw them out of gear at the crucial time when the convoys were leaving and proceeding northward up the beaches."

Overwhelmingly superior forces, superior in weapons especially rather than in numbers of men, have been our goal and have been primarily responsible for our many low-cost victories. Our great naval operations in the Central Pacific in February illustrate the meaning of real fighting power.

WE cannot tell how many hundreds of vessels are now engaged in blasting the Japs out of their coral-island rat holes. But we do know that a huge fleet "train" is carrying the offensive far from our one major base in the Pacific—Pearl Harbor. We know that this train consists of ships of all types —tankers, transports, carriers, battle wagons large and small, and refrigeration, hospital, munitions, and repair vessels—a whole floating base in itself, steaming to any point in the vast ocean to give the task force whatever help it may need before and after the big guns roar.

The planes and guns from this mighty force pasted Truk on February 16-17. The organization of the "train" made it possible for the striking force to refuel and resupply in a few hours and go on to blast the Marianas on February 22, hitting 1,300 miles from Tokyo and 1,600 miles from Manila. And here as in the Marshalls it was sheer weight of weapons that held casualties down to amazingly low figures. Owing to tremendous preparations, everything was in our favor.

This three-weeks operation, beginning at Kwajalein in the Marshalls and sweeping westward 1,500 miles to Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas, doubtless will be recorded as one of the most remarkable naval campaigns of history.

The element of surprise entered into the operations against the Marianas. The Japs apparently were unprepared for our attack, not believing we could hit that island group so soon after

CAPTIOUS MONTH

April lures you out of doors,
Goads you into garden chores;
Sets you hoeing, spading, weeding,
Fertilizing, spraying, seeding,
Straining ligaments, busting galluses,
Raising a bumper crop of calluses.
April dawns as bland as June,
Beckons brightly, and—as soon
As the first green tendril shows—
Pulls a heavy frost, and blows.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

pasting Truk. It was surprise, too, that kept casualties down in our landings in North Africa, at Salerno, and at Nettuno-Anzio. Our relatively easy landings in Italy, however, were followed by determined German resistance after the Nazis recovered from their surprise.

Cleverness, a rapid change of plans, initiative—all part of our national heritage—play their part, too. For example, General MacArthur planned a reconnaissance visit to Los Negros in the Admiralty Islands, 330 miles from Rabaul. But when the First Cavalry Division (dismounted) landed on the island on March 1 and met little resistance, it decided to stay, trapping 50,000 Japs in the Bismarck Archipelago.

The best combination today for victorious operations is a fast-thinking staff and a military machine capable of moving at high speed, and behind the lines an intricate organization for supplies and services. The team idea, infantry plus artillery plus air force, well co-ordinated, has been winning our victories.

In general, this is how we capture a fortified position:

First, we use matériel to the greatest extent possible, instead of personnel. We throw aviation bombs; we smother the area with artillery shells. The infantry, the crowd that has to do the final trick, sometimes avoids a frontal attack on a prepared position. We keep firing at the enemy to hold him in that position; then we attack on both flanks, if practicable, so that if one force is stopped the other can do the job. Artillery and bombing can protect troops to a certain point, but when infantry gets to within about 150 yards of the objective the troops are on their own and have to close in, hand-to-hand—protected only by their own fire.

AMERICA'S rigorous individual-training program, with its terrific tests of stamina and the use of live ammunition, might well have been born in France in the summer of 1918.

Thirty German divisions, on May 27, attacked and captured Soissons, reaching the Marne and Château-Thierry, driving the French in confusion toward Paris. General Pétain called for American help, and we rushed green troops into the breach. They stopped the Germans by sheer determination and courage, but many paid with their lives for their lack of real experience. An operations colonel who came over soon after, "regarded as one of the most outstanding officers America developed in World War I," may well have taken this lesson to heart and determined that it would not happen again. He was George C. Marshall.

Training today is realistic, to say the least. Soldiers don't just talk about Molotov cocktails—they actually make them with old bottles and gasoline. They're kept flat, while creeping, by real bullets that sing just above them. They march under desert suns, ski and parachute in the snows of high mountains, sneak through steaming jungles—before they meet the foe.

"The tougher you are, the longer you live," is the rule.

In World War I troops often received two to eight weeks' training, mostly in close-order drill, and some arrived in France without having even fired a rifle.

The present basic training alone lasts seventeen weeks, and specialized instruction follows, as well as extended maneuvers. Often the complete training

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lasts two years. The First Division was in hard training for three years.

Each camp now has an "infiltration course." Each trainee crawls about seventy-five yards on his face while machine guns fire tracers over his head, demolitions explode near by, and barbed wire, simulated bodies, and débris complete the battle picture. Every trainee must face and solve a series of situations. Enemy snipers, plane attacks, difficult terrain, machine-gun nests—all are parts of the combat reaction course designed to soften the shock of actual battle.

The newest thing in the Army Ground Forces are the replacement depots for training in this country, and theater commanders have also established them overseas. As most of the men now being trained are to be used for replacement duty, these depots give them the latest up-to-the-minute type of training.

And before a soldier goes overseas his record is reviewed to make sure that he has missed no training angle. He must be completely prepared for every sort of devilishness and trickery that a cunning foe can devise.

As for weapons, America's superiority in the air is an old story. We have the fastest, toughest planes, with the best arms and armor, the longest range, and using the most powerful fuel. Our small arms and artillery—Garand rifle, carbine, bazooka, 50-caliber machine gun, cannons, mortars, howitzers all up the scale to the 155-mm. work-horse gun, the "Long Tom"—are either new or have been greatly improved since World War I.

Thus our strategy, training, and weapons reduce the number of casualties. Our military doctors and nurses with new drugs and methods—the use of plasma against shock and of the sulfonamides and penicillin against infection—have reduced the number of fatalities in battle. Everything, large or small, does a part in saving lives.

This is the present state of efficiency of the American Army. Now battles are impending which, according to General Marshall, will "decide the course of civilization."

Our chief of staff has no fears about how the battles will go. "American troops will for the first time face the full power of the German Army," he said recently. "I have no fears whatsoever regarding the ability of the American soldier to meet any situation. Our men are well trained. They are now well disciplined. Many of the soldiers are battle-tested veterans.

"No Army is better equipped. The troops are an inspiration to their commanders."

THE END

A WORD FROM THE WISE (?)

The mentors advise
  Ev'ry Tom, Dick, and Harry
To try to increase
  His vocabulary.

There'd be more of a point
  To all this, I suppose,
Had he something to say
  With the words that he knows.

—JOHN E. GIBSON.

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I·V·C

WINES BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

HOW WE CAN WIN BUT STILL LOSE IN THE ORIENT

Continued from Page 19

tablishment of puppet governments. The puppets are natives who willingly play along with the Japs for the easy living and dubious honors they gain thereby. Nevertheless, there is a semblance of self-government—always under the strict supervision of Japanese civilians and military. But the native masses have not yet awakened to that fact, such is their elation over being rid of their white masters and their resurgence of national pride under the sure guidance of Japan's propaganda.

Meanwhile, the Japs pour into native ears the soothing syrup of "the Orient for the Orientals." "All Asia is now marching arm in arm except traitor Chungking," they say. They refer to the Chinese leaders of Chungking as "fratricidal," and remind the people that but for the Japanese they would "forever be the horses and cows of the Americans and English."

One of the most effective gestures Japan has made in the occupied territories is the turning over to the native "government" of numerous parcels of enemy property. The properties include English and American hotels, swank clubs, radio stations, mission houses, motorcar plants, packing plants, printing establishments, and other valuable items of real estate. The turnovers are accompanied by appropriate ceremonies for broadcast to all the Orient.

There is a steady stream of Japanese educators, medical professors, scientists, agriculturists, industrialists, and various cultural experts flowing between Japan and the occupied lands. These representatives lecture before native schools, attend scientific congresses, arrange for the exchange of Japanese and native literatures, compose songs dedicated to the "independence" of the lands conquered, spread the gospel of Greater East Asia, and generally ingratiate themselves with the natives.

PARTICULARLY significant for the immediate future are the Japanese-organized, -equipped, and -trained native armies in the captured countries, except the Philippines. The people are urged to support their national armies so as to defend themselves against the Americans and English. The Japs, of course, are thinking of the imminent Allied invasion of these lands.

When race riots broke out in Detroit and Harlem, Tokyo for days thereafter gave the Orient a lurid picture of racial war being waged in the United States. Such rioting plays beautifully into the hands of Jap propagandists, because they use it to prove what they have been telling the Orientals—that the white people have nothing but hatred for the yellow and brown.

Tojo's tub thumpers are quick on the pick-up. When Congress debated the repeal of the Chinese exclusion law, the Japanese excitedly broadcast quotations from the speeches of opposition congressmen. When Churchill stated, and months later reiterated, that as Prime Minister he was not going to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire, it was meat for the hungry Jap broadcasters.

When we consider the state of the pre-Pearl Harbor Oriental mind, plus the poison the Japanese have injected during the past two years, then these extra shots of venom supplied the Japs by the American and British home fronts may be recognized for the ammunition they are.

One might suppose that the Filipinos' splendid record of allegiance to the United States would be an inspiration to Orientals. It was—until Japan invaded the Philippines. Then the people of the Orient said to themselves, "Now we'll see how loyal the Filipino is to the United States when it comes to actually fighting to defend the Stars and Stripes." And then they saw those Filipinos fight like madmen, die by the thousands, and hide away in the hills and continue to fight.

No doubt the Orientals should have been impressed. But it was not so simple as that. They shook their heads and said, "See, that's what happens when you stand and fight for white civilization. They let you down, you are conquered and tortured, and the white man is safe four thousand miles away!" Naturally, this counsel of despair was fostered with all the cunning of the Jap propagandists.

At first blush it might appear that the United States could easily devise effective counter-propaganda. Frankly, I don't know of any, except to proceed as quickly as possible with the destruction of Japanese military and naval power and the removal of every one of the smirking little creatures to his homeland.

Apparently the United States propaganda authorities feel pretty much the same way, because their broadcasts to the Orient from San Francisco and Chungking consist principally of straight news reports. These American broadcasts are in every respect honest in their reports of war news. For that very reason they remind the Oriental that after twenty months the United States is still punching away at the outer fringe of the Japanese Empire. The Orientals know that the Japs conquered and still hold Burma, British Malaya, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Thailand, French Indo-China, Wake, Guam, and Hong Kong, Shanghai, and other parts of China. Little wonder Orientals consider that thus far Japan has won the war.

The most effective news the United States has been able to broadcast to the Orient is that concerning the repeal of the Chinese exclusion law. But even this is not unqualifiedly valuable propaganda, because Chinese immigration has long been a source of agitation in many of the lands now under the Rising Sun. The Japs, incidentally, tell the Orient that the eleventh-hour repeal of this law by the United States is motivated solely by a desire to keep Chungking in the war.

An exasperating aspect of this seemingly insoluble problem of counter-propaganda is that the United Nations can use only the radio, whereas the Japs use radio, movies, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and public speakers—and in all the numerous Oriental languages and dialects.

Japanese slyness in the use of movies is illustrated by reports out of Manila. Aware that the Filipinos delight in American movies, the Japs run old American films and pack the house. But in between reels they put on short propaganda films—such as the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the surrender of the British at Singapore, the surrender of American soldiers on Bataan and Corregidor. America and Britain simply cannot answer this propaganda; they have no way of reaching the same audiences.

IT is puzzling to find the United States continually emphasizing that the Nip soldiers usually fight to the last man or blow their brains out rather than surrender. This may suggest to Americans that the Japanese have an Army of damn fools, but the iteration of it among the Orientals tends to build up the legend that the Japs are supermen—which they aren't. The Orientals are likely to conclude: "Ah, now the Americans will find out how bravely and with what fanaticism the Asiatics stand up to the white races!"

Moreover, what may be politely called the *oversights* of American and British propaganda are deeply resented by the Orientals. An example of this is that whenever Germany is rumored as preparing to use poison gas President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill promptly issue statements that such tactics will result in immediate reprisals. Yet the Japs used poison gas on Bataan and have used it repeatedly in China, but no comparable public indignation has been indicated.

Even the rodentlike Goebbels could learn from the Japanese by studying how they have succeeded in turning

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Weight ..... Is He Married?

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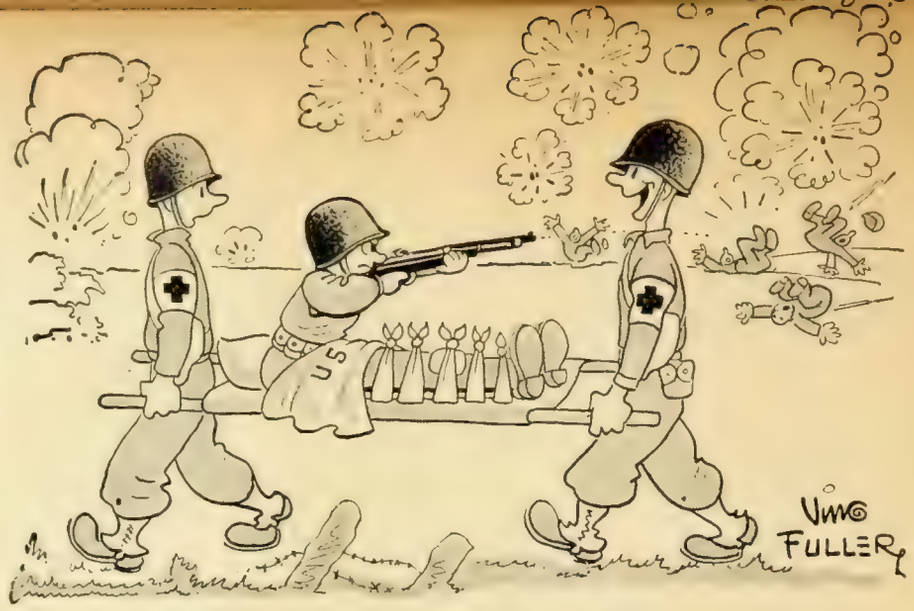

"Patriotic little cuss, isn't he?"

Orientals against Americans by linking America with British imperialism.

The Japs are endeavoring to tie Philippine independence to Indian independence and thereby turn the Filipino against the United States by pointing to America's failure to contest England's attitude toward Indian independence. At the same time Japan is hopeful that she can breach the Anglo-American political front in the Orient.

When the Cairo pact between Britain, the United States, and Chungking failed to make any mention of Hong Kong, Singapore, Burma, and the Dutch East Indies, Japan was provided with more fuel for the fires she is building all over Asia. The Cairo agreement detailed how Japan was to be put and kept in her own back yard, but it failed to take a position on Western imperialism in th Orient.

The United States, therefore, now stands at an international crossroads. The longer she delays in deciding which road to take, the more vulnerable she becomes to Japan's devastating propaganda. Will America stand with the Filipinos and Chinese for true Asiatic democracy and against imperialism? The whole Orient is watching and waiting. It will not forget if America takes the wrong road.

Many Americans may attempt to laugh this off by refusing to believe that the Orientals can be anything but miserable under Japanese domination. No doubt they will be if Nippon is permitted to occupy their lands over a period of years. But for the present there is no indication of general dissatisfaction.

It must be remembered that the white rulers were resented by many of these people and that the Japanese have used that feeling to cement the Japanese Empire—under the name of the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere. Moreover, as soon as the Japanese entered these countries they set about correcting the faults and defects of white administration. In every conceivable manner the Japs have been persuading the native peoples that under Japan's hegemony they may be proud of their race, traditions, customs, beliefs, and nationalism, and that their future prosperity and freedom from white domination lie solely in unity with the great Asiatic family under the fatherly guidance of the Rising Sun.

The Filipino alone remains unconvinced—but from the depths of his allegiance to the United States he calls out for speed, speed, and more speed in removing the hateful Japanese heel from his neck. Meanwhile, his country's confidence in America is being assaulted daily by all the tricks of Japan's propagandists. The Filipino can make no reply. He can only wait for America to come through. If he has to wait too long he may succumb to the Jap poison through sheer exhaustion and disappointment.

That would be a severe blow to American prestige throughout Asia. The United States would have lost its best friend and greatest asset in the Orient. But no American would regret it more than the Filipinos.

Obviously, when Japan is brought to her knees by the Western powers she will have lost face with her fellow Orientals. And yet, because of the dirty work the Japanese have been so effectively engaged in, one may several years hence find them looking with a toothy grin upon an Orient that will never again permit a white people to dominate any part of it.

The only answer we can make now is to speed the victory over Japan. Every day lost is another day given Japan to complete her task of turning the East irrevocably against the West and thereby preparing the stage for a greater and more terrible war in the future.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Winston Churchill hailed a cab and told the cabby to drive him to Radio Station BBC, where he was scheduled to make a speech to the world.

"Sorry, sir," said the driver, "ye'll have to get yourself another cab. I can't go that far."

Mr. Churchill, surprised, asked the cabby why his field of operations was so limited.

"It hain't ordinarily, sir," apologized the driver, "but ye see, sir, Mr. Churchill is broadcasting in an hour, and I wants to get 'ome to 'ear 'im."

Mr. Churchill was so pleased that he pulled out a pound note and handed it to the driver, who took one look at it and said, "Hop in, sir. T'hell with Mr. Churchill!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SEVEN YEARS IN A SARONG

Continued from Page 30

Orleans, shed some of the extra pounds, entered another beauty contest, and emerged as Miss New Orleans. Somebody else became Miss Universe; the disillusioned Dorothy headed for Chicago.

She was sixteen years old when she arrived, broke and glad to get work mending rips in secondhand uniforms for a wholesaler of Army and Navy goods. She earned eight dollars per week. Her mother joined her and became a salad maker at the cafeteria of Mandel's department store. Dorothy moved over to Marshall Field's as a seventeen-dollar-per-week elevator operator—the most widely publicized elevator operator there ever was, when the Paramount press agents heard of it.

She was a girl of good will, and pretty, despite the shoulders, the hips, and the Garboesque feet that made her self-conscious. She made friends, wore the highest-heeled shoes she could find, and bought dresses of slimming design; they all had stripes running vertically. One of her new friends was Dorothy Gulman, Morrison Hotel publicist, who arranged celebrity nights at the basement Terrace Garden.

"She said I could sing there," Dorothy reports. "I didn't know much about singing, but it looked like a chance. I rehearsed Dancing On the Ceiling, borrowed an evening gown, and when the spotlight finally shined on me, I forgot the words. It was awful. I cried. But there was a nice guy there—Herbie Kay. He said he thought I had a good voice. I joined his orchestra. I married him. He is one of the swellest fellows I ever knew."

AS Kay's chanteuse she dropped the b from Lambour and learned how to put over a song in a style, partially nasal, of her own. She turned up in Hollywood in 1936 under contract to sing at the old Clover Club, gambling joint de luxe on the Sunset Strip. Executives of both Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer justified their Clover Club chits by offering her screen tests.

"But I've got the ugliest feet in the world," she says, "and narrow shoulders and big hips. I'd always worried about these things and I didn't think I had a chance in the films. Yet I couldn't help wondering whether the costume designers and the make-up artists could do something for me. I decided to chance it. I made the Metro test, and I was bad. I also made the Paramount test, feared the worst, and caught the train for Denver to meet Herbie. There was a wire waiting from Adolph Zukor, telling me to come back."

Zukor, then operating head of Paramount, had a problem consisting of a cheap wild-animal movie that needed a jungle girl at a small salary before it could go into production. He'd already tested 200 girls and turned them down. He thought maybe Dorothy, who could be hired for peanuts, would fill the bill. She did.

"They hired me at $200 a week," she says, "and I had visions of myself in exclusive gowns. I never felt so awful as when I learned what was going to be exposed, with me in some kind of savage wrapper they called a sarong. The picture was called Jungle Princess. I was to be the princess, but I told 'em I wouldn't unless they did something to make my feet prettier. They looked at my feet and shook their heads. I said they'd have to do something."

The boys made casts of Dorothy's feet and sculptured new ones of latex rubber, which slipped on like shoes, at a cost of $300 per foot. Her new feet were beautiful, but they wore out rapidly on contact with the jungle floor, and the make-up department had to produce a fresh pair every morning. This was getting expensive for a picture on a low budget, and the experts were worried. So was Dorothy. Her synthetic feet were forever flopping off in the middle of a scene. She finally kicked them away and functioned thereafter upon the feet nature gave her.

The producers took Dorothy to Edith Head, studio dress designer, for the fitting of her sarong. Miss Head knew, as well as the people who still complain to her, that a genuine sarong is a skirt knotted at the waist. She has had a lot of mail from the South Sea Islands, where wearers of sarongs display their missionary English in plaintive letters that usually begin like this:

"Dear Madam: We do not cover our busts. Why do you cover Miss Lamour's busts?"

Miss Head, who is a conscientious correspondent, replies that the Hays Office insists Miss Lamour's sarong cover more territory. She made the first sarong of calico thirty-six inches wide and two and a half yards long. She wrapped Miss Lamour in this and tied the package with a knot at the bosom. This was not altogether satisfactory.

"Not only was it like a sack," Dorothy explains, "but when it was wrapped tightly enough to stay on, I couldn't breathe; when it wasn't, I didn't dare. Or not at first. Later I learned that it's muscular control that keeps a sarong up. If you slump—oh, oh!"

The moviemakers discovered in the middle of Dorothy's first movie that it was running short of plot. They had to pad out the running time. One of them remembered that Dorothy had done some singing with Kay's band. He called in composer Frederick Hollander and the lyric writers for a song to lengthen the picture.

In twenty minutes these artisans turned out a ditty they called Moonlight and Shadows. Paramount didn't bother to publish it. Al Siegel, then the studio vocal coach, wrung his hands. He said Dorothy sang it through her nose. Nobody bothered about that; the producers were preoccupied with completing Jungle Princess on schedule and within budget. They did.

THE picture was a smash hit. Nobody was more surprised than Paramount Pictures, Inc. Moonlight and Shadows, as sung by Dorothy, was one of the big tunes of the year. Then Paramount published it. The studio also realized that Miss Lamour had the makings of a multimillion-dollar asset. Zukor ordered his chief press agent, Terry deLapp, to get hot.

DeLapp immediately dispatched Edward Churchill, one of his assistants, and a photographer to Dorothy's apartment with one ape, one small tiger, and a sack of coconuts. Churchill explained the idea was for her to pose as an unspoiled girl of the jungles transported to a great city but still living the life of the outdoors. She put on her sarong, cracked a coconut at the kitchen sink, and posed. While she was busy with the photographer, Churchill let the ape into

I'M A TOUGH TANK DRIVER FROM TEXAS
—but my tender face can't take these cold water shaves
I CAN'T TAKE IT, I TELL YA! WITH THESE WIRY WHISKERS, SHAVING IN COLD WATER RUINS MY SENSITIVE SKIN!
LISTEN, PAL, TRY MY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. EVEN WITH COLD WATER, ITS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LIFEBUOY'S HEAVY, LONG-LASTING LATHER IS SURE KIND TO TENDER SKIN. EVEN WITH A USED BLADE YOU GET SMOOTHER, EASIER SHAVES THAN WITH FAST-DRYING LATHERS
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
DOESN'T DRY OUT— HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL
NO USED TUBE NEEDED—THIS TUBE MADE OF NON-CRITICAL MATERIAL

the corridor. Then he phoned deLapp.

The sergeant at the Hollywood police station was startled by a hysterical feminine voice on the telephone (how could he tell it was deLapp's secretary?) saying there was a half-naked woman in her apartment house with wild animals. That wasn't all, she said. The beasts were loose. The sergeant dispatched a squad car of officers, plus a load of firemen equipped with nets. Dorothy nearly fainted when they banged on her door. Resultant headlines made Zukcr, deLapp, Churchill, and Co. beam.

"They seemed so happy," Dorothy says, "that I had to forgive them. Anyway, they did all this for me."

That wasn't all they did. To their delight, Dr. Arthur Woodward, director of the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science, and Art, requested the sarong for a permanent exhibit. He said he believed Dorothy's garment might stimulate public interest in the arrowheads, dinosaurs, and other merchandise in stock.

Dr. Woodward got the original sarong. So did a couple of hundred other people, including theater owners, film distributors, prominent citizens, and anybody else who asked. DeLapp had sarongs made up wholesale; they were delivered to him in bales and he distributed them where they'd do the most good.

MISS LAMOUR went into four movies in rapid succession, wearing dresses and with her too luxuriant hair on the top of her head. She discovered promptly that she was no Greer Garson. She was delighted to be rented to Sam Goldwyn for The Hurricane, a movie memorable not for its histrionics but for the noisiest wind ever to roar off a sound track.

"Is there no cereal that will make him sluggish?"

The Hurricane also was a hit. Dorothy's employers put her immediately into Jungle Love, which, except for being de luxe, technicolored, and manufactured complete at Palm Springs, was The Jungle Princess all over again. Miss Head redesigned the sarong, fitting it carefully across the bust and equipping the skirt with a hidden zipper.

Meanwhile, Dorothy was having her own troubles. Her employers were seeking to have her announce her engagement to actor Bob Preston for publicity purposes and she was trying via long distance to persuade husband Kay (real name, Herbert P. Kaumeyer) to come West and live with her on the profits of the sarong. "And be Mr. Lamour?" Kay snapped. "That's not for me, Dolly Face."

This argument continued interminably, to the profit of nobody but the telephone company. It wasn't settled until Kay divorced her in Chicago on grounds of desertion. Dorothy wept when she heard the news and wondered publicly whether she'd ever meet such a nice guy again.

She appeared again in clothes, consisting of skirts and sweaters that fitted as well as the sarong, in Spawn of the North, best remembered for the magnificent whack she gave George Raft across the mouth with a dead fish. She also made Disputed Passage, which was supposed to be intensely dramatic but wasn't quite.

"I didn't know enough about the business to try such a role," she says. "I was too scared of it. I think I could do it better today. Anyway, I didn't look right, on account of my hair. It came down to my hips, which was fine for sarong pictures, but when I tried to do it up I just managed to look top-heavy."

This gave her an idea. After brooding for months, she walked into the sanctum of Wally Westmore, the make-up chief, and told him to cut her tresses shoulder-length. Somebody in the make-up department called Y. Frank Freeman, the new studio head, about the mayhem in progress. Westmore had half finished his snipping when Dorothy's conscience twinged. She ran to the phone and asked Freeman if he minded her cutting her hair. Freeman, a man whose dealings with movie beauties have made him philosophical, said he didn't believe there was much he could do about it. At least, not now. The writer, in the interests of a feature story for the United Press, was on hand for this historic barbering and personally cut off a sizable strand of hair.

That was when he learned firsthand about Dorothy's popularity. In his story he said he had a piece of Miss Lamour's hair and would present it, for locket-wearing purposes, to the first citizen who asked. The dispatch hadn't been on the wire an hour before a woman in St. Louis phoned. She said her husband, a compositor on the Star-Times, wanted that hair. He got it.

THEREAFTER came more telephone calls to Paramount and the United Press, and telegrams, letters, and post cards, thousands of them, all asking for that hank of hair. The mail reached such proportions that the studio called a meeting on public relations, and decided the only solution was to send hair to every correspondent. It would have taken a dozen Dorothy Lamours twenty years to grow enough hair to fill all requests; Paramount fudged by buying chestnut-colored hair from a wholesale wigmaker.

On the lot Miss Lamour was everybody's pal. The grips, the carpenters, and the electricians were her personal friends, and it has been said she was one of the two actresses at the studio nobody ever hoped would be the victims of falling arc lamps. Her associates protected her from the wild beasts. They saw that she never was singed by the synthetic forest fires nor bowled over by the floods rushing down the water chutes.

The only time they refused to co-

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operate with Dorothy was when she dived into the drink and lost her sarong. They wouldn't look the other way. The garment was inclined to stretch when immersed, and was forever sliding off and floating away, leaving her clad only in brief trunks. Twice she nearly drowned trying to effect repairs under water. Finally Miss Head redesigned the sarong again when Miss Lamour—who had learned about publicity from experts—announced that she was going on a sit-down strike until she received a skidless costume.

"Dorothy always was swimming with an alligator, or something, behind her," Miss Head reports. "So we put a little elastic across the bodice. Now she feels safer."

Miss Lamour's birthday in 1942 came on the night of Hollywood's first blackout. The city was dark, its radios dead.

"And I got to thinking that there ought to be something I could do to help win the war," Dorothy adds. "I thought I might try selling bonds. Mr. Freeman said this might work, and he got in touch with Secretary Morgenthau. He and the other Treasury officials weren't so sure, but they decided to use me as guinea pig. If I could sell bonds, then they'd ask other performers to try. I went to New York for my first conference with the bankers, and one of them told me I couldn't throw sex at the public like I did in the pictures. I said, 'Sir?' and he apologized."

She made four cross-country trips, peddling bonds at every stop. She remembers to the last five-dollar bill that she sold $31,954,515 worth in nine days in New England.

LAST year she met Captain William Howard of the Army Air Forces at a bond rally in San Bernardino, and married him at one of the pleasantest weddings ever held in Hollywood. She invited nobody but the people she knew by first name. These included Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, her co-stars in the "Road" pictures, but few other actors. Her guests mostly were workmen from the studio, and when they drank champagne to Dorothy's happiness they weren't fooling.

Dorothy is living at this writing with the captain in a cottage at Arrowhead Springs, near his headquarters at the Army Air depot. The cottage has two bedrooms but no kitchen. She has taken the beds out of the spare room and installed a secondhand icebox, a portable oven, and an electric hot plate. She made her first pie the other night, and nobody complained. Nobody even got sick.

For Rainbow Island, Dorothy's latest jungle epic, Miss Head has redesigned that sarong all over again. It now consists of a brassière arrangement separated from the skirt by a large diamond-shaped segment of Dorothy. This segment had to be put out in the sun for countless hours so it would turn from pink to deep tan to match the rest of her.

"It was either that," she says, "or body make-up. And body make-up isn't good. You've got to take two baths in mineral oil to wash it off; then you've got to bathe again to remove the oil. Spend seven years in a sarong, and you learn about these things. You learn about a lot of things."

Not that she's complaining. Far from it. Says Dorothy, who always has enjoyed the threadbare puns involving her garment: "There's nothing sarong with a sarong."

THE END

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IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BUY WAR BONDS

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

FROM the letters pouring into this department, it looks like many of this war's discharged service men and women aren't sure whether they're entitled to mustering-out pay, or else don't know how to go about getting it.

Most of the 1,300,000 persons honorably released from active duty in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard and their women's branches between December 6, 1941, and last February 3, when President Roosevelt signed the bill, are entitled to mustering-out pay.

Those stripes

Men and women honorably discharged *after* the measure's enactment also are eligible, but collection will be simpler in their case. Congress provided that they're to receive their money at the time of discharge.

But those demobilized before the bill went into effect must submit applications for mustering-out pay. General high lights are as follows:

Amount of Payments. Men and women with less than sixty days active service get $100 each. Those with sixty days or more, all in the continental United States, receive $200, payable in two equal monthly installments. Vets with sixty days or more who have served outside the continental limits of this country or in Alaska are entitled to the top figure of $300. This, too, is payable in monthly installments of $100.

Not Eligible. In addition to the dishonorably discharged, a number of groups are ineligible. They include those transferred to the retired list, members of the armed forces discharged or released from active duty at their own request to take civilian jobs (unless they have served overseas or in Alaska), Air Corps Reserve officers entitled to a lump sum payment on return to inactive duty; those whose total service has been as students under the A. S. T. P., the A. A. F. College Training Program, or under similar programs of the Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard; men discharged from active service to enter the U. S. Military, Naval, or Coast Guard Academies; those whose only service has been as cadets in such schools; and any officer who at the time of mustering out held a grade higher than captain in the Army or Marines or lieutenant in the Navy or Coast Guard. Officers also are barred from mustering-out pay if they have been on the service payroll more than seventeen years. Women released from the former WAAC organization are eligible only if they were honorably discharged on account of disability.

Where to Apply. Army veterans, both E. M. and officers, should send applications to the Finance Officer, U. S. Army, for the state in which they lived when they entered the service. Navy and Coast Guard enlisted veterans should apply to the Field Branch, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Cleveland, Ohio. Discharged officers and E. M. of the Marines must send theirs to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C. Applications of ex-Navy officers go to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.; and those of ex-Coast Guard officers to U. S. Coast Guard Headquarters, Washington 25, D. C.

Completed application forms must be accompanied by the veteran's discharge or a certificate of service in lieu of a lost discharge. Photostats or copies will not suffice. The documents will be returned to you.

That's the mustering-out pay picture, boys and girls. Hope it gets you lined up for a check.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I was dropped from the Army with a medical discharge about a year ago after rising to staff sergeant. Now I am about to be called again for induction and I think they're going to accept me. I sort of liked those stripes. Can I get 'em back, or do I start all over as a back private?

Ex-S/Sgt. B. P., Boston, Mass.

There's hope. WD Circ. 342 of last December 29 states that former E. M. under thirty-eight, who received C. D. D.s and now face reinduction under new Selective Service rulings, are to be returned to the grades they held at the time of discharge. However, after processing at a reception center you'll have to take refresher training at the nearest replacement training center for your former branch of service. And you'll have to satisfy your new C. O. as to your fitness. With your determination, that should be easy.

* * *

When an aviator (first lieutenant) is advanced from co-pilot to first pilot, does his pay remain the same?

B. E., New Britain, Conn.

The flyer goes up in such a case, but his pay doesn't. Airmen are paid according to rank, not according to the particular spot they hold down aboard a war plane.

* * *

I read Sgt. T. L. B.'s remarks in the January 29 This Man's War (he said all women able to do so should join the armed forces) and was glad to see Sarge, I enlisted in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve eleven days ago and it makes me feel good to know that *some one* approves. I've questioned dozens of servicemen about the WACs, Waves, etc., and they just scoffed at gals in uniform. Maybe they didn't mean it, but there's small wonder some girls hesitate to join up after hearing the women's branches made fun of.

I enlisted because the only way I could help win the war was to "free a man to fight." Is that why the servicemen disapproved—because they didn't want to be freed to fight?

A. N., Jefferson City, Mo.

Them's fighting words, A. N., and Old Sarge will leave that last crack for some of the boys to answer. Their teasing didn't stop you from enlisting, and I doubt if it stops many other gals. Ask any of the vets back from the South Pacific how they felt when they glimpsed the first Army nurses after seeing only native "beauties" for months. I hear the boys across the Atlantic were mighty glad when the WACs landed, too. Here and abroad, women have proved their value in this war. That's why, A. N., recruiting officers are pressing drives for all the women's branches.

* * *

In the January 22 Liberty you answered a letter from a soldier who asked about his War Bond receipts. I would like to add that the office handling those matters has two divisions. Any soldier who wishes to ask about War Bond purchases *during 1942 and up to and including March, 1943*, should write to Army Service Forces, *War Bond Division*, 366 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Soldiers requesting information regarding bond purchases from *April, 1943, to now* should write

Investors

to Army Service Forces, *Army War Bond Office*, same Chicago street address. I work in the mail room and it will help speed handling if they will make this distinction.

Charles E. Deany, Chicago, Ill.

Anything to help out on War Bonds. And don't forget, G. I.s—money you salt away in bonds will prove mighty handy after the shooting's over.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Continued from Page 25

cot, April cuddling beside her. Elly stripped off the jacket and held the object up proudly. "This is Tiny Tim—my baby accordion. Had it made special for plane travel." She made it sing softly.

"Why the life jacket?" the captain could not help asking.

"Well, I can swim. He can't." She and April laughed gaily.

The captain broke in, "Ladies—please. You being here is not so funny. For you or for us. I don't know what to do with you. I need you about as much as I need a—a—"

"A hole in the head. That's an old one but still good." Elly smiled. "Sure, I know, captain. But we don't expect anything fancy. We'll take ours along with the rest. When we get cleaned up we'll give the boys a show—cheer 'em up a bit. I'll croon a couple of pops, play Tiny Tim here—and April hoofs—like Astaire—only she gives it the old s. a. Show 'em, honey."

As April pounded out a few taps, the men could see the difference.

"I see." The captain's tone stopped the dance cold. "The USO sent the wrong act, Miss Long. They should have sent me a magician."

Elly laughed. "Say, you're a wise-cracker yourself. A magician, eh? Sounds like a Benny to Cantor to Hope."

Baby Tank planted himself in front of Elly and April. "Listen, you two. We got sent here to do a job on these Japs. So far they've done one on us. And while I don't know any way to stop them from finishing it off, I feel sure it isn't dancing or torch songs. Lieutenant Smith, take these women and assign them to a tent. See that they keep out of the way." He turned his back.

"We-ell," cooed April, "nice man you work for, Smitty."

"Look here, Superman." Elly turned the captain around with the sarcasm. "We gave up plenty to make this trip. A chance to play the Paramount, New York City, for one thing. We didn't ask to be shot down and come to your island. The guys out here are doing plenty. We know that, but we're sacrificing too—though I don't like the word for doing something that makes you feel good doing."

"Sure, you're sacrificing." Baby Tank was letting himself out now. "I know all about that. You're a couple of punk small-timers. You come out here hoping for a nice plane ride—to go back to the States and be headlined and then start kicking about your income tax. Well, you got shot down and you're here. I'll see that you're taken care of, but I'll also see that you don't make any trouble. I got a job to do, and you two are no part of it. Take 'em to their tent, Mr. Smith."

Elly grabbed her precious music box. "Well," she poured anger into the captain's eyes, "well! Canceled before we even open. And from a one-horse island like this." She switched out.

April ripped off Baby Tank's shirt and tossed it on his cot. "This thing itches," she said. "I'll hold my own." And, suiting the action to the words, she followed Elly.

THERE was no domestic problem at the girls' tent. Once Codfish had made his polite retreat, marines popped out from behind every palm, bringing gifts. A cake of soap being saved for a long-hoped-for fling. A bucket of coffee and fresh sandwiches from the cook in person. Shirts and shorts from the smallest marine. Most precious of all, an ammunition tin of fresh water lugged by Jersey, at the risk of a stray bullet, from the foot of the waterfall. As the ladies bathed in the shelter of their tent a string of questions were called in to them, and they shouted back cheery answers.

"I got a baby yesterday. Heard the news over short wave. What's a day-old baby look like, Elly?" the little private who had chipped in his clothes asked wistfully.

"Just like you, pop," Elly answered. And the men howled at the embarrassed father.

As they stepped out of the tent, trim in clean khaki, Elly's flaming hair twisted high off her tanned brow, April's in hemplike braids behind seashell ears, a sigh went up from the men, a sigh that developed into an appreciative two-toned whistle.

Jersey sniffed, then sniffed again. "What, no perfume?"

"Gee, I forgot," squeaked April, and was in the tent and out again, dabbing Elly and herself with Surrender.

The men shifted to leeward and sniffed blissfully.

Then suddenly the girls were buried under an avalanche of pictures of babies, wives, mothers, and sweethearts, and their ecstatic ohs and ahs set the lonely men grinning with pride.

Next thing Harold was holding out Tiny Tim. "Give us Stardust, will you, Elly?"

"Your sweetheart tune?" she asked, fingering the keys.

"No. A gal took me for my last buck to that tune."

The guys laughed.

"It was worth it," he glared at them. "I'd do it again."

"Look," put in April, as Elly started to play. "The king of the cannibal isle won't like it."

"So what? I'm not playing for him. You fellows can have Stardust and any other tune you ask for. If you can hum 'em I can play 'em." She hit a sweeping chord, and soon the gang was singing away with her, while April passed from the arms of one marine to another, as they danced in and out the big trees.

The guards at the farthest outposts crept back for a quick peek; men on duty digging a pass dropped their tools and came grimy and grinning to the party.

They were Deep in the Heart of Texas, Elly singing with the best of them, all stamping out the handclaps, April swinging from partner to partner like a windmill, when from the crags above came a shot—then two more. The Japs were sniping.

IT was not a minute before Baby Tank, carbine in hand, came charging into the midst of them all.

"To your posts, you fools!" he bellowed.

But most of the men had grabbed their rifles, and were rushing to battle stations. The rest scattered before the fury of his voice.

Captain Darling motioned the girls into the tent with his gun. As the entire Marine company watched the high ground for the slightest movement, the whole landscape seemed to wait. A noon quiet was on the sea, the trees steamed with jungle rot. Only the waterfall tinkled its childish way over

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the grandfather rocks. Five minutes passed. Ten. Then Lieutenant Smith, returning from inspection of the company positions, tiptoed up. "Nothing hit, sir," he reported.

"I guess that's all for now, Mr. Smith. Post double guard all around."

Codfish went to carry out the order, and the captain shouted into the tent.

"Stay right where you are, you two. I knew something like this would happen. You're under technical arrest for disobedience of orders."

Elly's head came out through the flap. "You mean we're to stay in this hotbox? Now, captain, we were only—"

"Stay there—and be quiet. You want the Japs to know there are women here? They'd be down on you—and not for military purposes."

"You don't mean—?" whispered April and shivered. And Elly was silent for once.

That ought to scare them for a while, thought Baby Tank. He started away, then strode to the tent. "Just to make sure, hand me that accordion."

"Now, look here, mister, that's mine. I paid plenty for it, and you got no right to—"

"Hand it over!" he bellowed.

April picked up the instrument and, looking placatingly at her girl friend, handed it out. He grabbed it by the top, and as he crunched away over the leaves, the bellows extended and it let out a lugubrious moan.

Elly echoed it, watching Baby Tank. "Look at him, stamping away there! The man who walks like a bull. If he had a tail he'd be a bull." She threw herself on her cot.

"Maybe he's only trying to protect us, Elly."

"Oh, *you*, you little dope. You'd hand Hitler a halo," Elly snapped. Then, "For Pete's sake don't cry now." The sobbing April flopped down. "O. K., honey, I'll cry with you." And they did.

"NOW you see, lieutenant," said Captain Darling, back in his tent. "You see why I was so tough with those dames. Should've been tougher. Suppose those canaries up there had put on a real attack while our men were at that dancing contest. Where'd we be?"

"I see, sir," said Codfish.

Baby Tank paced up and down, his fingers alternately in his belt loops and running over his porcupine pompadour. Lieutenant Smith was about to leave, when the captain turned on him abruptly. "Wait," he spat out. Then, marshaling his words, and only half to Codfish, "If we could only make 'em think we were off guard and not be—If tonight we let those gals give a show in that spot between the cliffs—had the men relax, laugh, applaud, and seemed to draw back our guards. You know, made 'em think we were wide open—maybe those smart little canaries would fall for it—attack—and we'd be set for them. What do you think, Harvard, what do you think?" He leaned forward, pushing his chin into Lieutenant Smith's trim mustache. The lieutenant's eyes grew points.

"Sort of a Napoleon versus Wellington. With you, like Wellington, staging a—well—a fancy-dress ball. Yes, I think it's psychologically sound. Their sophistic minds ought to—" He looked up, almost excited. "I believe you should try it."

"Try it?" boomed Baby Tank. "We'll do it, Harvard. Send for those ladies. Order them to give a show tonight. Navy—here we come!" He cracked his fists together—happy as a fullback about to slam through the line.

"Order them, sir? I don't believe you can order them. They're free agents."

"To hell with—I'll make them do what I—" He sat down heavily. "That fresh dame. Have I got to go up against her again?" He looked up, nearly pleading, "You go ask her, Harvard."

"I believe the request would come better from the commanding officer," Codfish suggested. "And I think you should go to them."

"Me go to them? I'm no genuflecting diplomat," he grunted. "But I guess I got to go."

And before they started he put on a nice clean shirt.

"No," declared Elly flatly. "No, sir. We won't do it. After the way you've treated us and—you made your own hole. Now climb out of it. Besides, we signed on to be entertainers, not shock troops."

"O. K.," said the captain, who had put the proposition up to the girls coldly, as their part in attaining a military objective. "O. K. Stay here and rot."

"You'll rot with us. That's the one thing that gives me the weegies."

Come on," he ordered Lieutenant Smith, and turned on his heel. But Codfish hesitated, walked over to Elly where she stood holding on to the tent pole.

"Miss Long, I want you to know I sympathize with you—you and your partner." He bowed toward April, slumped on her cot. "But I'd like to point out to you that I think you're wrong. I am no stranger to the captain's tongue. I felt it this morning just before you arrived, for something I did that may or may not have caused the failure of our attack. But I took it. In fact, I don't even resent it. I make myself remember that it is my superior officer talking—and not a man named James Darling—who can be damned unpleasant at times." He smiled thinly at the captain, who looked murderous.

"That's O. K. for you, lieutenant. You're a soldier. You got to take it. We don't." But she looked thoughtful.

Then April, the wide-eye, jumped in unexpectedly. "But, Elly honey, we *are* soldiers, sort of. We signed up to do whatever would help the boys. Don't you remember, Elly?"

"Sure, I remember," snapped Elly. "I was there, wasn't I?" Then, seeing the kid's hurt face, "What do you think, baby?"

"Gee, I don't know, honey. You're the boss and all. You always have been. But the way the lieutenant puts it—" She glanced confusedly at Codfish. "Gosh, Elly, you never ask me when you sign a contract. I just get out and hoof when we get there."

Baby Tank, watching Elly, reached outside the tent, and came up with her accordion.

"Here." He tried to smile. "You'll need this—if you decide for our side."

She held his eyes a moment, then grasped the instrument, swung the strap over her shoulder, and squeezed out a martial chord. "Tim," she said, "we've joined the marines."

TROPICAL night came down like a ton of coal and blacked out the natural amphitheater between the foliage-laden cliffs. The captain stood by Elly as they watched the fully armed men gather silently. They could not see up, but whoever was up there beyond the glen could not see down either.

"I'm more scared than you are, captain."

"What?" he looked down at her. "You mean I'm scared?"

"Oh, no. That is, I mean I show it." She half grinned, confused. "You know what I mean."

"I'd hate to get up there and play and sing, knowing any minute that—it takes something, kid. I'll admit I didn't think you had it."

"Don't apologize so quick. I'm going to accept it. But first I'm going to have my say. Even the hardest-boiled stage manager in Shamokin never talked to me the way you did. And what had I done? Nothing. Just lost my hair curl in that sticky water. Tell me, captain. Do you talk to your wife that way?"

"Never had one."

"Guess women are smart, at that."

She cocked an eye at him—big, burly, and a long mile from beautiful. She looked at his hands—hands she felt could crush an arm or caress a flower with equal enjoyment. "You might come through with training, at that." And she was suddenly busy with her accordion.

"It's taken me fifteen years to become a pretty good marine. I've had enough of training."

THE HOME FRONT

"Nice catch, Donovan!"

"Mine's a different brand. Six easy lessons. Some men have even called it fun," she said to the dark.

"I could stand some fun—if we get out of this pothole." And Elly felt his shoulders close to her—very close.

She moved slightly. "The men seem to be all in. Shall we start?"

"Yes," he snapped into it. "Yes. Just keep going till you hear the first shot. Then run like hell for the beach. I got this walkie-talkie here. It reaches my men. The ones in here and the others I got circled around ready to go. Good-by, Red." He stamped away.

"Red." She smiled as she ran up the little platform the boys had fixed at the inland end of the glen. "Well, what do you know? Ferdinand likes my hair."

SHE squeezed out a flourish on Tim, swinging a mean hip to the rhythm; adjusted the mike, and hit into a lifting, slightly rowdy tune—something about what she'd do to her man when she got him alone. Then, without stopping for the applause, April hopped into the yellow glare of a kerosene torch—the only light in the glen—and went into her dance; went into it with arms, eyes, whole body. Her feet just followed the rest of her.

"Give it to 'em," whispered Elly, backing her up with the accordion and a wide salesman's smile. "Give 'em all you got. Uncle Sam's our talent scout tonight." They both gave.

Whistles, applause, and catcalls that seemed almost drunken followed. Elly found herself wondering if Baby Tank had gotten them overdoing it.

Lieutenant Smith eased up to the captain. "Sir, that native we sent out is back. They have twice the force he counted this morning."

"Reinforcements. From across the island. And I never thought of that." He cracked his knuckles savagely.

"They're set to attack, the boy says."

"Sure. Who wouldn't be? They licked us before—with half the men they got now. Besides, they figure we're off guard. I asked for it and now I'm going to get it."

He phoned orders to his outposts; then, "Get her," he said, pointing to where the girls were knocking themselves out leading a good old-fashioned gang song.

Codfish walked among the men, caught Elly's eye, and as she hurried through, the marines tightened sweaty fingers on their rifles. April urged the singing on, but there was a different ring to their voices now. It was coming and they were ready. But for what, only the two officers knew.

He told her what was what. "They'll be down on us any minute now. Take the kid and run for the beach."

"Yeah, sure. We better get going." But, watching April dancing now to the men's rhythm, she did not move.

"If we could get up on the rocks—on either side—we might—" Codfish was thinking out loud.

"I thought of that. They'd split us in the middle before we got half set. We'll have to take it here. Come on."

He started away.

"But, *say*," Elly broke out. "Suppose the show didn't stop—suppose we stayed here—and the boys kept singing as they climbed." She grabbed him in excitement.

"What? You'd—? No—it wouldn't work. They could tell it was from up on the rocks." He broke away from her.

"Get these two out of here, I told you." It was Baby Tank.

"Sir," Codfish reeled it off, "if I can take a few volunteers we can stick with the girls at the beach end of the glen—take the mike with us, and while we all sing you get your men up topside. The noise will come from down here. They'll think it's the main body."

"Sure," Elly jumped in. "Just what I said—only better. We'll yell our lungs out."

The captain's eyes lighted. "It might fool the little stinkers. But when they come piling down here it'll be murder. And you two in the middle." He turned on her. "What the hell do you think I am?"

"A soldier, captain," the girl said quietly. "And so are we. Give your orders, captain."

He caught her arms tight. "Damn, you're something!" he said. "Something for a man to see. Get going, lieutenant. What are we waiting for?"

Down at the beach end of the glen, half hidden among the rocks and trees, Elly and April could barely make out Baby Tank threading through the men. Then the girls saw the nearest of them start to ease silently toward the cliffs, crawling first, then scrambling up the steep sides.

"Fine thing," she kidded between bars to buck up April. "Our audience walking out on us wholesale. We better give it the whole treatment," and shouted, "Come on, boys. Let's have Roll Out the Barrel. Sing like—like your lives depended on it."

She held the mike in the midst of the little suicide squad, all singing away as they faced three Brownings to the steep incline at the far end of the glen.

They were rolling out the second chorus when it came. A burst of accurate machine-gun fire pounded the earth of the little amphitheater—but only the earth—for the last of the marines were planting themselves in rocky nests on the cliffs. Then a screaming pack of bodies that the late-rising moon picked out in pale relief against the lush ferns, came piling down, falling over one another, banzai-ing, and firing point-blank at the flash of the Brownings.

ELLY held tight to little April, as they huddled together behind a moss-covered boulder. She heard Harold, the corporal, grunt, and saw him fall over his gun. Jersey, at the next Browning, glanced openmouthed at his pal, then shut his teeth and swept the advancing Japs anew.

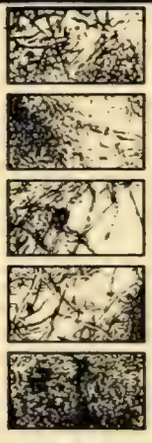
"The gun!" yelled Elly. "Somebody's got to fire it." And breaking away from the screaming April, she crawled out toward it. Codfish saw her, picked her up by the belt, and tossed her back of the rock. Then he threw himself down and made the Browning bark again.

Half the attacking force was down in the glen now, but all at once they seemed to sense that something was missing. Where was the body of marines they had been ordered to annihilate? They hesitated, milled about. The officers, smelling a trap, tried to force the men back. But the horde came tumbling down on top of itself—till a blanket of men covered the hollow.

Then, from the cliffs came a bellow: "FIRE!" And as Elly held her throat at the sight of Baby Tank clambering from rock to rock, every man on the cliffs poured lead down into the mass of yellow flesh. The attackers looked up—amazed. Nobody had told them there would be death coming from the cliffs. The enemy was down here in front of them, so their officers had said. Their firing fell off. Their ranks wobbled.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED



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SORETONE

"Codfish" wiggled back from the Browning. "Run," he ordered, and as they rose up uncertainly he pushed the girls toward the beach. Then he and the remains of the squad streaked for the cliffs—and their own platoons.

As Elly and April hesitated a second, bewildered, they saw the Jap ranks contract, form again in a hollow circle, presenting a ring of rifles to the cliffs.

Running, dodging through the palms, with every bullet sounding as if it were for them, Elly slowed up, stopped.

"Grab this, will you, honey?" She dropped the accordion to the ground and slumped over it.

"Elly—Elly—what is it?" April was down beside her.

"My shoulder—back there when I crawled out, I guess. I'll never be able to squeeze Tim again." She tried to rise. "Why couldn't they have hit me in the leg? I'm a lousy dancer anyway—"

"Shut up, honey. Let me hold you. Let me—" Little April put both arms around her waist and took one step. They slipped to the ground in a heap, and when April freed herself, Elly's eyes were closed.

She bent over her, sobbing, helpless. Then, pinching herself sharply to make her dancer's brain shed its feathers, she heard, between bursts of fire, the careless tinkle of the waterfall. Pillowing her girl friend's head on Tiny Tim, she ran blindly toward it.

SLOWLY Baby Tank and Codfish maneuvered their platoons down the sides of both cliffs; closing in on the stubborn circle. They took their time firing, picking up fresh ammunition where they had stowed it on lower levels. Both platoons fired steadily—for a long time, it seemed. Then a trickle of bodies began to filter out of the circle and dodge back for the hill they had come down. Soon the soldiers of the Rising Sun were running for the trees, the rocks, any place. They left guns, equipment, and vaunted bravery in that garden spot.

"Close in around them, Smitty!" roared Baby Tank across the glen. "I'll take the beach end."

Lieutenant Smith signaled acknowledgment and started to close in. The captain started moving down too, but stopped and yelled to Codfish, "Wait! They've quit firing—what's left of them. Look at those filthy yellow hands in the air."

"Yessir," came from Jersey, beside him. "Ain't it beautiful?"

Then they heard a voice, shrill with fading hope. "A doctor," it cried. "Please—a doctor."

The captain stamped down the hill, roaring for the medical officer as he went. They arrived together by the Brownings, where April had carried the now conscious Elly. As the doctor tore off her shirt and lifted the shoulder, Baby Tank knelt there, digging the earth with his fingers.

"Not much," said the doctor. "I got bad ones to tend to. Take her later. Keep her quiet." He was away.

"Come here, Ferdinand," Elly murmured weakly.

"She means you," said April.

"Hi, captain," Elly put everything in her eyes, "when do we start the six easy lessons?"

Baby Tank kissed her—tenderly but thoroughly.

"You sure are a quick study, captain," she sighed. "I can't wait for the final examination."

THE END

AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

Continued from Page 29

policy, other nations have decided that other policies suit best their particular circumstances. In many foreign countries businesses are *required* to form associations that are not allowed in this country. When I was in England last fall, various British business men told me that they and their government will continue after the war to foster business associations and co-operative efforts, with the object both of promoting British enterprise abroad and of maintaining order in what might otherwise be chaotic sections of world economy.

Until we are able, through regular diplomatic channels and by our own example, to convert the world to our way of doing business, Americans doing business abroad should not be handicapped by having to follow not only the foreigners' rules but also our own domestic rules. It is something of a disadvantage, to put it mildly, to have to abide by a set of penalizing rules that do not apply to the opposing team.

THEREFORE, after the war is won and we return to near-normal operations, American business operating abroad must be relieved of many of the prohibitions now placed upon them by law. Among other changes, the provisions of the Webb-Pomerene Act, which permits American enterprises in the export field to associate co-operatively in ways not allowed in the domestic market, should be liberalized to make possible even wider co-operation. This should be done until such time as such international agreements are outlawed by international actions. If we do not participate in them, business men of other nations will carry them out, anyway, to our detriment. Of course, nothing should be permitted which would harm our domestic economy.

A better relationship must be built up between government and business. One reason why Great Britain has had such success in world trade lies in the fact that the British government, realizing its country's life depends on the exchange of goods and services with other nations, loses no opportunity to further the interests of its foreign traders. This is British policy. It is a good policy, and it is felt by every one in international business. Even in war, or perhaps particularly in war, the foreign trade interests of Great Britain are watched over to a degree that astonishes and makes envious an American.

We should be far more successful in our own foreign commerce if a similar relationship existed between the United States government and our own foreign traders.

I do not advocate our government's going into business. In the first place, it doesn't have the practical experience to trade with foreign countries. In the second place, it would find itself in many politically embarrassing predicaments if it did go into peacetime foreign trade. And in the third place, it would be violating all our concepts of democracy: its competition with private business would inevitably destroy the free enterprise system at home.

But our government should stand ready to help our foreign traders in their dealings abroad. Instead of saying, "No, no, you can't do that, you can only do this," it should encourage them to expand. It should give them the strength of its shoulder when the going is tough, so long as they are working for the best interests of this country.

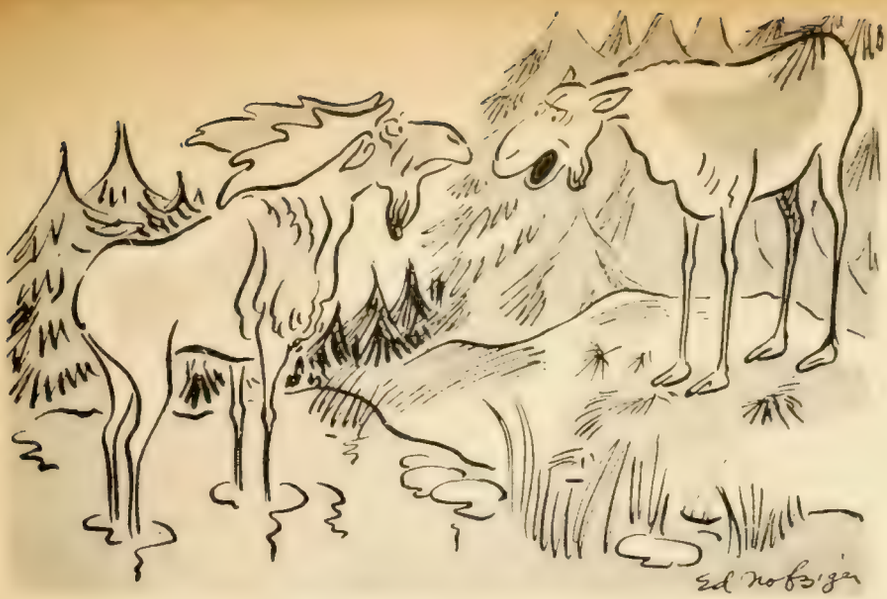
Once this sort of teamplay existed; but in recent years suspicion and open antagonism between government departments and between government and business have been most harmful to the best interests of our country.

So much for a few of our internal problems.

THE defeat of Germany and Japan will mark the end of one series of problems and the beginning of countless others. First, we will be picking up the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle we call the economic and social world. Food, clothing, and the other necessities of life must be immediately provided the victims of the Axis. Homeless millions must be resettled, governments formed, boundaries established, cities replanned. The political framework of world organization must be erected.

These are problems for governments. In settling them the leaders of the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China must forget ideological dif-

"What do I do next?"



"Yes, I called. It's leap year, isn't it?"

ferences among themselves. They must not try to force their ideas of how the world should be run down one another's throats.

If our leaders approach the rebuilding job in this spirit—and I think they will—they will make a fine start toward the establishment of a peaceful world.

But this will be only a start, because a political peace is not final peace. As long as there are unemployment, poverty, and disease in the world, there will be dissatisfaction and the seeds of war. Nations so ridden will covet the possessions of their more fortunate or more industrious neighbors. We also need economic peace, in which governments, labor, and business will cooperate in an intensive world-wide drive to distribute more goods to all people. As a nation with a history and a future so bound up with foreign commerce, we shall play a leading part.

Just as the American colonies fought for the right to expand their manufactures by trading abroad for the usable and enjoyable goods of foreign countries, so today we need the resources of other nations, and they in turn need our products. Each exchange improves production efficiency and increases the total of economic goods. Thus an expanding international trade results in a higher standard of living for all the countries participating. Unfortunately, in the period after the last war international co-operative efforts failed. Nations acting in a sort of "devil-take-the-hindmost" race erected all sorts of barriers to trade. We must gradually remove these.

Peace will bring a great surge in the international exchange of goods because so much material will be needed to rebuild the world. This will stimulate competition, which will, in turn, bring further expansion. This activity will lose its potency like a spent bullet unless the barriers to trade are lowered before the emergency requirements have been fully satisfied. A great permanent expansion in the volume of international trade after the war will be essential to the attainment of full and effective employment in the United States and elsewhere, to the preservation of private enterprise, and to the success of any international system to prevent future wars.

The nation most capable of taking the initiative toward the relaxation of trade barriers is the United States. Our economic strength and the importance of our markets to the well-being of the rest of the world put us in a favorable position to persuade all nations to turn away from the trade-restricting and trade-diverting practices used in the period between World Wars I and II.

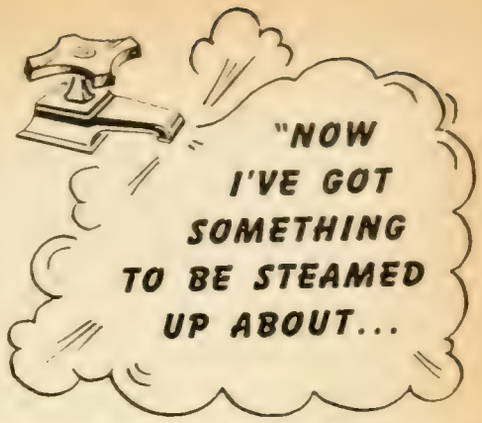
THE United States has started on the right road; if we continue to lead, others will follow. In 1934 Congress passed the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act that provides for the negotiation of reciprocal reductions in trade barriers beneficial to ourselves and the other countries concerned. Last spring this act was renewed for another two years. It should be made the permanent foreign trade policy of our country.

The task of world economic reconstruction is a gigantic one. It demands bold thinking and courageous action. Economic co-operation is the only means to permanent world peace. When nations of such diverse culture, customs, and political thinking as China, Russia, the British Empire, and the United States can unite to fight the war, it ought to be easy to arrive at mutually satisfactory economic conventions for the purpose of winning the peace. Only by such means can we find practical ways of reconciling the differences of economic methods and policies which divide the nations of the world. Only by such means can we avoid the ruinous practices of monetary devaluations, quotas, and excessive tariffs.

To implement such understanding, an international commercial policy organization is essential. This organization should have the assistance of a world-wide representative body of experts from government, labor, business, and agriculture. It would provide information to member countries, would be a competent source of interpretation of commercial agreements and conventions, would investigate world trade problems, would recommend changes and amendments to existing agreements.

Such a commercial policy organization would be limited to consideration of international trade problems and would not consider any domestic problems. We have already several successful examples of this type of international co-operation. The International Labor Office is one. This form of mutual aid offers the best promise of maintaining orderly world markets, keeping up full employment, and bringing permanent peace and prosperity to all nations.

THE END



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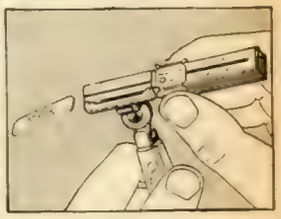

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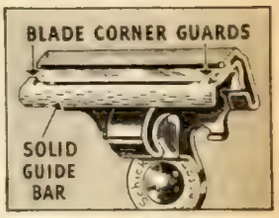
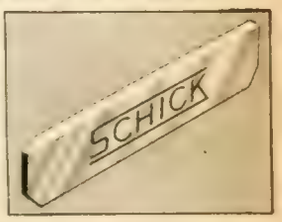


DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



P. S. If you own a spare Schick Injector razor, pass it along to a friend . . . so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For—although Schick Blades are back—we still can't get the material for new razors.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

DESERT DERELICTS FLY AGAIN

Continued from Page 23

we decided to give it a try. We knew Hughes' water supply must be running low. With full flaps down and our speed just above the stalling point, we went in for the landing. It was a narrow squeeze—so narrow we took the landing light off the left wing tip when we scraped a tree on that side, and we had only about five feet clearance on the other wing tip. It was something like trying to fly a plane with a ninety-foot wing spread through a tunnel ninety-five feet wide. We had trouble slowing her down once we were on the ground, too.

"We applied full brakes, opened the back door and opened full engine cowl flaps. We were applying the brakes so hard the tail kept coming up off the ground. The enlisted men had to run back and sit in the tail to keep it down. When we finally stopped, a tree was smack up against the prop on the left side. We had guided the nose directly between the other trees, like you'd park a horse in a stall, and there was another tree three feet from the right wing tip. We had to chop those trees down before we could turn the airplane around. It was only then that we discovered Sergeant Hughes had been able to stretch the runway only 1,100 feet instead of the proposed 2,000 feet. We had landed roughly in less than 1,000 feet, with a heavily loaded airplane in medium warm air, without a hitch—aside from a few gray hairs. But I wouldn't want to do it again!"

After lengthening the runway the salvage party flew back to Accra to arrange to truck a new wing to the site of the wreck via Kano and Zinder.

Figuring it would take the truck approximately two weeks to reach the scene, Heffner and his salvage crew went about other business at Accra, including some sightseeing.

"One Sunday," Heffner recalls, "a group of us drove in a jeep to a village whose natives were members of a religious sect. It looked like any other village and the natives wore just as few clothes. I was totally unimpressed—until I stepped out of the jeep smoking a fat black cigar. The local native chief looked at me solemnly for a few seconds, fetched a Bible from his shack, and then, in perfect English—British accent—let me have it:

" 'Thou shalt not kindle a fire on the Sabbath,' he intoned."

Meanwhile the truck was having a tough go of it. What had looked like an excellent highway on the maps was, mostly, just a trail across the desert. But word eventually reached Accra that the truck had reached Zinder, only 385 miles from the wreck, and Heffner and his crew loaded up their tools and supplies and started off. Their plan was to reach the wreck a couple of days ahead of the truck convoy, make the repairs needed, and be fully prepared when the wing arrived.

IT was hot, dirty work. The flies swarmed in an almost solid body. Usually by ten o'clock in the morning the skin of the plane was so hot it couldn't be touched. The only thing to do was strip, climb into cots under mosquito nettings, and spend the rest of the day talking and drinking canned fruit juices.

They supplied themselves with almost ice-cold water by burying a five-gallon water tin about six inches deep in the sand and pouring gasoline from the plane over it. The resultant evaporation would chill the water.

After the sun had set they would set up a portable generator, string lights around the wreck, and start to work again. They put on new ailerons, drilled holes in the trailing edge of the one wing left on the plane, and bolted the flaps up so they would stay in place. Then they wrapped a sheet of aluminum six feet long around the leading edge, drilled holes in it, and bolted it down to the wing. They also got the tail section in order.

During the second night—and the nights were so cold they had to wear their leather flying jackets—Heffner thought he heard a siren out across the desert.

"I was expecting the truck with the wing at any minute," he says. "I turned around with my portable light, and there, right at the edge of the wing, not seven feet from me, was a cat. Don't ask me what kind. All I know is that it looked like the biggest damn alley cat that I ever saw in my life. I just froze.

"Finally I got hold of myself and, holding the light on the cat, I began to back away. As I backed, she came forward, a pace at a time, crouched, taut. I didn't dare yell to the boys working on the other side of the plane for fear of scaring the cat into springing.

"Finally I got near enough to the fuselage to reach back for a submachine gun lying on the wing. I brought the gun down cautiously, still holding the light in the cat's eyes, and then fired a few bursts. I don't know whether I hit her or not—I think I did—but she didn't come back."

AFTER three days of waiting for the truck they decided to fly out in search of it. At Kano they learned that it had broken down in the Sahara, and, worse, at Zinder the officer in charge of the convoy informed them that the wing itself had been broken in two as the truck struggled to traverse the deep sand.

"It looked pretty hopeless about then," Heffner says, "but we had spent a lot of money and more time on the job, and I hated to give up.

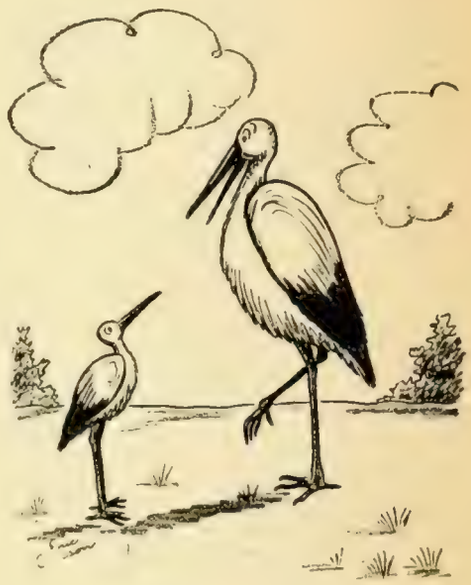
"I remembered reading how a C. N. A. C. crew in China had once flown a DC-2 wing to a wreck by attaching it beneath the fuselage of a DC-3. So I took the idea to my C. O. at Accra, and received permission to try it. He was a little doubtful, because the C. N. A. C. flight had been only 100 miles, while it was more than 1,000 miles from Accra to this wreck.

" 'But go ahead and try it,' he said. 'After all, that salvage plane of yours has already paid for itself several times over. If you wreck it in the attempt, you can get a new one.'

"He didn't say anything about my neck," Heffner says wryly.

The Douglas factory representative at Accra, Heffner, and the subdepot men designed and installed a Rube Goldberg rig on the under side of the C-47, attached the new wing to the plane, and hooded up the open end. All this took several days.

So excellent was the job of fitting the extra wing that once the ship was in the air it flew in perfect trim. Except for a reduction in speed, the only unusual characteristic noted was that, in landing, the tail had a tendency to ride in the air longer than necessary.



"A human being brought you in an airplane. Now, does that answer your question?"

Be kind to your stomach when it is queasy, uneasy and upset. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle from your druggist today.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol*

By the Makers of *Unguentine Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Heffner was accompanied on his historic 1,000-mile flight back to the wreck by Colonel H. H. Tellman, commanding officer of the Air Depot Group at Accra; Lieutenant Colonel George Lusk, Lieutenant Carshon, his co-pilot, and three enlisted men. Colonel Tellman and Lusk were to fly the salvage ship back to Accra with the enlisted men, while Heffner and Carshon were to fly out the repaired plane—which, appropriately enough, was named the Flying Bag of Rivets.

Three days were spent in attaching the wing to the crashed plane, making other minor repairs, and transferring gas in five-gallon cans. The colonels, stripped down to shorts, worked and sweated just as hard as the enlisted men did.

Now came the big moment. Would the plane fly? Almost three months had elapsed since the crash, and the engines, Pratt & Whitney 14-cylinder twin-row Wasps, hadn't been touched in all that time. One of the enlisted men got a battery out of the salvage plane, hooked it up, and kicked over the starter. The engines caught the first time! They blew up a lot of smoke from the old oil, but they ran smoothly.

"That was one of the most remarkable things about the whole project," Heffner says. "Engines just aren't supposed to sit that long without care and then start up without any trouble."

THE Flying Bag of Rivets had no radio equipment, no air-speed indicator; most of the instruments were inoperative, and the flaps were bolted up to the wings. The whole ship looked like a third-rate prizefighter patched up after a couple of rounds with Joe Louis.

"We ran the engines up about fifteen minutes," says Heffner, "took her down to the end of the field, turned around into the wind, and opened the throttles.

"'Hold your hat and cross your fingers,' I told Carshon. 'Here we go!' 'Brother,' said Carshon, 'they never taught me anything like this in the Cadets.'

"We used about 1,550 feet of the runway and when we were about fifty feet off the ground the right engine sputtered and died. But she flew along all right on one engine, so we continued on our course. Colonel Tellman meantime had taken off in the other ship and was following us.

"All the way to the A. T. C. base we worked the fuel-mixture control on that right engine, and finally, about ten minutes before we landed, she started firing on all cylinders and was running in perfect tune when we landed."

At the base a few minor adjustments were made and an air-speed indicator was installed, and Heffner and Carshon flew the plane on to Accra and rolled it up to the doors of the subdepot.

Two weeks later it rolled out of those same doors, practically a new airplane. Two new wings had been installed, the patches removed and the dents straightened out. The next day this plane left on a scheduled trip across the desert with a full load of cargo and passengers. She's still there, flying day in and day out, with never an outward sign of her three months in the desert. She is a graphic example of the value of salvage operations—$135,000 of the taxpayers' money back in the fight against the enemy because a few men were willing to sweat out in the desert sun and take a few chances in order to get her back in the air.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK THESE 2 DANGERS (DENTURE BREATH and LOOSE PLATES) BY BRUSHING with MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?

BRUSHING your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous film, food particles, and stains to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT
Do This Every Day!
Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse —and it's ready to use.
No brushing

A safe, modern way to keep dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges sparkling clean is to *sock* them in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—keeps your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"Now I'm really living . . . Go everywhere . . . have fun." Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original appearance of your plate for less than 1¢ a day.

FREE: Try Polident at our expense. Regular 30¢ size. Not a sample. Send name and address on penny post card to—Hudson Products, Inc., 8 High Street, Dept. 190, Jersey City 6, New Jersey.

FOOD Fights for FREEDOM produce and conserve—share and play square!

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

Now
VITAMINS in
CHOCOLATE!
to Melt in Your Mouth
THE EASY
ENJOYABLE WAY TO GET
THOSE NEEDED, EXTRA VITAMINS
It's fun to get your Vitamins now. New, delicious VITA-SERT is the chocolate-rich treat that provides all those extra, needed Vitamins. So why not *enjoy* your Vitamins? Make VITA-SERT your daily dessert or between-meal snack. Buy at any food, drug or candy counter!
ALL THESE VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR
A . . . . . 4000 I.U.
B1 . . . . . 1 Mg.
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These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U.S. Government.
RICH IN VITAMINS
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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THE VITAMIN DESSERT
COOK CHOCOLATE CO. Chicago
10¢

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

FOLLOW THE BOYS *(Universal) George Raft, Vera Zorina, guest stars*

THIS one's a real sockdolager—the Stage Door Canteen of the movie and radio world, with more stars than you can count on all the fingers in a glove factory. A Hollywood tribute to show business in the war effort, it comes at you with a wholesale cast including George Raft, Zorina, Grace McDonald, Charley Grapewin, Charles Butterworth, and a whole rocket burst of guest stars: Jeanette MacDonald, Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich, Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, Dinah Shore—well, practically everybody, with four (count 'em) orchestras, and Artur Rubinstein. The result is bound to be a feast or a fizzle.

Well, it's no fizzle! The story is mediocre, but each performer sparkles like a diamond facet against a background of reality as big as the night sky over a desert camp. Everybody will like something in this show; most people will like everything, and then some.

The story opens as vaudeville heaves its last gasp. A hoofer named Tony West (George Raft) tries his luck in Hollywood, where he wangles his way from chorus to top billing through partnership with Gloria Vance (exquisitely sculptured Zorina), the dancing star. Careers and marriage work happily together till the day of Pearl Harbor, when Tony tries to enlist but is rejected. Then a lucky quirk of fate brings on his Great Idea—camp entertainment. It grows into the Hollywood Victory Committee, and at a monster meeting (pick out your favorite stars—the gang's all here) the idea blossoms into a merger with the USO.

Then the fun begins. Everybody goes everywhere and does everything. Marlene Dietrich gets sawed in half for the boys in uniform. Martha O'Driscoll turns up in Alaska. In a PX hut W. C. Fields is sabotaged by a piece of tissue paper and a popcorn ball. The air hums with command performances for overseas. Gloria, expecting a baby, remains apart from all this, but before Tony learns why, they have quarreled and he's off for Australia with a USO unit on a transport. Just as the Andrews Sisters are syncopating below decks, a submarine strikes, and the plot sugars into heroics.

Never mind, the appeal of this show doesn't rest in the plot; not even the fine snatches of entertainment parceled out by the various Big Names can explain what welds the whole top-heavy shebang into something real and vital. The magic springs from those blurred khaki masses gathered around wooden USO platforms, the slim white legs of San Diego gobs keeping time with a band, the night shot of Tony, dog-tired and soggy, dancing on and on in the rain.

Hollywood idealism? Well, we know *all* USO units can't be like this. Sentimental? Who cares? It's a great show.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Donna Reed. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

SANCTIONED by the Army Air Force as the official story of the Wasps (Women's Auxiliary Air Force Pilots—once the Wafs), Ladies Courageous contains a lot of interesting, authentic material. The flying scenes (made at a West Coast ferrying base with actual Army personnel) are top-notch, but the story lacks focus and runs into the ground trying to air the heartthrobs of all the pretty Wafs at once. Loretta Young does her best as Roberta, the ladylike supervising officer, and Geraldine Fitzgerald turns in a peppery performance as her self-centered sister who nearly spoils the Wafs' chances for advancement from a civilian unit to a real part of the Air Force, eligible for overseas duty. Bits of the thickly laid melodrama have real depth, such as Roberta's tender, human scenes with her husband (Phillip Terry) and the touches of soaring idealism supplied by blonde June Vincent, but they are nearly snowed under. (Incidentally, few of the gals are at their best in slacks.) (Universal.)

IF you want the real thing, here it is. This American-British government film was made by fifty cameramen—many of whom were wounded, four killed. Edited by Lieutenant Colonels Frank Capra and Britisher Hugh Stewart, with additions from captured enemy film and other priceless shots, it is expertly paced, mapped, and narrated; realistic voices of a Yank and a British tommy make it human. Carrying on the saga of Desert Victory, it traces in seventy-five tense minutes the strategic operation which began with the Allied landings at Casablanca, Oran, and Algiers. This is not just year-old news; it is living, sweating war—the tearing clatter of machine guns, milkweed-seed flurries of parachutes, sprawling bodies, camels, laughter, battleships, and fleas. Last comes the slow piston push bottling up the Germans in Tunisia and ending in the greatest military mass surrender in history. Don't miss it. (British Army Film Unit, U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

★ ★ ★ ★

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

★ ★ ★ ★

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

★ ★ ★ ★

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

★ ★ ★ ★

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

★ ★ ★ ★

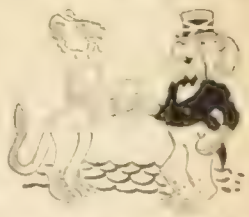
Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.



Paws across the sea —Leo

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REMOVABLE FILTER (famous in pipes)

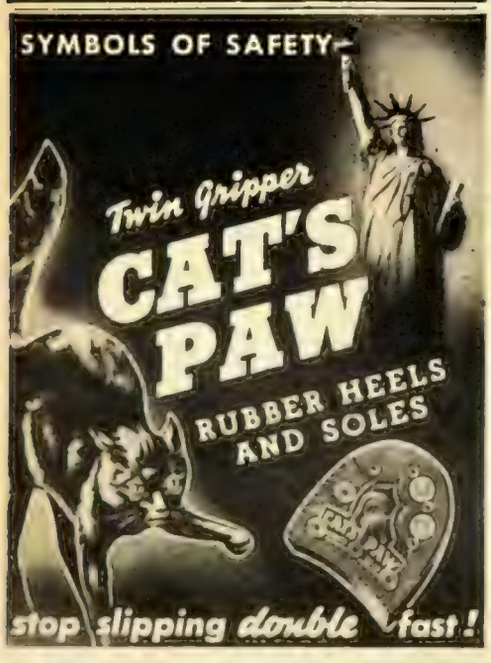
A SENSATION IN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

$1 WITH BOX OF FILTERS FREE!

The patented filter is the heart of Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 mesh-screen baffles whirlcool smoke—retain flakes—and absorb moisture. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

WASTE PAPER IS ESSENTIAL WAR MATERIAL. JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE!



JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BLACKSTONE STUDIO

OFTEN ALLUDED TO

as "the last man off Bataan," Colonel Carlos Pena Romulo is distinguished both for his fighting and writing ability. He is the son of a guerrilla under Aguinaldo in the revolution against Spain and later against the United States, and who was Governor of the Province of Tarlac. Carlos, after spending two years at the University of the Philippines, completed his college course at Columbia, where he took the degree of M. A. As journalist and radio broadcaster, he was foremost as an interpreter of his people to the world, and as a patriot. The Japanese had him marked for death. By special order from General MacArthur he was rescued by plane just before the fall of Bataan. He served as aide-de-camp to MacArthur in Melbourne, Australia, before coming here in June, 1942, to lecture.

WITH HER STORY

Some One to Belong To, Eleanore Kelly Sellars, who makes her bow in this issue, was born in a small Pennsylvania town, but now lives in San Francisco, of which she says she's "enamored." After graduating at Wellesley, she went to Paris to study, but fell in love and was married there instead. Free-lance advertising developed her writing talent, as well as a homicidal instinct, for her first book, which won the Red Badge Prize in 1941, was entitled Murder à la Mode.

ONCE MORE WE WELCOME

Laurence Schwab to our pages. He's a past master at showmanship, as he has proven over and over in Hollywood. Remember his collaboration on The Gingham Girl, Captain Jinks, Queen High, Desert Song, Good News, New Moon, and Firebrand?

And, speaking of Hollywood, through oversight we neglected to give Richard C. Miller credit for his March 18 Liberty cover. Sorry, Dick.

THE EDITORS.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE Suit You?

It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

FREE Generous trial supply. Write Dept. 268 INNERCLEAN CO. Los Angeles 21, Calif.

INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

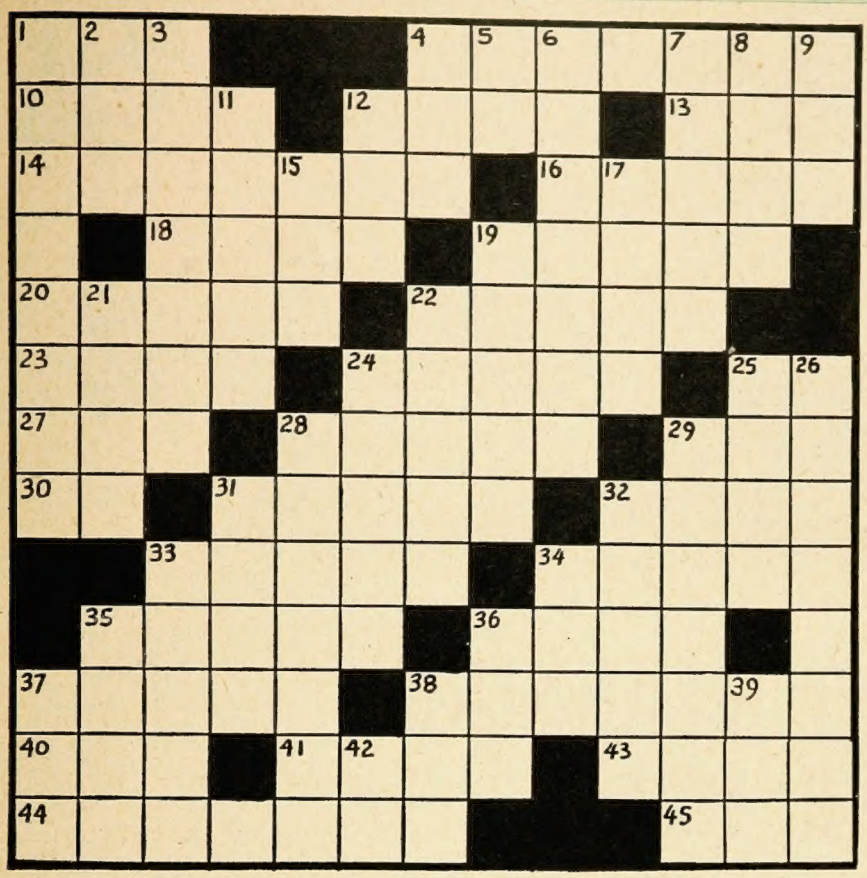
Quick Comfort for Minor BURNS

For a minor burn or scald, spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or gauze and lay it gently over the affected area so as to exclude air. Leave this dressing on for a few days—then re-dress daily. This grand medicated ointment usually helps to bring welcome relief from pain in surprisingly short order. That's why so many rely on it—for minor burns and scalds; chapped, rough, red skin; externally-caused eczema.

SAYMAN SALVE

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 "They called her Frivolous Sal, A peculiar sort of ---."
4 When Wacs refer to their hip-kits they mean their whats?
10 Noir is an anagram for what?
12 Team is an anagram for what?
13 And cat is an anagram for what?
14 What's a fancy way of saying nixes?
16 Where are the smallest men in France found?
18 What's John in Russian?
19 Wall lizard
20 This'll give you a pain
22 Name the latest converts to sabotaging the Nazis
23 Name a corny thing
24 Name a big air picture of a few years back
25 Sh! (reverse)
27 --- de mer
28 The barber employs a burning taper to do what?
29 What crushes before it swallows?
30 What's a bit of a bit of time? (abbr.)
31 Cecil Rhodes got his money out of whats?
32 What shop takes time off your hands?
33 Nudes is an anagram for what?
34 What are little nips?
35 Name a book of the Bible
36 In baseball corkscrew is used to describe a what?
37 The Cassino hammer was what to the Anzio beachhead?
38 What vein carries blood from the brain?
40 "I want to go down to the --- again, to the lonely --- and the sky!"

Last week's answer

41 What cheese looks like a R d bomb?
43 What descended from a disobedient angel?
44 What mountain is baseball's Czar named after?
45 Decorated the bench

VERTICAL

1 What's America's most popular backstage game?
2 Verb
3 The Victorians thought women could never be what?
4 What is "black market black water"?
5 Glamour used to be called what?
6 What is the chief motive of the Count of Monte Cristo?
7 Is shy of
8 For what fresh comeback would you have to choke yourself?
9 What might you get in your eye from watching a naughty burlesque show?
11 Buddha is said to contemplate his what?
12 What is the difference between Vassar and Michigan U.?
15 Gob and what are old-fashioned terms for a sea dog?
17 Your medieval host might serve whats as refreshments?
19 Amateur S. S. Troops are whats?
21 Who got the biggest kicking around in Shakespeare?
22 The gourmet doesn't put on the feedbag; he does what?
24 Lacrimae Christi and St. Julien are whats?
25 "And what" might refer to what British general?
26 What is considered the most difficult language in the world?
28 What term is common to both tennis and baseball?
29 Salamis, Lepanto and The Bulge were famous whats?
31 Who first played the lead in the play Counsellor at Law?
32 Because of the prevalence of what gals did the Lieutenant yearn for a less sexy war?
33 What's a sleepin' sofa called?
34 A kink in new machinery is also called a what?
35 The genuflecting member is the what?
36 What's slang for a Brooklyn ballplayer?
37 Inquire
38 What's a synonym for gab?
39 A blue-and-yellow macaw's a what?
42 How would you indicate an ad that's read backward?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Sweet or Dry, it's

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

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Pays highest TRIPLE BENEFITS up to $3525.00. Covers death from ANY cause, NATURAL OR ACCIDENTAL. Policy issued on approval, by MAIL, with NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. Age limits 10-65.

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You are not obligated in the slightest way. NO AGENT WILL CALL. Get this policy in your own hands, then decide for yourself. Just mail a postcard to

TYPICAL BENEFITS
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for Auto Accident Death (Double Benefit)
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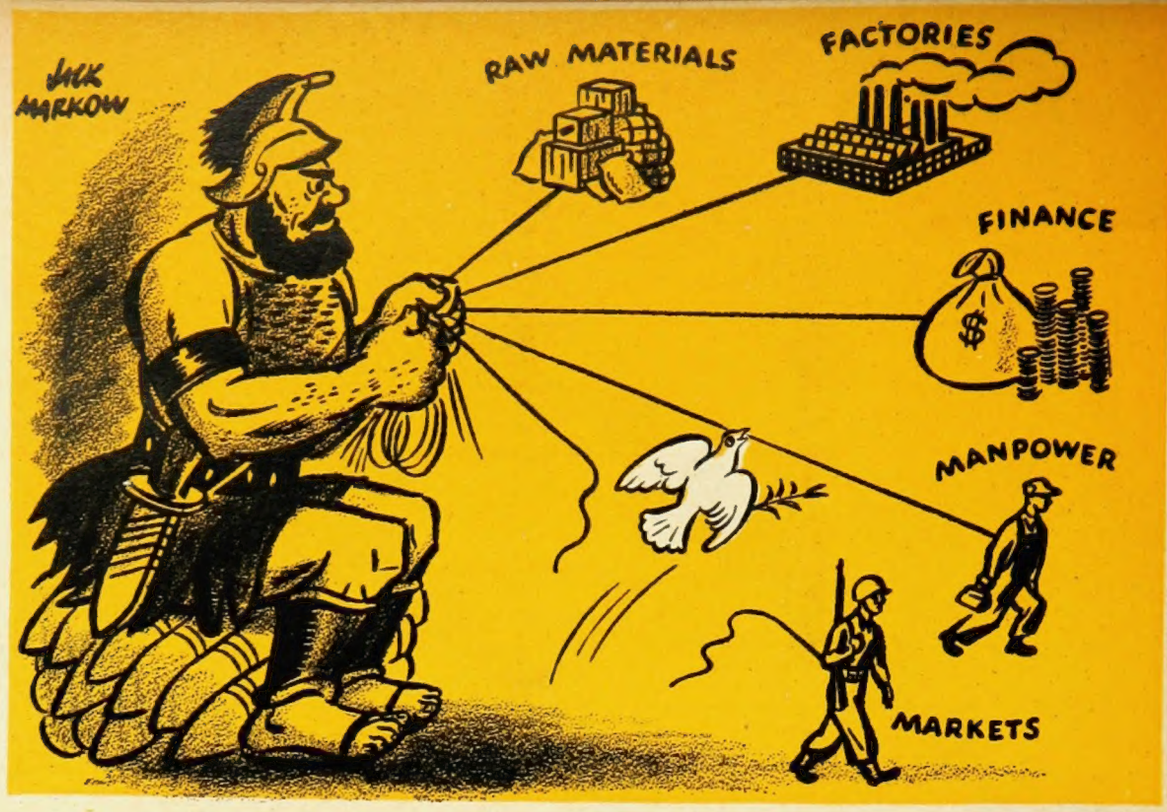
CROWN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
203 No. WABASH AVE. DEPT. 90 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

APRIL 29, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



Peace snaps the controls!

GOVERNMENT PLANNING IN WAR AND PEACE

SEVERAL people with more or less access to the public ear have made what seems to them a startling discovery. It goes like this: The productive capacity of the country for war has turned out to be far beyond expectations and has forced us to revise our knowledge of the ability of America to produce. While private enterprise is doing the actual war work for the most part, the program is carried out under government planning and to a large extent with government financing. Therefore, as long as government planning works so well to give us overwhelming quantities of war materials, why doesn't it follow that government planning after the war can produce just as abundantly for peace?

Before too many of us are taken in by this argument, which on the surface seems all too pat, it is well to call attention to the differences that exist between the two problems. War production has little relation to peace production.

In war the problem is one of production, pure and simple. There is no distribution or sales problem whatever. Supply officers decide that we need so many thousands of tanks, for example. It's comparatively simple to gather together the materials and designate various factories to produce them. The factory managers can give their entire thought to production. There's no need to go out and look for a customer to buy them.

Contrast this with peacetime manufacture. During peace a manufacturer must make a product that will sell. He must compete with other manufacturers not only in styling and design but in price. If he is an inefficient producer, or if somebody gets the jump on him in design, he is apt to go out of business. Determining what will sell depends on many things. Take shoes, for example. The shoe manufacturer must design and make shoes to suit the tastes of individual wearers. Unless his merchandise is a good bet the retailer won't stock it. The success or failure of the individual shoe-store owner depends upon his ability to pass judgment on the wares offered him. None of these considerations arise to slow up the round-the-clock operation of a factory making war material. The "customer" is always waiting at the delivery door to take all that is produced.

It may be possible for government planning in peace to produce *quantities* of goods —perhaps even greater quantities than could be produced under private planning. If, for example, all the ladies in the country are content to wear square-toed, plain, serviceable shoes, it is possible government planning can give them greater quantities of such shoes. If we are all content to live in square boxlike houses, maybe government planning can solve our housing problem better than private planning. However, if we go heavily into government planning of production in peacetime, it means abandoning free choice and the ability to suit ourselves in the stuff we wear, eat and use. Government planning for peacetime production might give us a more abundant life, but it would be also a regimented life. Most Americans don't want simply abundance. They want to be able to suit themselves.

Paul Hunter

From the village smithy to

Axis-Busting War Plants

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1864 **THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH** was a prime factor in an America torn by war between the States. Through great effort, Northern production reached 612 gun carriages a year by the hand methods in use in Corby's sixth year of whiskey fame.

1918 **ARMISTICE DAY** found our production in high gear, yet only 667 American-made planes were in combat zones, only 366 tanks had been produced. Assembly line methods were new in Corby's 60th year as a grand old Canadian name.

1944 **AMERICAN PRODUCTION,** using ingenious assembly line combinations, produces a new plane every 4½ minutes. And Corby's distilleries are on an all-out production of war alcohol in the 86th year of this great whiskey name.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

With the output of all distilleries going into war uses, you naturally find whiskey selections limited. But available supplies of Corby's are being spread evenly. You should be able to buy a "sample" bottle of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name from time to time. Watch for your chance to try this light blend. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

Having breakfast at topsy-turvy hours? Then Shredded Ralston is your cereal! No waiting. No fixing. And oh, how good it tastes!
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE
WHOLE WHEAT
Shredded RALSTON

Give me Shredded Ralston
I've got a job to do!

What better way to get whole wheat energy than in this crisp, bite size cereal that's so delicious the flavor secret is patented! Eat it by the handful—pour it into a bowl and enjoy it with milk and fruit. Any way—any time—Shredded Ralston is delicious, wholesome, satisfying. Needs no fixing. Costs no points. At home, at restaurants speak up: "Give me Shredded Ralston."